MODERN
SCOTTISH POETS
FOURTH SERIES

and Secretarial Bureau,
Buchanan Street, GLASGOW.

A. J. Symington Esq
With D. H. Edwards'
own regards

Fourth Series.

[Edwards, David Hershell]

MODERN SCOTTISH POETS

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

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BRECHIN:
D. H. EDWARDS.
1882.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

IN our prefatory note to the second series we explained the cause of our extending the present work so much beyond the limits originally intended, and stated, as one of our reasons, when the first series was completed that we received numerous communications containing interesting and valuable matter. This fact becoming known to literary friends, we were advised to endeavour to complete the work by preparing a second and third series. These, too, have been issued and sold. A fourth is now before the reader, and yet we have as much material as would make an interesting, and *positively* concluding volume. We would have hesitated before thinking of producing yet another, had we not been able to promise a number of interesting and important sketches of well-known and esteemed poets—including Mr William Freeland of the *Glasgow Herald*; the late Professor Macquorn Rankine; the famous "Nether Lochaber" correspondent; the popular writer, known as yet only by the *nom-de-plume* of "Rockwood;" Andrew Wanless; some six or eight well-known Scottish Poets now living in America, and others. We are to have the assistance of friends who have kindly co-operated with us in our past efforts. These include Professor Veitch, Glasgow; Dr Charles Rogers, of the *Scottish Minstrel*; Mr A. B. Todd, author of "The Circling Year" and other works; Mr Andrew Wallace, author of "History of Glasgow," &c.; Mr J. M. M'Bain, Arbroath, and Mr Jerdan, Dalkeith, than whom few know more about the modern and minor poets of our country; Mr Robert Innes of Richmond House, Surrey, a poet of no mean power; Mr Cromb, of the *Dundee Evening Telegraph*; Mr

Andrew Stewart of the *People's Friend*; Rev. George Jacque, Auchterarder, author of numerous valuable works both in prose and poetry; Rev. J. Wye Smith, Toronto, and other true lovers of our native minstrelsy who have our grateful thanks for much valued information and advice.

In our "estimates" of the poets we have, as before, endeavoured neither to rise into the vague flights of the panegryist, nor sink into the bathos of the apologist. Amidst the exacting duties of journalistic work, the task of preparing authentic biographies of so varied a character, frequently out of a bewildering and heterogeneous mass of material, has been no light one. Yet the kindly reception by the public and the press of our previous efforts, and the encouragement we received from publishers of copyright works encouraged us to persevere with our labours; and, should the soft spring breath of kindly appreciation continue to warm the chilly atmosphere, we hope to be able to bring forth during 1883 another and concluding volume of flowers of perhaps even greater richness and beauty, and thus preserve them to blossom forth and beautify and enrich our national literature. In the words of a recent writer —"Every true lover of our native minstrelsy may in these days find much to instruct him and to delight him in the perusal of 'The Modern Scottish Poets' by Edwards, of Brechin. And we are sure he will be satisfied that the land of Burns continues to be the land of song, and still owns a host of poetical writers, many of whose productions are of sterling merit, and will continue to charm the hearts of Scotchmen so long as they continue to love their native land."

D. H. EDWARDS.

Advertiser Office,
BRECHIN, *December, 1882.*

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MODERN SCOTTISH POETS.

WILLIAM M'DOUGALL

WAS born in Dundee in April, 1800. His father was an intelligent handloom weaver, and his mother, who boasted of her descent from William Wallace, taught him to read at her knee from her favourites—Blind Harry, Fergusson, Ramsay, and Burns—by which he acquired a love for our national songs which has kept to him through a long and active life. When William was six years old his parents removed from Dundee to the Milton of Balgonie, in Fifeshire, and after a short time at the parish school there, he was sent to a large mill, where he experienced great hardship. Though scarcely eight years of age, he had to stand barefooted on a cold brick floor, at a dismal task, from six o'clock in the morning till nine or ten at night, with only two half-hour intervals for breakfast and dinner, to be thrashed and kicked unmercifully, and all for eighteenpence a week—his wages for the first three years. Released at length from this servitude, he drifted to Edinburgh, pursuing a wandering life for some years, until an engagement at Mr Baxter's

mills brought him back to Dundee. In 1839 he was in Stourbridge, Worcestershire, where, as a commercial traveller, he made daily journeys to the neighbouring towns, and, like an active Scotchman, always on foot. During the seven and a half years that he was thus employed he walked as many as 30,000 miles. While in Stourbridge he continued a most interesting correspondence with his young friend, Robert Leighton, Dundee—a correspondence which had the effect of awakening the muse in both men.

Since 1847 Mr M'Dougall has lived in Preston, Lancashire, where he was employed as a clerk in the railway service until 1870, when he retired upon his own savings out of a salary of never more than £70 a year. He is now enjoying a peaceful, contented old age among his books and his birds, conscious of a life well spent, and of work well done. In his 82nd year he is as hearty as he has ever been, and though his meditations lean towards philosophy and science, he yet retains in his capacious memory the songs of his native land and stories of his youth, which he repeats with continual enjoyment.

It was in 1848 that Mr M'Dougall first appeared in print as a writer of verse. He and his devoted friend, Robert Leighton (a poet noticed in our first series), being the chief contributors to a "Feast of Literary Crumbs, by Foo Foozle and Friends," published in Dundee, and now very scarce. Mr M'Dougall's poems are marked by much tenderness of feeling, touching pathos, beauty of expression, and musical flow.

TO MY AULD BAUCHELS.

Fareweel my tatter'd, toilworn bauchels,
Though now a pair o' puir skewl'd shachals,
You've born me weel through mony trachals
O' toil and care,
In simmer's heat and winter's dachals,
Baith foul and fair.

By hedge, and ditch, and slap, and stile,
We've trudged thegither mony a mile,
Yet never grumbl'd at our toil
For warldly wealth,
While blest wi' sweet contentment's smile,
And buirdly health.

When ye were new frae aff the last
The roads were deep, the skies o'ercast,
And Phœbus sank doun i' th' wast
'Mang wreaths o' snaw ;
But, fearless through the wintry blast,
Ye scour'd awa.

When skies were bright and roads were clean,
And summer smil'd in sylvan scene,
O'er foggie bank and gowany green,
Aft wad we stray
Frae early morn till dewy e'en,
The lee-lang day.

How wad ye skip alang wi' glee,
When fickle fortune favour'd me,
And when the saut tear drown'd my e'e,
And joy was fled ?
Then wad ye show your sympathy
In mournfu' tread.

You ne'er were saucy, proud, nor vain,
For fear ye might gie ithers pain ;
But wiled your staps in times o' rain
By hedge an' dyke,
Just 'cause ye liket to be clean
And decent like.

Wi' " Day and Martin " glancin' clear,
At kirk or market, tryst or fair,
On flag or causey I'd nae fear,
And thought nae sin,
Even wi' the best and bravest there,
To show my shin.

O'er Blutchers, Wellingtons, and pumps,
Prim, pinchin' pack, ye aye were trumps ;
Nae corns, bunions, blains, or bumps
Were caus'd by ye ;
Plain shoon, on independent stumps,
Saft, swank, and free.

Though double soled o' buirdly form,
Ye aye were couthie, kind, and warm,
Though bravely through the baldest storm
Ye nobly skilpit ;
Yet wadna trampit on a worm
Gin ye could help it.

Kind freen's to a' the gangrit train,
Their joys and sorrows were your ain,
Ilk weary wanderer's heart was fain
And glad to see ye;
You'd slack your pace and turn again,
And tak' them wi' ye.

And aft upon the busy street,
Where pamper'd pride and puirtith meet,
The fa'in' tear your taes wad weet,
Your lingles yearn
For tatter'd mithers' shoeless feet,
And barefit bairn!

You ne'er wad fawn, nor bow, nor scrape
To ony haughty, lordling ape,
Nor wad ye stand to gowp and gape
At fashion's shrine!
Your idol was the human shape,
And "face divine."

That form and face from grief and sin,
If back to gladness you could win,
Aft wad ye scour through thick and thin,
By day or nicht;
On mercy's errand aye to rin
Was your delicht.

Frae you, auld shoon, I'll meekness learn,
My bread by honest toil I'll earn,
And strive to comfort a' that mourn,
Baith ear' and late,
Wi' firm resolve, and purpose stern,
Syne bide my fate.

And thinkna, now you're auld and worn,
Your welts, and soles, and uppers torn,
I'll cast ye aff wi' cauldriff scorn
And disrespect,
To lie at some dykeside forlorn,
In sad neglect,—

No! by my ingle's canty blaze
You'll spend the e'enin' o' your days,
Then hap auld grannie's dozent taes,
An' char their bluid,
In peace and joy, aboon a' praise,
Still doin' guid.

THE DEEIN' BEGGAR.

O! deep the snaw had wreath'd the muir,
And the wintry wind was swellin';
The beggar—blind, and auld, and puir—
Socht shelter in our dwellin'.

O ! he had seen a better day,
Ere freen's an' fortune fled him ;
But now nae frien' on earth had he,
But the little dog that led him.

We took him frae the angry storm,
And the cauld blast where we found him ;
We made his bed baith saft an' warm,
And we row'd his plaidie round him.

"You've kindly open'd to me your door,
Sae soon as e'er ye heard me,
Though I am blind, an' auld, an' puir ;
But heaven will yet reward ye.

Gae bring your bairnies a' to me,
Let nane o' them be missin',
And though I've naething mair to gie,
They'se get an auld man's blessin'."

He bless'd the bairnies ane by ane,—
"May poortith ne'er oppress ye ;
And, O, be guid whan I am gane,
And God himsel' will bless ye.

You'll be kind to my collie here,
An' share wi' him your coggie.
Sae fare ye weel, my bairnies dear,
An' my doggie, O' my doggie !"

He turn'd him round, he spak nae mair,
Nae kindness could restore him ;
To God he breath'd a silent prayer,
And the shade o' death cam' o'er him.

MY AIN INGLE SIDE.

I hae a wee housie I can ca' my ain,
A canty wee housie wi' a but an' a ben ;
I havna a wish in this warl' beside,
But to live an' to dee at my ain ingle side.

Though a' the lang day I maun labour and toil,
The thochts o' my hame a' my sorrows beguile,
For, oh ! wi' what pleasure the sweet moments glide,
When at e'en I return to my ain ingle side.

Wi' my twa little bairnies to sit on my knee,
I'm contented an' happy as happy can be ;
I grudge na the great an' their pomp an' their pride,
Wi' my wife an' my bairns at my ain ingle side.

Oh ! lang hae I wander'd, and far hae I been,
And meikle I've ponder'd on a' I hae seen ;
But I ne'er saw a sight, in this hale warl' wide,
Like the bonnie blythe blink o' my ain ingle side.

THOMAS THORPE.

THOMAS THORPE was born at the small hamlet of Milton, near Bowling, Dumbartonshire, in 1829. His father was a block-printer at the works of Mr Patrick Mitchell, then in that locality. From childhood he was a great lover of flowers, and one of his earliest recollections, the very first awaking to consciousness, was to find himself with his sisters in a wood where primroses grew wild. In the year 1834 the family left Milton in consequence of a strike, and settled in Strathblane, a most lovely and romantic spot, twelve miles north of Glasgow, on the great line of road leading by Maryhill and Milngavie to Aberfoyle. There he attended the village school, and though subsequently sent from the day school to work at Blane Printfield, he continued to attend evening classes, and managed, at the same time, by reading to pick up a fair amount of knowledge. In this he was much assisted by having access to a good collection of volumes belonging to an elder brother; and as soon as he himself had money to spare, one of his first purchases in the book line was "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature." Here the new world of the poets and song-writers was unfolded to his view, and he admired and loved them all. He was early apprenticed to the trade of block-printing, though his tastes lay rather to pattern-drawing, in which, however, no opening presented itself at the time. After serving his apprenticeship he obtained a more congenial situation as warehouseman, which occupation he still follows. He resided in Strathblane till 1862, when he left that locality and settled in the village of Busby, Renfrewshire, where he is still employed by Messrs Inglis & Wakefield.

Mr Thorpe commenced very early to write verses,

but kept their composition a close secret, and none were printed till 1873, when several pieces were published in the *Weekly Mail*, under the initial "T." Since then numerous poems have appeared in various newspapers and literary journals, including the *Weekly Herald*, *People's Friend*, and *Christian Leader*, under the full name of T. Thorpe. He has the intention of publishing his collected pieces in a volume. Mr Thorpe writes easily, and his poetry is characterised by warm appreciation of the beauties of Nature, tender and patriotic feelings, and pure religious sentiment.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.

Hail, bonnie Scotland, land of song!
  Hail, land of mountains, old and hoary!
Hail, land of stalwart sons and strong!
  Hail, land that's steeped in love and glory!

What care I though ten thousand lyres
  Have rung the self-same theme before me?
Ten thousand yet to come the fires
  Of love will fan—or thrill for glory.
Shall we be mute, shall we be dumb,
  Because the glorious theme is olden?
Go tell the spring time not to come,
  Nor bring her wild flowers blue and golden.

Go tell the mavis on yon tree
  Another trilled that self-same ditty,
Or tell the gowan on yon lea
  To keep dew-sealed its cup so pretty.
Then, Scotland, hail! thy mountains high,
  Their rugged sides with torrents streaming,
Their snowy peaks hid in the sky,
  Where eagles o'er their prey are screaming.

And hail thy glistening waterfalls,
  That fill our souls with awe and wonder,
Where echo from her airy halls
  Replies in voice of sounding thunder.
And hail thy softer beauties, too,
  Thy hawthorn glades so sweetly smelling,
Thy ferny glens, traversed by few,
  Where dewy flowers for aye are dwelling.

Hail ! bonnie Scotland, glorious land
Of bearded thistle, proudly waving ;
Long may thy sons join heart and hand,
From no invader quarter craving.
Hail ! bonnie Scotland, long has rung
That glorious theme in song and story ;
And mute for ever be my tongue
When it forgets to tell thy glory.

Hail ! land of strath, deep glen, and flood !
Hail ! land of pine trees, green for ever ;
Hail ! land for whom warm patriot blood
Hath flowed a red, immortal river.
Long may strong sons thy fame upraise ;
Long may soft daughters lead thy measure ;
And joyless be his nights and days
That would old Scotland slight for treasure.

Hail, bonnie Scotland, land of song !
Hail, land of mountains, high and hoary !
Hail, land of stalwart sons and strong !
Hail, land that's steeped in love and glory !

THE LILIES OF SPRING.

How fresh is the landscape, how sweet to the eye,
How green are the fields, and how blue is the sky ;
How soft is the breeze, with its faint fanning wing,
O, how lovely is earth with the lilies of spring !

How sweet is the gowan, new raised from the mould,
How fragrant the cups of the cowslip unfold ;
How flossy the *blossoms* from hazels that hing—
O, how lovely is earth with the lilies of spring !

How sweet trills the mavis from yon budding tree,
How plaintive bleats lambkin from yonder green lea ;
While thousand rich odours around the woods cling—
O, how lovely is earth clad with lilies of spring !

O, how lovely is earth, though the trees are all bare,
Yet colour and gracefulness all mingle there ;
And the distant blue hills lie as soft as dove's wing—
O, how lovely is earth in the rose of the spring.

O, how lovely is earth—O, how lovely is sky—
O, how lovely each cloud that in glory flits by ;
O, how lovely the streams that in gladsomeness sing—
O, my soul, bless the earth in the robe of the spring.

For the winter is past, and the bird and the bee
Wing forth in bright joy over meadow and lea ;
And we walk midst the sunshine so golden of wing,
And our soul blesses God for the lilies of spring.

O, we join the great hymn that like incense doth float,
While the lark sings aloft in his tiny sky-boat,
As he preludes so soft, then like clear bell doth ring—
O, how lovely is earth in the vesture of spring!

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

October's ruddy gold is dim, and, lo! November's here
With sunbeams wan to light the woods that lie so cold and drear;
The ferns are drooping in decay, alas! all beauty's fled;
Sad Robin, from yon willow spray, proclaims the flowers are dead.

Ah, me, how swift hath flown the year—the year sweet spring-time brought;
How soon the snowdrops died away—blue violets bloomed unsought.
O how we wasted sunny gleams; now all those gleams are fled,
And the wailing winds and weeping rains, harp out—The flowers are dead.

The violet died 'mid April gleams, the primrose in sweet May,
And wild dogrose in July dreamed her lovely life away;
Then blooming purple heather glowed o'er moor and distant fell,
And the harebell and forget-me-not grew round cool woodland well.

Then yellow Autumn brought her corn, and nursed the last wild-flowers,
And tinged the deep-bronzed fading leaf, soon, soon, to fall in showers.
For their glory was but for a day, like transient shadows fled;
Now weird winds sigh, amid sad skies—ah me, the flowers are dead.

The flowers are dead, sobs out the rain that cold and cheerless falls;
The flowers are dead, sighs echo's voice among old castle walls;
'Tis whispered by each leaf that falls upon its dreary bed,
And the angry streamlet, rushing by, wails out—The flowers are dead!

The flowers are dead, weeps woman's voice—dead are my flowerets too;
The spring will bring earth's flowers again, and skies so soft and blue,
But the lost and lovely laid in earth what spring can e'er restore?
They come not though the snowdrop waves on little graves once more.

The flowers are dead, weeps manhood's voice—the youths and maidens fair—
The maiden in her springtime soft drooping so sadly there;
The rosy tinge on her sweet face—alas, now it is fled,
And the grief bursts of our weeping eyes proclaim our flower is dead.

The flowers are dead, sighs out the rain, that dreary, softly falls.
The flowers are dead, sigh winds in vain, through drear December's halls;
'Tis echoed, as the rushing stream foams o'er his boulder bed,
And the voice of Nature weeping wails—The lovely flowers are dead.

Be still, sad heart, your flowers are safe, far, far from sin and woe—
Safe in the garden of your God where streams immortal flow;
Safe in the everlasting arms—oh, who could wish them here?
We'll meet them when the springtime dawns of God's eternal year.

THE WOODLAND WELL.

Far in this deep, sequestered shade,
How cool thy waters swell;
Within this green, untrodden glade
Thou springest, woodland well.

The waving grasses fringe thy brink,
Forget-me-nots doth dwell,
And Robin dips his bill to drink
At thee, sweet woodland well.

O'er thee wild roses clustering hing,
Witch-hazel throws her spell,
And rich and clear doth blackbird sing
Near thee, sweet woodland well.

A little runlet, oozing slow,
Drips, drips thy gold-green cell;
Through velvet mosses thou dost flow,
Pure, crystal woodland well.

No sun-glint ever tans thy face,
So deep thy cup-like dell;
Dark water-spiders love the chase
O'er thee, dim woodland well.

From adamantine caves of earth,
Chain-bound by Nature's spell,
At God's command thou gushed forth,
Untainted, woodland well.

O, woodland well, still brimming up,
One draught—my heart-strings swell ;
I bless thy silver-chalaced cup,
Thrice holy, woodland well.

O, woodland well, full, flowing o'er,
Still Heaven's pure dews distill,
Immortal live in memory's core,
Sweet boyhood's woodland well.

ROBERT S. TURNER

WAS born in Aberdeen sometime in 1848 His father, a captain in the merchant navy died while the subject of our sketch was in boyhood. The education of her son was carefully attended to by the widowed mother, who sent him to the Grammar School in Aberdeen, where he made satisfactory progress. When about fourteen years of age he entered a commercial house in the Granite City, but having no aptitude for figures he, after having been for some years at the desk, gave up all idea of a business life. Being of a studious bent of mind he essayed the ministry, and accordingly we find him studying in 1867-8 at Trinity College, Glenalmond. Mr Turner was a keen observer of Nature, and a ready speaker and writer.

A friend who furnished us with particulars of Mr Turner says :—" Recollections of numerous quiet woodland strolls in the summers of long ago, with one whose friendship and literary abilities we valued, come to us as we sit under the shadow of the full-leaved poplars. We give the only poems of his we have in our possession, although we know he has many others—one in particular, entitled "The Hermit," of some 400 lines, which we greatly ad-

mired and readily found a place for in the poet's corner of a paper we at one time edited."

A SUMMER REVERIE.

O ! time of sunshine ! passing fair
Sweet hours that lure from toil away,
Ye make our weary hearts seem gay—
Still burdened with life's weight of care.

Here, as the chimeless hours flit by,
Far from the city's feverish din,
Its deeds of shame, its haunts of sin—
In peaceful solitude I lie.

'Mid sunshine that no miser hand
In lust can bury from the sight—
The gift of Him whose self is Light—
The Light that lighteth every land.

To-day upon a hundred fields
That ripeneth wave their promised good ;
The garden of our toil—our food—
Our God His sunshine blessing yields.

O ! welcome time ! when most the soul—
The wearied mind—the feverish brain—
In Nature's life feels joy again,
In oneness with the mighty whole.

O ! time unending ! bless unthought !
Oh, harvest ripening 'mid our tears !—
Whose advent with our growing years
Still brightens with fair promise fraught.

LOOKING BACK.

Oh ! years, with what memories are ye laden
Still fresh within our hearts to-day—
Memories, that as the sunlight fading,
Ever linger in the far away—
In looking back.

Oh ! hours, what record bear ye hence
Of idle dreams, and joys so vain ;
Of joys, that as some lingering cadence
In fancy dwell with us again
In looking back.

. . . . . .

Each year's sunset, with its bright reflection—
With its mellow ray of glory,
Ever kindles in our heart some recollection—
As we read life's mournful story
In looking back.

Of hallowed times, whose impress on the mind
The flight of years cannot efface,
But deep'neth, as our manhood leaves behind
Its childhood's beauty, and its grace—
In looking back.

And thus in thought from out the haze of years
Whose living present long hath set
In memory's colours richly wrought appears
Such semblance as outlives forget—
In looking back.

And things, long hidden in the past of time,
With all their reminiscence dear,
Bright as the sunshine of an eastern clime
In fancy's mystic light appear
In looking back.

WILLIAM WILSON

WAS a native of Crieff, and early in life worked as a lapper in Dundee, editing at the same time a fortnightly periodical called the *Literary Olio*, to which he contributed, both in prose and verse, several able compositions. This was in the year 1824. Subsequently he started business in Edinburgh as a coal commission agent. In that city he resided till 1833, selling coal and writing verses for the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* and other periodicals. In 1834 he emigrated to the United States, and settled down in Poughkeepsie as a publisher, bookbinder, and bookseller, and died there at a ripe old age in 1860.

Wilson possessed a cultured literary taste, and was endowed in no stinted measure with those natural qualities which enter into the equipment of a true poet. He was master of beautiful classical Scotch,

many specimens of which we find in his writings. An edition of his "Poems" was published about 1870, and a third edition, considerably enlarged, was issued in 1881.

MARY MORRISON.

Fareweel for ay to bonny Tay,
Fareweel to Craigie Lea,
Fareweel to native Highland hame,
And fareweel ay to thee, Mary Morrison—
And fareweel ay to thee.

The lily blooms in Logie bowers,
The rose in Logie shaw;
But I maun broken-hearted lea'
The fairest flower o' a', Mary Morrison—
The fairest flower o' a'.

Oh, hadst thou been a cottage maid,
And I a cottar swain,
I might hae ta'en thee to the kirk
And made thee a' my ain, Mary Morrison—
And made thee a' my ain.

But wae on fickle woman's love,
And wae on warld's gear,
And wae be on the fause, fause loon
That wil'd awa' my dear Mary Morrison—
That wil'd awa' my dear.

I'll trust nae mair to woman's faith,
I'll woo nae mair her smile,
I'll lean nae mair on woman's love;
'Tis a' a cheating wile, Mary Morrison—
'Tis a' a cheating wile.

Adieu to bonny, blithe Dundee,
And, Mary, fare thee weel;
Fause as thou art, yet near my heart
I'll bear thy image leal, Mary Morrison—
I'll bear thy image leal.

THE MENDICANT.

There's a puir auld mendicant at the door,
Oh, gi'e him a handfu' o' meal;
For his cheeks are wan and his locks are hoar,
And his body is bent wi' eil'.

Aye Elspa, my woman! gae bid him come ben,
And birsle his hands at the low:
'Tis hard to gang a' day through cauld sleet and rain,
Wi' the snaw o' auld age on ane's pow.

Whist Collie ! lie doun sir ! come friend tak' a seat,
'Tis Yule Day, and a's welcome here ;
Rin Tibbie and bring the auld stranger some meat,
And a drap o' your best highland cheer.

Come wanderer sit doun !—lat your bonnet bide on,
The puir man's a lord in my ha' ;
There, cut doun the kebbuck and gie him a scone,
He maunna gae hungry awa'.

Here, carle, tak' ye aff this quegh o' maut bree !—
It will cheer your auld heart for a while ;
How far hae ye come ? " From the town of Dundee,"
Hech man ! that is twenty lang mile.

Ye're gaun to Dunkeld say ye ? vow man its late,
And snell blaws the drift ower the lea ;
E'en bide till the morn, and syne tak' the gate,
Ye'se get the best fare we can gi'e.

The saut tear o' gratitude dimm d his howe e'e,
And birr'd ower his time-furrow'd cheek :
He drew doun his bonnet out ower his e'e bree ;
His heart was ower thankfu' to speak.

" Ye're cripple puir body," said Elspa, and sich't,
" I'se warrant ye've been at the wars ;
Ye're din visage swears till't, and gin I see richt,
Its hackit wi' awsome-like scars."

" Well guess'd my good matron," the mendicant said,
" I've fought for my king on the main :
In fourteen hard battle for him I have bled,
And for him I'd fight yet again.

But this old crazy hull rock'd and torn by time,
So tight and unleaky before,
Which faced every danger and brav'd every clime,
Must plough the deep billows no more.

And the land that I loved and bled to defend,
When foes and invaders were rife,
Hath left my old war-worn bark at the end
To drift 'mid the storms of life.

And yet, till the throb of my heart die away,
And time hath run out its last sand,
My prayers by night and my prayers by day
Shall be for the dear loved land."

JOHN HOUSTON,

A POET keenly susceptible of the influences of natural scenery, and whose writings gives evidence of the possession of quiet homely humour, was born at Dunfermline, in 1819. His ancestors had been settled there for several generations, and were engaged in the weaving of damask in the days before steam power had taken the place of hand power in that trade. He received an excellent education, both classical and mathematical, at the Grammar school of his native town, and having some aptitude for drawing he became a pattern painter. He worked at this for some time in Dunfermline, and also in Glasgow and Paisley, but trade becoming dull, he was forced to abandon it. He subsequently was engaged in several vocations, and, among others, was schoolmaster for some time in one of the villages in the western part of Fife. For about twelve years he was settled at Charleston as clerk in the estate office of the Earl of Elgin. In 1865 he removed to Dalkeith, where he was engaged as auditor of accounts in connection with the estates of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.

He was a man of considerable culture, had strong antiquarian tastes, and had made some parts of Scottish history a special study. His "Rhymes" as he called them, were written, often with long intervals between them, when some idea or whim would strike him, and which would haunt his thoughts until he had given it expression in verse. They were never published, but appeared either in the *Scotsman*, or in the newspapers of the locality where they were written. Mr Houston was held in high esteem by all who knew him. He was simple in his mode of life and tastes; shrewd, thoughtful, and the impressions of the woods and hillsides were to him some-

thing akin to religion. His life and character were alike placid and harmonious. In politics, religion, and ideas generally, his opinions were liberal, and always modified and toned down by the strongly retrospective bias of his mind. His poems are felicitious in subject and treatment. Many of them are humorous, and his character sketches are seasoned with quiet pawky wit.

He died very suddenly of heart disease at Dalkeith, on the 8th September, 1879, and lies among his kinsmen and "forbears" in the old historical churchyard of Dunfermline,—a place that was ever dear to him.

THE WITCH'S STANE.

In the west o' Fife there dwelt a witch,
And a right weird witch was she;
And she lived in a wee, wee hut that stood
Beneath a beechen tree,
In a lonely spot where a little brook
Ran wimplin' to the sea.

The woods around this witch's hut
Wi' native music rang—
The cuckoo's note, and the cushat's wail,
And the blackbird's powerful sang:
And merrily sang that little brook
The leafy summer lang.

And when chill winter hushed the stream,
And snaw lay on the ground,
The timid natives of the woods
Her hut cam' trooping round,
And at the hand o' this kindly witch
Their sustentation found.

And yet this witch's lonely hut
Was a place of fear and dread;
Not one of the neighbouring hamlet all
But from its precincts fled;
For there they knew that deeds were done
Enough to raise the dead.

And to that hut was known to come
The Enemy of mankind,
And aft with him that terrible witch
Rode out on the midnight wind,

He guiding the head o' the hellish steed,
While she held on behind.

When decent folk for e'ening prayers
Around the fire would come,
Wi' the holy psalm a bass would start
Of more than mortal hum,
And whiles a hurl o' blinding soot
Cam' tumbling doon the lum.

A'e nicht Tam Broon his lantern took
To supper the horse i' the gloamin',
And wha did he see but the witch and her mate,
About the stackyard roamin'.
Tam's hair maist liftit his bannet wi' fricht,
And his dog to the house ran moanin'.

A country waddin' cam' doon the loan,
To the manse o' the minister here ;
O, the lads they were braw, and the lassies were gay,
And loud was their daffin' and cheer ;
But little they kent that Auld Nick and the witch
Were marching up in the rear.

So roond aboot Mess John they stood
As he married the youthfu' pair,—
Till, in conclusion, he raised his hand
In the holy act of prayer—
When quick the fiend and his partner witch
Flew aff on the murky air.

But a' the pranks this witchie played
Would be ower lang to tell ;
How mony a thrifty country wife
She bothered in mony a spell ;
How she bent the spin'le o' Rab's mill-wheel,
And coupit the auld kirk bell.

At last this restless witch resolved
That she would set up a stane,
That should to future ages show
Her strength o' muscle and bane,
And tell to future times how much
A witch could lift her lane.

So the beldame buckled her apron on,
And doon to the sea she went,
And frae aff the side o' a whinstane rock
A ponderous block she rent,
And, seizing her load, across the fields
Her daring steps she bent.

O'er bogs and burns she held her way,
And up through country strode ;
Till, in louping a ditch, her apron string
Gave way wi' the terrible load,
And the witch sat doon on the stane to rest
Frae her lang and toilsome road.

And there she set up her monument,
Wi' muckle toil and pain,
Which to this day, witch-like and gray,
Stands in that field alane ;
And mony a traveller stops to view
The famous Witch's Stane.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Through the gates of the temple the worshippers pass'd,
A varied and motley crowd ;
And their gifts they into the treasury cast
With a liberal sound and loud.

There came the Pharisee, neatly array'd
In broider'd garments fair,
And his offering of gold in the treasury laid
With ostentatious air.

There enter'd the Rabbin, deep read in lore,
Of the old Mosaic code,
And shekels of silver in gift he bore.
As the sacred courts he trod.

There came the sharp Usurer, loving to swear
By the gold of the holy shrine ;
But small was the gift that he tender'd there,
For he lov'd the gold most fine.

There slunk in the Publican, ready to do
The basest work for gain ;
But his gift he gave to the temple too,
And pass'd with the worshipping train.

From the groves of Engedi the husbandman came,
Where the vine and the mulberry grew,
To the beautiful courts of Jehovah's name,
With tithes and offerings due.

There came a poor widow and threw in a mite,
The smallest that could be told,
Which fell with a tinkle, thin and light,
'Mong heaps of silver and gold.

But the eye of the Master was closely observing
The heart of each worshipper there,

And motives, which many were darkly reserving,
To Him were naked and bare.

And thus to His followers He graciously spake :—
"Though the offering seem but small
Which this poor widow's been able to make,
She gives more than they all."

OUR GRANNIES.

O rokelays grey our grannies wore,
An' cambric mutches like the snaw ;
Home-made, an' guid, in ample store,
Their dress was simple, neat, an' braw.
But now our dames an' damosels
In silks an' satins meet our een ;
An' every maid an' matron swells
In bouncin' skirts o' crinoline.

Our reverend grannies in the law
An' gospel too were learned an' sound ;
They kent the points o' doctrine a',
An' flock'd to preachers far an' round.
Their graceless daughters eager fly
To dancin' revelries and balls,
Despisin' auld Theology,
They crowd to shows an' concert halls.

Our thrifty grannies turned the wheel,
An' hose, an' sheets, an' blankets made ;
The auld guidman was happit weel
In his grey hamespun shepherd plaid.
Our women now in Berlin woo
Mak pretty flowers upon a screen,
Wi' beads, an' braids, an' tassels too
They mak' sic wark as ne'er was seen.

Our sturdy grannies tighter drew
Their cloaks when fiercer blew the blast,
As to the kirk an' market too,
On patten'd feet they cleanly pass'd.
Their dainty daughters in the sun
Walk forth in rainbow hues array'd ;
All vulgar things they needs must shun,
An' grannies pattens past are laid.

Our grannies baked, our grannies brew'd,
An' kept a clean an' canty house ;
An' grannies shaped, an' grannies shew'd,
An' held their folk a' warm an' crouse.
Your modern lady, grand an' fine,
At useful labour scacrely keeks ;

And thinks it quite beneath her line,
For her to mend the guidman's breeks.

Our heartsome grannies, when in tune,
Sang "Barbara Allen's" plaintive lay,
"The Kyng sits in Dumferlin toon,"
"Lord Gregory," or "Robin Gray."
Sic airs wont suit our lasses noo,
An' Yankee rants are a' the go,—
As "Land of Dixie," "Dooden doo,"
"Ring, ring the banjo," "Jump Jim Crow."

O rokelays red our grannies wore,
An' aft the lichtsome dames were seen
Beneath the fragrant hawthorn hoar,
A-jinkin' wi' their joes at e'en.
Their daughters too mak love, an' woo,
An' countless witchin' wiles unfold,
An' wrap their forms in rokelays too,
Just as their grannies did of old.

THE AULD WATER BARREL.

The lang drouth had dried up the clear bubbling springs,
And birsled the earth a' as dry as a farle,
Sair shortened the fother, and 'mang other things,
Had gizen'd our auld wife's rain-water barrel,

The puir body yammer'd baith early and late—
Nae water had she for to wash her apparel;
And e'en though the rain should come doon like a spate
It would rin in an' oot through her auld water barrel.

The neebours cam' round wi' their ready advice—
"Tak it ower to the cooper, an' he'll gie't a harl;
A gird roond the liggen would mak it sae nice,
It would just be as guid as a new water barrel."

So rashly they drew it from under the spoot,
Where lang it had keppit the rain's weary dribble.
And as rather rudely they rowed it aboot,
Doon, rattlin' to staves, gaed the frail water barrel.

Auld Janet look'd on wi' a sorrowfu' air,
And mildly she spak to the gruff cooper carle—
"Ah, neebour! I doubt it will never repair,
And that is the end o' my guid water barrel!

"Oh, dear me! in this I a lesson may read,
How very soon I may be done wi' this warl';
How soon i' the grave I may lay doon my head
And gang a' to staves like that auld water barrel.

But I hae a hope—and a dear hope to me—
And I wadna exchange't for the lands o' an earl—
That in the Great Flittin' I bundled will be,
Nor left to be brunt like an auld water barrel."

JOHN CRAIG

APPEARS to have been born in Airdrie or, its neighbourhood, about the beginning of the present century. He was, for a short time, teacher at Green's School, parish of Shotts, and ultimately went to America, and became pretty well known as a geologist. He died a number of years ago, a notice of his death appearing in the newspapers at the time. A small volume of his poems and songs, dedicated to the Countess of Wemyss and March, was published at Edinburgh in 1827. His poetry, though melancholy in tone, possesses considerable force and richness of expression.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

The voice that we love has a sweetness of tone,
The heart's melting music, more exquisite far
Than the quivering harp that the breeze plays upon
In its wanderings wild, or the lively guitar.

And we gaze on those lips whence the soft music flows
With a rapture that language has never expressed,
But the heart it appeals to with ecstacy glows,
And its echo of feeling is, "Oh how I'm blest!"

And Hope with her sunny enchantment is near,
To fill the fond soul with her dreams of delight,
And visions of things—they may never be here,—
Are dancing before us like spirits of light.

And Fancy adorns some lone cottage of peace
With sweet-scented flowers that are richest in hue,
Where Love's weary wanderings for ever may cease,
And the soul taste of joys that this world never knew.

But who with a rude hand would ever entwine
Those garlands that Love's fairy fingers have wreathed
Round beauty, that smiles, as if spirits divine
On Fancy's creations their blessing had breathed!

Let the sleeper repose—when his slumber is deep,
Or when Heaven descends on his eyelids of rest;
If the dreamer awake it is only to—weep
O'er those visions of bliss that now thrill through his breast.

THE MISERIES OF THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

Condemned to toil amid the rude,
To reap the worst ingratitude;
His name the jest of every brute
Whose humour he disdains to suit;
To hear each little wretch proclaim
The wrath of some indignant dame;
To see the school grow thin, and know
It springs from Slander's coward blow;
To see those he has served the best
Turn all his services to jest;
And as he walks along, to hear
Some spiteful, ragged urchin sneer,
Who once was subject to his rule,
But now *is at another school*;
To battle with the obstinate;
On dull stupidity to wait;
To force, to curb, to draw, to please,
To feel nor hope, nor joy, nor ease;
Instead of oratory's sweet tone,
To hear a hummed incessant drone;
To breathe infection from the crowd
Until the pulse beats quick and loud;
The eyes grow sunk and red,—to feel
The heart grow sick, the brain to reel;
And that he may not starve, with pain
To draw his grudged and scanty gain;
Such is the village teacher's fate.—
Blush, Scotland, Blush! who makes thee great,
Powerful, enlightened, virtuous, free,
But the poor village teacher? He
Whose faded cheek, and downcast eye,
Whose drooping form and frequent sigh,
Whose lonely home, and threadbare coat,
Proclaim too well his hapless lot;
The child of learning, wise, and good,
But poor by thy ingratitude;
To him thou owest thy wealth and fame,
Scotland, to thy eternal shame.

JOHN GARDINER.

REV. JOHN GARDINER, a poet of real, though unassuming merit, is a native of Ayr. He was born of respectable and pious parents connected with the Old Secession Church, and was educated at the Ayr Academy. Mr Gardiner went early into teaching, and, as headmaster, filled several important posts in town and country. He entered the Glasgow City Mission, and was an agent of that excellent evangelistic society for five years. He studied in Glasgow University, and in the Free Church Divinity Hall there under the Revs. Dr Fairbairn, Gibson, Hetherington, and Douglas—all eminent men in their profession. Our poet was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Free Church Presbytery of Glasgow in 1861, and he soon after went out to Australia, where he held a charge for about four years. Owing, however, to failing health through the heat and hardships of a bush ministry, he returned to Scotland. Eight years ago he was appointed by the Parochial Board of the Barony, Glasgow, Chaplain to the Barnhill Poorhouse and Hospitals. There he has found a very suitable sphere of usefulness, and he is greatly loved by the poor, the orphans, and the afflicted ones. From time to time he has received not a few evidences of his devoted labours being acceptable to both patrons and people.

Mr Gardiner did not rhyme from his youth. In an interesting letter to us he says:—"About three years ago I happily struck a small poetic vein in my nature, and as short intermissions from constant, active duty afforded, it has given me a new pleasure and elixir to pen now and then a few pieces for humble folks and others interested in unadorned effusions. I shall

ever bless God for the happy hours I have enjoyed in humbly trying to do good, and to cheer my fellow-creatures, in the pleasant paths of poesy, and thereby to make creation, providence, redemption, and grace more beautiful, more kindly, and more attractive to the world around me."

Mr Gardiner is author of several earnest and convincing tracts and leaflets. These have been sold and circulated in thousands, and have been instrumental in bringing comfort and hope to the souls of many a troubled one. Although most of his poetic productions were originally written and neatly printed for the poor people of the Institution, as the author says, "to please them, and to suit their capacities," they have frequently found their way into magazines and newspapers both at home and abroad. They remind us of the religious ballads of George MacDonald, LL.D., being full of originality and tender purity, giving ample evidence of a soul keenly observant of life's experiences, and displaying delicate perception of character, kindness of feeling, and poetical sympathy with nature. They deserve to be more widely known, and we hope to hear of Mr Gardiner favouring the world with a collection of his pleasing verses in book form.

OOR BASKET AN' STORE.

The winter is lang, and thick lies the snaw,
Sae cauld are the blasts and eerie they blaw,
The wee birdies flit aboot the back door
Expectin' crumbs frae oor basket an' store.

The gudewife steals oot wi' bits o' her fare,
It mak's her richt glad to watch hoo they share,
They're aff to the tree, sae thankfu' the more
To chirp their sangs, o' oor basket an' store.

Yon poortith auld man an' woman fu' wae,
Thae twa raggit weans, an' oot sic a day
A' shiv'ring stan', and wi' looks they implore
Some crusts to eat frae oor basket an' store.

Oor hearts, saft before, noo ready to break
Sae help them we must, tho' a' for God's sake
Wi' meat an' a mite, we pity them sore,
They leave us blessin' oor basket an' store.

The bairns frae the schule a' brimfu' o' fun
Their tasks left behin' an' sae far are done,
The well beaten path they gaily skip o'er
To fill their craves frae oor basket an' store.

Roun' the weel-heepit board, sae blythe an' free
The sicht o't's a treat for angels to see,
The parents, meanwhile, Supreme Love adore
That aye He may bless oor basket an' store.

Noo lang the simmer, an' garden an' field,
O' food a great growth, they promise to yield,
Rich sunshine an' showers, in season, down pour,
To mak' bien ance mair, oor basket an' store.

We sigh for the age o' wise sober men,
Oor lan' the good time would soon see again,
Sic peace an' plenty richt up to the door
An' every man ha'e fu' basket an' store.

THE AULD WIFE'S LAMENT.

I'm puir noo an' frail, abune threescore an' ten,
Yet weel dae I min' o' the wee but an' ben,
And my decent gudeman, aye kindly to me,
Besides the twa callan's, the pride o' my e'e.

The fireside oor ain, aye sae bonnie an' clean,
Nae blyther in a' the hale toon could be seen;
But waesome the changes that cam' o'er us a',
That hae ta'en my auld mate an' Robin awa'.

They're weel happit up amang ithers fu' dear,
An' o'er their cauld clay I shed mony a tear
To lie doon beside them; my heart's like to break;
But ane is still spared—I maun live for his sake.

My Jamie, the likest his faither o' a',
His mither he'll cheer up an' no gang awa';
My fond hopes are crushed—it wasna to be,
Better luck he's noo seekin' far o'er the sea.

Thus lanely I'm sittin' an' sab a' the mair
Sae aft in the sicht o' yon empty arm chair,
My braw laddies ance a' aroun' the hearthstane,
Wae's me, their dear faces I'll ne'er see again.

My freen's a' wede awa, an' sairer my heart
That wi' my bit aul' hoose I e'en hae to pairt ;
'Mang hunners o' puir folk, as puir as can be,
The dregs o' my life there to dree oot an' dee.

Oh ! could I but hear frae my wandering boy,
That he lives an' is loved in a hamestead o' joy ;
Glad, glad to my Maker my last breath be given
Frae poorhouse on earth to a palace in heaven.

WHY SO UNKIND?

Oh ! for the face that kindly looks at all,
'Mid rustic scenes or in the crowded street,
Whose smiles like sunshine on the shadows fall,
With cheerful glance for all whom it may meet.

Oh ! for the lips that kindly speak to all,
Less worth is silence, but these words are gold,
Like sweetest music kindred echoes call,
Hushing the discords of the human fold.

Oh ! for the hand that kindly shakes with all,
Of good old times this missing link restore,
The better brotherhood 'mong great and small,
Join in the warmer grasp, the wide world o'er.

Oh ! for the heart that kindly feels for all,
Itself attuned by higher chords of love,
The wrong forgives, the erring ones recall,
And lifts the downcast to the Hope above.

Oh ! for the one who kindly acts towards all,
Deeds gently done, in purest mercy rise,
Like help to waifs who cruel fates befall,
The Christ repeats, " Go thou and do likewise.'

Oh ! for the time that kindly blendeth all,
God speed it quick, the loving angels' song—
To men goodwill, peace on this earthly ball,
And all mankind one blessed brother throng.

JAMES K. SCOTT,

AUTHOR of a volume entitled " Galloway Gleanings," and numerous poems giving evidence of an intense and intelligent love of Nature, was born

at the village of Hardgate, parish of Urr, Kirkcudbrightshire, in 1839. When a child his parents removed to Auchencairn, a picturesque village on the Solway shore. Here he received his limited education, and at the early age of ten years he was apprenticed to the tailoring trade with his father. Having for sometime given himself to the study of music, he was, at the age of seventeen, appointed precentor in the Free Church of the village. At this time, also, he began zealously to devote all his spare moments to the study of harmony and composition—an art in which he would have excelled had he had better early advantages. His pieces consist of various anthems, &c., which have been presented to the public in the "Musical Star," published by E. Köhler & Son, Edinburgh. Several of these have become popular—notably the anthem, "We will Rejoice," and the song, "Land of Freedom, Land of Beauty." The latter is elevated in sentiment, and is poetically expressed. In all Mr Scott's musical compositions the melody is elegant and tuneful. His songs are pleasant, sprightly, and effectively arranged.

The hills and glens of his native parish afforded scope for botanizing, and our poet might have been frequently found on a summer evening exploring those places for ferns, of which he discovered as many as forty-three varieties in the district. In his twenty-fifth year he was appointed precentor of the Parish Church of Hawick, an office he held for eighteen months, when he was chosen conductor of psalmody in a large congregation in Edinburgh, which situation he held for ten years. After two years' residence in the metropolis he started in a small way a tailor and clothier business.

In early life he had written many scraps of poetry, but it was not till the year 1859 that his initials appeared in public print. Since then he has been a

frequent contributor to newspapers and literary journals. In the autumn of 1881 he collected his pieces with a view to publication, which resulted in "Galloway Gleanings" appearing in December of the same year. Although we can appreciate self-abnegation, we think the quality of the poetry scarcely called for those modest lines "To the Reader:"—

Some poets heich can tak' their flicht,
Up, up they flap maist oot o' sicht;
O' chiel's like me, sae sma a licht,
Scarce seen ava,
By fleein' laich, tak' tent, I micht
Hae shorter fa'.

His productions are above the average of "poet's corner" effusions. They give evidence of true sympathy with Nature, and, as might be expected, they possess a sweet musical flow.

I'M SLIDIN' DOUN THE BRAE.

I'm slidin' doun the brae o' life,
Fast slidin' doun the brae,
Wi' feeble frame, an' totterin' step,
I'm slidin' doun the brae.
Twice forty-twa lang years I've seen,
I'll no see mony mae,
But hope aye keeps my spirits licht
Tho' slidin' doun the brae.

My thochts flit aft to Ane abune,
Wha has wi' han' unseen
Lang borne me on, thro' ups and douns
He aye my stay has been.
My memory noo belies me sair,
It usedna to be sae;
Dim are my een, ance sparklin' bricht—
I'm slidin' doun the brae.

Tho' memory fails, I yet can min'
The days when I was young;
Ay! aften-times like siller-cluds
They ower my heid hae hung.
Waes me! what changes time brings roun',
My hair ance black's a slae,
Has tint langsyne its raven look—
I'm slidin' doun the brae.

The tide o' life is ebbin' noo,
  Time's shingly sands I see
Turn dry an' yieldy 'neath my feet—
  Oh ! what's this warl' to me.
Upon His arm I'll firmly lean :
  The strength I need He'll gie,
If I but trust and patient wait
  While slidin' doun the brae.

Fast, fast my days are wearin' thro',
  Life's bruckle thread maun break,
'Tis wearin' thin—the han' o' death
  Will sune me overtake.
But since ayont the valley dark
  Shines bricht an' en'less day,
I winna frown, that fast my feet
  Are slidin' doun the brae.

THE SEASONS.

The birds in spring
  They blythly sing,
O springtime they are fain,
  When caul' an' weet,
  An' snaw an' sleet,
O' winter days are gane.

Wi' summer fair
  What can compare ?
Deck'd oot in flowers sae braw,
  She aye has been
  The fairest queen
Amang the seasons a'.

Noo autumn's here,
  The leaves are sear,
An' trees will sune be bare ;
  Chill, chill's the blast
  That's sweepin' past,
The sun shines bricht nae mair.

In winter grey
  The sun's pale ray
Is cheerless, dowie, sad,
  To ilka thing
  Sma' warmth does bring,
Nor can the heart mak' glad.

The spring o' life,
  Wi' joys are rife,
Its simmer time is fair,
  But autumn sear,
  An' winter drear,
Bring wi' them mony a care.

LAND OF WONDROUS STORY.

Land of wondrous story,
  Land of ceaseless love,
Land where matchless glory,
  Surrounds the throne above.

Chorus.—There we'll meet, there we'll meet,
  When this brief life is o'er,
To praise the Lamb in anthems sweet
  Who reigns for evermore.

Land of dazzling brightness,
  Land of peace and joy,
Land of spotless whiteness,
  Wherein there's no alloy.
Chorus.—There we'll meet, &c.

Land of flowers undying,
  Land where all is fair,
Land devoid of sighing,
  No sorrow enters there.
Chorus.—There we'll meet, &c,

Land of richest treasure,
  Land of quiet rest,
Land of holy pleasure,
  Where dwell the ransomed blest.
Chorus.—There we'll meet, &c.

Land where friends ne'er sever,
  Land where falls no night,
Land where darkness never
  Shall cloud eternal light.
Chorus.—There we'll meet, &c.

SCOTIA.

Land of freedom, land of beauty,
  Stalwart are thy sons and brave ;
Ready at the call of duty,
  Whether on the land or wave.
Scotia ! O how much I love thee,
  With thy rugged mountains steep ;
Frowning crags, that tower above me,
  Seeming ever guard to keep.

Land of heroes !—bright with glory
  Are the noble deeds of yore ;
Lasting as the hills so hoary,
  Shining through poetic lore.
Dauntless as the eagle soaring,
  They have fought in many a fight ;
Vain ambition aye ignoring,
  Bravely bleeding for the right.

Land of martyrs !—still unbending
Let us to that cause adhere ;
Never ear to error lending,
Striving drooping hearts to cheer.
Let us with our banners flying
'Mong the nations lead the van ;
Ever watching, ever trying,
To do all the good we can.

Land of mountain torrents, foaming,
As from crag to crag they bound ;
Joy ecstatic to be roaming,
Where they leap with gushing sound.
Scotia ! land of lake and river,
Shady dells and murm'ring streams,
Near my heart thou'lt linger ever—
Ever haunt me in my dreams.

WHAT AILS ME NOO?

What ails me noo I hardly ken,
For, though I'm e'er so weary,
Ae wink o' sleep I barely get
For thinkin' o' my dearie.
Her saft blue een an' rosy cheeks
They haunt me late an' early ;
The glamour's noo flung ower my een,
An' that I fin' richt sairly.

Alang the braes whaur gowden broom
Wi' ilka breeze is wavin',
A burnie rins, its waters clear
Ilk droopin' stem keeps lavin'.
When seated by the burnie's side,
Amang the broom sae bonny,
I'll tell her, 'mang the lasses a'
I lo'e her best o' ony.

Her couthie ways, her winnin' smiles,
An' looks are a' sae wilin' ;
For artless charms are a' her ain,
This art 'tis sae beguilin'.
Wi' heart sae leal, her simple trust
In me is a' confidin' ;
Oh ! wer't but noo the happy time
We'll in ae cot be bidin'.

MRS LOUISA ROBERTSON,

SISTER of the subject of the foregoing sketch, was born in the village of Auchencairn, Kirkcudbrightshire, in 1851, and has written numerous poems possessing a musical ring and a geniality of phraseology and sentiment, bearing the familiar signature of "Louisa." She attended school until she was sixteen, and from an early age gave evidence of a great love for, and an ambition to collect wild flowers, grasses, and ferns. She spent much of her time, along with her poetic brother, in gathering Nature's nurslings of the woods and the sea-shore. Frequently the best specimens grew beyond their reach, when the brother would mount on her shoulders, and thus obtain the coveted treasure. Her first poem was written when she was fifteen, and was inserted in the *Kirkcudbright Advertiser*. Ever since that time she has written for numerous newspapers, and her pieces, with the initials "L. S.," or the signature "Lousia," have for years been well-known and admired. Sometime ago they attracted the attention of a literary gentleman travelling through Scotland for the purpose of securing a copy of every volume of poems published since 1870.

Although the cares of a young family now press upon her mind, she still sings cheerily, and many of her more recent productions suggest pictures of bright fireside comforts, thoughts of daily experience, and a deep-rooted love of scenery and natural objects. They embrace a multiplicity of subjects, and many of them are treated in a very felicitous style.

THE FLITTIN' AWA'.

Oh! sad were we a' when the day cam' aboot
That caused us to turn oor aul' hoose inside oot;
Oor chairs an' oor tables, aye, e'en clock an' a',
Were ready pack'd up for the flittin' awa'.

An' sair were oor hearts when we drove frae the door,
We gaed back an' ance mair the rooms looket owre,
Then dreamily bade a' the neighbours gude day ;
We scarce could believe we were flittin' away.

Then we stay'd a lang time i' the kirkyard near,
Whaur father was buried within the last year,
An' soun' by his side sleep oor wee sisters twa—
Nae won'er we grat at the flittin' awa'.

E'en the blackbird look'd sad, and droop'd low his wing,
As he pensively watch'd, but tried na to sing ;
He seem'd just as dowie as when it was snaw—
I'm thinkin' he guess'd we were flittin' awa'.

Nae mair oor wee lambs we'll watch skip owre the knowes ;
We'll noo hae the sea, wi' its ebbs and its flows.
My mither will weary, and e'en sae will we,
For dreary at nicht is the sang o' the sea.

Contentment is better than riches wi' strife ;
Sae proudly we'll breast the rough breakers o' life,
An' happy we'll be in our humble bit ha',
An' calmly look back to the flittin' awa'.

We'll trust to the "Pilot" to guide us safe hame,
An' land us at rest 'yont life's treacherous faem ;
For youth passes fast, then we totter awa'
In auld age, and then comes the flittin' o' a'.

"LANG SYNE."

Just noo it is the gloamin', an' I sit here a' my lane,
But I'm thinkin' o' the aul' hoose an' the dear aul' folks at hame :
I picture noo each cosy nook, the cheerfu' ingle side,
The flowers 'ranged on the winnock sill, my mither's joy an' pride.

An' let me, ere the daylicht fades, in thocht but look abroad
O'er ilka bank an' flowery brae, whaur Scottish bluebells nod ;
An', oh ! the purple heather, that noo waves o'er hill an' plain,
Brings mony happy days to mind that ne'er will come again.

Hoo aft I've sat an' listen'd to the wimplin' burnie's soun',
An' mix'd the hawthorn blossoms wi' the bonnie yellow broom ;
Abune me wav'd the feathery birks whaur birds sang wild an' free,
An' roun' aboot the lambkins skipp'd oot owre the gowany lea.

There aft I pu'd the silky seeds o' Scotland's bonnie flower,
An' toss'd them high upon the breeze in childhood's thochtless hour,
Ne'er thinkin' o' the thistles I had spread o'er fields sae fair,
But anxious watch'd the "fancied" steeds careering thro' the air.

But e'en upon the blythest heart there aye maun come a shade,
For never could a shadow fa' whaur sunbeam never stray'd ;
The years hae quickly flown since then, an' muckle's come an' gane
Since blythe an' free I wander'd there, a happy-hearted wean.

Some o' my near an' dearest frien's are i' the graveyard laid,
Whaur the aul' kirk stan's sentinel, wrapp'd in its ivy plaid.
There aft I've watch'd the bats langsyne flit thro' the twilight gloom,
An' i' their wild and wanton glee hover o'er ilka tomb.

I think I see the grassy mounds whaur the aul' yew trees sigh,
They seem to weep in sympathy as I in thocht pass by.
Maybe some years ahint them yet I'll wan'er here alane,
But sune death comes, the only door that leads to our lang hame.

ALLACARDOCH'S BRAES.

There's nane on Allacardoch's braes
To me ava like Robin ;
Whene'er I see his pawky e'e
My heart begins a-throbbin'.
There's nane to me like Robin,
My blythesome canny Robin :
When first his shy glance fell on me
My heart began a-throbbin'.

When twinklin' starnies dot the lift,
Casting shadows o'er the lea,
Fickle fancy whispers oft,
"A' their glances fa' on thee."
They make me think o' Robin,
My winsome blythesome Robin ;
His looks ca' aye my wits agee,
An' set my heart a-throbbin'.

An' when he's busy at the plough,
Oft I hear him gaily sing ;
Then do I wish I o'er the grass,
Like a bird upon the wing,
Could follow near to Robin,
My dark-haired, happy Robin ;
Aye when he looks the way o' me
My heart begins a-throbbin'.

Yestreen, when fell the gloamin' grey,
He cam' lookin' unco shy,
An' as his steps seem bent my way
I saw I couldna pass him by,
Sae I met in wi' Robin,
My shy and canny Robin ;
Last nicht he whispered in my ear,
"There's nane like you to Robin."

Sae noo I'd wish all canny lads
To act the very same;
They'd fill wi' perfect bliss the hearts
That throb for nane but them.
There's nane to me like Robin,
My honest, weel-faured Robin;
Wi' joy my wits are a' agee,
An' every pulse is throbbin'.

ANE'S AIN FIRE EN'.

O bonny blinks the fire licht
At yer ain fire en';
What though your house be thackit,
And just but an' ben.
Winnin' are the cheery ways,
O' yer ain wee loons,
Though they deave the neighbours aft
Wi' their whistlin' spunes.

Jockie comes wi' a' his micht,
Puffin' like a train—
Louder aye an' louder he
Blaws wi' micht an' main.
Sparklin' are his bonnie e'en,
O'er joys I wish he'd tine,
Anxiously he looks at me,
Mirth to seek in mine.

O cosy be the biggin',
Happy ane an' a',
For love oot owre the riggin'
Keeps oot frost an' snaw;
Ne'er let cark an' care sit
Doon at the fire en';
Bonny let love's true licht
Blink aye but an' ben.

Richt cosy in the fire licht,
Draw aboot at e'en;
Be thankfu' for ilk blessin'
That aroun' is seen;
Though hard times whiles may daunt ye,
Things will tak' a sten',
Ye've aye leal hearts aboot ye,
At yer ain fire en'.

TO THE BAIRNS.

Haud awa', nor bather mair.
Hark! what's that abune?
Cuddle doon, I surely hear
Tramp o' fairy shoon.

Wheest, for noo they surely seek
Whaur the bairnies be
That winna cuddle doon and steek,
In sleep, ilk bonnie e'e.

'Tis the rattle o' John Frost
Comin' up the green,
Cleedin't white as ony ghost,
Wierd-like 'neath the mune.
Here he's comin' to us noo,
Haste e'er he gets ben;
Come cuddle 'mid the cosy 'oo'—
He winna bite ye then.

Gang awa' noo, biting John,
Far frae oor gate en';
A' the bairnies are in bed;
Fain they are to ken
That ye winna touch wee loons
Wha doucely gang awa';
I trow ye haste to ither toons
Whaur ither bairns thraw.

Richt handy ye're at times, John,
When youngsters try to tak'
The upper han', to Nature prone,
Ye whiles can turn them back.
Yer piercing e'e and frosted hair
Can mak' them budge awee,
When promises, tho' sometimes fair,
But fail, I aften see.

ALEXANDER CARGILL

IS a native of Leith—having been born at what was then known as Leith Academy in 1853. His father was the Master of that Institution, and a descendant of the famous covenanter, Donald Cargill. Mr Cargill studied for the ministry, but opposing circumstances intervening, he took to a commercial career, and presently holds an appointment in one of the banks in Edinburgh. He

has contributed poetical pieces to the *Scotsman* newspaper and English magazines, and is about to publish a volume of sonnets, &c.

Mr Cargill has very modest ideas of the rhythmical gift he possesses, and it was with great difficulty we were able to prevail upon him to allow his name to appear in our galaxy. We feel assured that many will admire the lucid and unambiguous specimens we give of his muse. We have perused with much pleasure several of his sonnets, and have found them refined and delicate in thought, and chaste and powerful in language His Scotch poems and songs possess much quiet humour and pathos, and all his productions have the genuine ring of poetry, and show a heart full of truth, candour, and honesty. Indeed, Mr Cargill writes with a finish and strength not very common in our modern poetry.

FY! SAUCY LASS.

Fy! saucy lass, to slam the door
Upon a lad sae braw as John,
Ye blinkit gin he were but stoor,
Nae lad look'd e'er sae sma' as John!
On errand o' true love he cam',
Blythely he cam' an' rantinlie,
O, shame the pride that garr'd ye slam
The door on him sae wantonlie.

What tho' upon his horny hand
Nae gluve or rings o' gowd has John,
There's nae a lad in a' the land
For honest worth sae proud as John.
On errand o' true love he cam',
Bauldly he cam' and gaucilie,
O, shame the pride that garr'd ye slam
The door on him sae saucilie!

Yon farmer 'mid his bloomin' shaws
May seem to ye mair spruce than John,
An' yon fat laird wi's "hums" an' "haws"
May craw to ye mair crouse than John.
But a' their love is but a sham,
True, true love ne'er speaks vauntinlie,
O, shame the pride that garr'd ye slam
The door on John sae wantonlie.

Alack the day, alack the hour,
That saw a lad sae braw as John
Turn dowie-hearted frae your door—
Nae lad was e'er sae thraw as John!
On errand o' true love he cam',
Blythely he cam' and rantinlie,
O, shame the pride that garr'd ye slam
The door on him sae wantonlie!

FROM THE GREEK.

As a swift-wingëd golden eagle
Descendeth afar in his flight,
So the Day-god's flaming pennon
Is swiftly vanished from sight:
And o'er us in silence outrolling,
Lo! the ebon standard of Night;

Who comes as a radiant Empress,
Comes glorious, conquering-wise,
With her eager, far-glancing, unresting,
And multitudinous eyes,
Peering down o'er the kingdom enthrallëd
That low at her foot-stool lies!

And widely she swayeth her sceptre,
(The awful sceptre of Night!)
Adorned with unreckoned jewels,
A-gleam with her glory and might;
Infinite, yet but the shadow
Of a dreader Infinite!

THE SHEPHERD'S PLAIDIE.

The laird has acres braid an' braw,
Fu plentie baith o' yowes an' ousen;
But a' his gear is nocht awa,
Tho' it were reckoned thrice ten thousan'.
His dochter Jean's ayont it a',
Guid faith! she is a dainty layde,
And whiles on me she'll deign her ee,
Tho' I but wear the shepherd's plaidie.

She's had o' suitors, monie a ane,
Frae neighbour lairds tae city gentrie;
But back their gaits they aye hae gane,
As cowerin' frae a tempest wintrie!
O! mony a weary sough an' grane
The jade has wrung frae her auld daddie?
Yet mild on me aye fa's her e'e,
Tho I but wear the shepherd's plaidie!

The minister cam yont an' sware
Sic vows o' luve—it maist did shock her;
But Jean, jalousin', was fu' ware
Nae mair devoutlie lo'ed her.
'Gae hame,' quo she, 'an' tent your puir!'
And aff he gaed, but naething said he;
Syne blythe to me she coost her e'e,
Tho' I but wear the shepherd's plaidie.

The gossips yammer but-an'-ben,
Their claivers ower the e'enin' nappie;
Some say she hates the sicht o' men,
Some, that she lo'es a sailor chappie,
Some trow they mair than ithers ken,
But wow! my Jean's a dainty ladye!
Her bonnie e'e aye glints tae me—
The lad that wears the shepherd's plaidie!

NIGHT—NEAR THE CITY.

Now broods the deep-wing'd Night. Here but a league
From the great city where, as in a hive
Of many-swarmëd bees, men toil and strive,
Some by fair wit and some by base intrigue,
I stand alone beneath the welkin clear
And the far stars, and list the human hum
That filled the ear of day—but all is dumb,
And Silence holds in awe the atmosphere!
Yet tho' serene beneath Night's awful spell
Yon many-peopled city stilly lies,
Some souls, alas, there be it doth not shrive:
The fearful felon prone within his cell,—
The fugitive with ever-furtive eyes,—
The miser fetter'd to his golden gyve!

JILTED.—(A SONNET IN SCOTCH.)

What carle are ye wha comes sae dowff an' wae,
Forjeskit sair wi' sad-lamentin' croon?
I' faith! I trow ye are some slichtit loon
Wham gigglin' dawtie has dismissit sae,
Your dreepin' een speak o' sic heart's-dismae!
Aiblins some blither lad wi' brawer shoon,
An' dandier airs gat i' the genty toon,
Has ta'en her flichterin' fancy this sad day
Sy'n ye're pack't aff like ony semple fule?
O, that a wenche's twa slae-berrie een
Can mak' a man sae wud wi' bitter dool,
Can mak' a man e'en wish he ne'er had been!
But tent ye; tho' ae berrie on the bush
Ye mayna pree, there's monie mair as lush!

DAVID SCOTT,

MINER, was born in 1864, in the village of Cowdenfoot, near Dalkeith. His father has been employed as a coal-miner since he was nine years of age, and when the writer of the following verses was but a child, the family removed to the village of Newtongrange. He attended the colliery school until he was thirteen, and was sent to work as a trapper in a mine belonging to the Marquis of Lothian, where he is still employed. David Scott gave early evidence of a thoughtful mind, and sometime ago he received a prize for the best description in verse of a picture in one of our leading illustrated magazines. He appears frequently in the columns of the local and district newspapers, and his poems are natural and unsophisticated.

THE MATCH-BOY'S PRAYER.

"Matches, matches, from a penny,
Buy a pen'orth, if you please,"
Cried a little ragged lad,
Above the howling of the breeze;
Torn, benumbed and mud-bespatter'd,
Blue with cold his icy cheeks,
But all must be battled bravely,
As he there his living seeks.

Cold and surly is the night-wind,
Howling through the dismal streets,
Bearing on its frantic carols,
Gusty blasts of hail and sleet;
Gasping groups of soak'd pedestrians,
Hurry from its dreadful sway,
To their warm and cheery fireside,
To their homes so bright and gay.

Still the match-boy, young and slender,
Calls his sad and wailing cry,
Holding forth unsought-for matches
To each muffled passer-by,
Yet they pass him all unheeded,
As he stands there on the street,
Shaking, trembling, sad and weary,
On his chilled and naked feet.

Rest he must, and to an entry
Dark and dreary, he repairs,
And with limbs all cramp'd and weary,
Kneels upon the cellar stairs.
Pinch'd and shriven are his features,
Hunger keen is ruling there,
As he in soft and feeble accents,
Offers up this earnest prayer :—

"O my Father high in Heaven,
Take me home to stay with thee,
And the loving ones who nursed me
In my days of childish glee ;
Take me to Thy home of beauty,
In some peaceful realm to dwell,
Where there's nought but peace and plenty,
And is heard no funeral knell."

When they found him in the morning,
Kneeling on the cellar stair,
With his hands clasp'd o'er his bosom
In the attitude of prayer,
Dim and glassy were his eyes,
No more with life his bosom glow'd,
Signs that told them plainly, clearly,
That his soul had fled to God.

A HAMELY SCOTTISH SANG.

There's sangs o' foreign lands sae fair,
The Niger and the Rhine,
And loamy soil sae rich and rare,
Where grows the fragrant vine ;
Sangs o' a' things, baith great and sma'
I hear where'er I gang ;
But nane o' them can match that gem—
A hamely Scottish sang.

Auld Scotia's sons may weel be prood
O' Burns and Tannahill,
And waft their praises, lang and lood,
Ower ev'ry heather hill ;
They spread their lilts thro' a' the land
In guid broad Doric twang,
And charm the e'e o' Scotia wi'
Ilk hamely Scottish sang.

'Auld Robin Gray' and 'Scots wha hae,'
'Tib Fowler o' the Glen,'
'O' a' the airts the win' can blaw,'
Are sweet beyond a' ken ;

'Oh, Tibbie I hae seen the day,'
And 'Lassie will ye gang,'
Are lays that show the virtues o'
A hamely Scottish sang.

Wee bairnies on their mither's knee,
When chidin' is in vain,
Aft shout for joy, and loup in glee,
To hear the saft refrain;
It cheers the heart and mak's it aye
Recover from its pang;
Nae thing can reach the heart's core like
A hamely Scottish sang.

JAMES CARNEGIE FIGG.

THERE is little to be said regarding a young author whose work has not yet come before the world. We can only hail him as a brother, and predict that he will take a place among our poets if the promise of his youth is fulfilled. The young man whose name we would record here among our Scottish bards was born at Bo'ness, Linlithgowshire, in 1857. His father, Dr Figg, went to Australia when his son was quite young, and under the fervid skies of the glorious gold-land the lad's poetic temperament developed, so that he very early began to express his thoughts in verse. His first effusion (on the death of a little sister) at eight years of age is quite remarkable. But it is true that the poetic faculty cannot be fully developed without the showers of adversity. Many young poets give promise of future greatness, and then disappear among the crowd of prosperous prosaic folk. We look for their "ripened sheaves," and feel inclined to wish that life had been less smooth with them. Therefore we dare not say what the future of this

young author may be. His satirical and playful lines display more genius than his more serious pieces, and in some the fun and the pathos are blended with the wonderful power which only a poet possesses. It is to be hoped that the romance of his fatherland, enwoven with the warmth of an imagination nursed beneath tropic skies, will yet bear rich poetic fruit.

CAN WE FORGET?

This tress of hair and ribbon blue
Recalls your face, I thought so true,
When first we met,
The rising moon, with silver sheen,
Shed tender light upon the scene—
Do you forget?

A blissful time came when I told,
In accents soft, the story old,
Your eyelids wet
You raised, ah! then the truth I knew,
You loved me e'en as I loved you—
Can you forget?

But now those days, alas, are past,
Your image from my heart I'd cast
Away, and yet
Strive as I may, go where I will,
Your fateful presence haunts me still—
I'll ne'er forget.

Oh! do you ever think of one
Who loved but you, and you alone?
And, with regret,
Sigh for the summer past and gone,
Yearn for his love, and ever moan—
"Can I forget?"

Perhaps, when on our vital breath
The ghostly phantom, silent death,
His hand has set,
Then, in that cold unconscious sleep,
So calm, so dreamless, and so deep,
We may forget.

"THEY TOLD HIM SHE WAS DEAD."

And shall I see her face no more, nor hear
Again that voice so loving and so soft
That taught my lisping lips their earliest prayer,
And soothed my infant heart to sleep so oft?

That dear, dear face is hidden in the grave,
  That loving voice is hushed and still for aye ;
And I am left with naught of comfort, save
  The blessed image of her memory.

How vain each longing to recall the Past—
  Vain to regret the tears I caused her shed,
For Time, relentless as the winter blast,
  Has borne them backward to the Solemn Dead.

Oh, Thou who wert in life her guiding star,
  I pray Thee turn aright my erring feet,
And take my hand, and let me see afar
  The House where son and mother yet may meet.

MY STAR.

Darkness is round me, and I cannot see
  The beaten tract that leads me to yon light,
Whose waning gleam seems dull indeed to me,
  Used to the Sun of Righteousness so bright ;
Oh, would that He would shine upon my way,
And guide me till the dawning of the day.

Yet, weakly trusting in yon flickering light,
  Onward I press, and still it dances on,
Till round me gather the dim clouds of night—
  In desolation drear I'm left alone ;
The gleam is gone, the deep morass around,
  Hopeless and faint I sink upon the ground.

What bright refulgence gilds the eastern sky,
  And dissipates the deadly clouds of night ;
Its dismal terrors I can now defy,
  With that bright Beam to show the path aright ;
My strength revives, I leap from off the sod,
For Bethlehem's star will guide me up to God.

ANDREW MILLER LANG.

ANDREW M. LANG was born at the farm of Meadowhead, in the parish of Carluke, in 1857. His ancestors, for many generations, had been farmers. On the death of his father, when Andrew was four years of age, the family removed

to Uddington, where he remained till he was sixteen. At one time he intended to study for the ministry, and attended Glasgow University for one session. This idea he has now almost abandoned, and although at present engaged in the commercial world, his inclinations are towards literature. In 1880 he published a volume entitled "The Prince of Omur, and other Poems" (London: Houlston & Son). He frequently contributes thoughtful sonnets and poems to the Glasgow newspapers and several other journals. The beautiful scenery of the Clyde at Bothwell has been his chief source of inspiration. Mr Lang's productions possess more than the mere form of poetry. They are thoughtful and deeply reflective —his descriptive pieces on the beauties of Nature, if occasionally unequal, generally express his ideas with true feeling and tender fervour.

THE VOICE OF THE OAK.

What saith the oak tree, as it stands
  High in the forest air,
With hoary form and spreading hands—
  Has it nothing to declare?

Has it no voice? no music wild
  Heard by the folk who lie
Beneath its boughs? the dreaming child
  Hears its low lullaby.

The oak has stood a hundred years,
  And all who saw its birth
Are safe from earthly woes and tears—
  Returned to mother earth.

It speaks of olden times, it brings
  A wondrous tale of yore;
And all who listen while it sings
  Hear things untold before.

'Tis grand to watch it at high noon,
  And at the midnight lone,
Beneath the solitary moon
  Its solemn boughs make moan.

Drear, wild and sad its music comes,
That ancient tall oak tree;
While winter frowns and summer blooms,
It sings its lullaby.

And still its voice is wondrous strange,
'Tis joyous now and sad;
It speaks of life, and hope, and change,
'Tis mournful and 'tis glad.

And thus it speaks as high it waves
Its branches old and hoar;
"Love lives while all things find their graves—
Love lives for evermore."

THE STUDENT.

He was a lover of all curious lore—
Far back through the dim ages he would peer,
And gathered knowledge up from far and near.
Knowledge was all he asked—he would explore
The deepest secrets of the earth and bring
The truth to light; and wealth and rank he deemed
Base things unworthy; silver never teemed
Where he was, knowledge was the only thing
He deemed worth seeking, lore of Greece and Rome
He learned and gained from sages of the past—
A wondrous knowledge, deep, majestic vast,
And in the distant he was most at home;
And deeper grew his wonder as he wrought
The web of strange unfathomable thought.

ROMANCE AND DISTRESS.

Vain, idle dreams why still my soul torment
With pictures beautiful of fairy scenes,
Where rapture sits, and tempests turbulent
Ne'er break to devastate joy's fair domains?
Where peace o'er sunny vales harmonious reigns,
While still my soul with earnest cares is vexed
While woe o'er me her empire still maintains,
And still I roam in dubious paths perplexed.
Say, Goddess of Romance, if in those lands
Of sunny glory mortals ever trod,
Or art thou an enchantress who commands
Our eye to see an aerial abode,
Which floats a fair Elysium in thought,
But never, never, can be found when sought.

THE MOUNTAIN GIRL.

She never walked the dusty-trodden street,
Nor gazed upon the crowds all pressing on
With restless hurry. She has never gone
Beyond her native mountains; but her feet
In childhood and in youth have trod the hills
Where the wild plover shrieks its shrilly cry.
She sees the mountain and she sees the sky,
She hears the dashing of the mountain rills.
But the loud tumult of the noisy town
Has never reached her ears—she only dreams
Of a great world beyond her, and it seems
A region where the children of renown
Pursue their great endeavours—climes of gold,
With wonders, glories, victories untold.

JAMES SIMSON

WAS born in 1858 at Huntly, the chief town of that part of Aberdeenshire known as Strathbogie. In the happy days of boyhood he received his first lessons from Nature on the lovely banks of the Bogie and Deveron, climbing the hills of the romantic Strath, roaming over wild tracks of moorland, or dreaming under the shadow of the grey old ruins of "Bonnie Castle Gordon." While he was still young the family removed to the fine old burgh of Forres, and when only twelve years of age he was engaged as a herd laddie in the neighbouring parish of Dyke. Glad to be less of a burden to his parents, who had a large family and but a slender income, he also rejoiced for a time in exemption from the dominie's rod, and in roaming with the cattle through wood and lea. Here, on the green hill-side, were formed the germs of the lyrics, poems, and romances of after years. By the kitchen fire of the farmhouse, in the long evenings, he read from favourite books to the

untutored farm servants, who listened with the greatest attention, while the mistress of the house threatened to burn every book if he continued to read them, so great was her prejudice against some of the best authors. After being at school again for a short time he became passionately fond of the newspaper profession, and he was indentured for seven years' apprenticeship in the local newspaper office. It was only then he realised what he had lost by not being more diligent at school, but regrets being useless, he set himself to improve all his spare time by pursuing favourite branches of study. Long rambles through Western Moray—up the banks of the "swift-flowing Findhorn," threading the mazes of the ancient forests of Altyne and Darnaway, over the "blasted heath" of Macbeth, amongst "Culbin's dreary hills o' sand," strengthened and enlarged in his heart the love of the beautiful in Nature. The hand of God was seen in everything, from the minute to the vast, in creation. Among other things, he became master of Pitman's phonography, and was able to report for local newspapers before reaching the age of twenty. Prior to leaving Forres, he published his pleasing little work entitled "A Ramble through the Garden," and also a volume, "The Apprentice Printer's Poems."

He commenced his journalistic career as reporter on the staff of the *Border Advertiser*. While there, he conducted for some time the *Border Christian Magazine*, to which poems were contributed from time to time by members of the "Border Bards' Association," of which he was a member. He found many kindred spirits in the "land of Scott" eager to keep alive the old poetic fire of the Borderland. On the dissolution of the *Advertiser* firm, Mr Simson edited for sometime the *Teviotdale Record*, published in the county town of Roxburghshire. Here he wrote "The Major: a Biographical Sketch," and "Jethard's

Hero: an Historical Romance." While in Jedburgh many of his poetical pieces first saw the light, and the lyric, to a great extent, gave way to the heroic versification. Leaving the "land of Scott," he entered into a more congenial situation in the "land of Burns." He contributed to newspapers and magazines under various *noms-de-plume*; and to all intents and purposes is settled down in romantic "Auld Ayr," where he fills a responsible post on the editorial staff of the *Ayr Observer and Argus*.

"The Major" is a tale of deep interest, and is written in a lucid and pleasant manner, while "A Ramble through the Garden" is an instructive guide to visitors, and gives evidence of a talent for combining romance with reality, and a taste for antiquarian lore. As might be expected, Mr Simson's poetical inspiration is drawn principally from the book of Nature—occasionally from its simplest scenes and commonest flowers. Such effusions are characterised by purity and sweetness, while fervour of imagination is exhibited in his more ambitious productions.

THE HARVEST MOON.

It shines! It shines! The Harvest Moon,
On fields of yellow grain;
It shines! It shines! The Harvest Moon,
And we raise a joyous strain.
How bright the gleam on Teviot's stream,
Jed smiles 'neath the silvery ray;
The merry song peals loud and long
From country swains so gay.

Refrain.—It shines! It shines! The Harvest Moon,
On fields of yellow grain;
It shines! It shines! The Harvest Moon,
And we raise a joyous strain.

The Summer's gone! How swiftly flown,
Too soon those bright days o'er;
Yet ripened grain brings joy amain
For wintry days in store:

Oh ! Harvest Moon—bright Harvest Moon,
A grateful song we raise ;
The plenteous year dispelleth fear,
And Providence we praise,
It shines ! It shines, &c.

Shine on ! Shine on ! Oh, Harvest Moon,
Chase off each heart-sick pain ;
Shine on ! Shine on ! Oh, Harvest Moon,
While we raise a sweet refrain :
In the spring of life, ere sterner strife,
We'll toil both morn and noon ;
And reap the grain—bright, golden grain –
'Neath a brighter Harvest Moon.
It shines ! It shines, &c.

"HIS WILL BE DONE."

. . . . . .

"Good-bye, dear mother, I'll be home
Ere the sun sinks in the west ;
And, if I am not—mother mine,
Thou know'st His will is best."

The sun-brown'd fisher kiss'd her cheek ;
"Good-bye," she faintly said ;
"'Tis true, *His will is best*—and yet—
I would that thou had'st stay'd.

"Nay, nay—not my poor, selfish will,
But His—but His be done,
God speed thy boat !—If not on earth,
We'll meet in Heaven, my son."

A fond farewell—was it his last ?—
Away the fisher sped ;
And many comrades sail'd to earn
Their wives' and bairnies' bread.

"Strangely the harbour bar doth moan,"
The aged fishers say ;
And yet they prais'd the noble fleet
Which brav'd the storm that day.

The short October day wore on,
And the sun was hid from sight
By dark clouds scudding o'er the sky—
Yet not a boat in sight !

The wind rose with a mighty sound,
The great waves lash'd the shore ;
While out beyond the harbour bar
The giant billows roar.

"They cannot live in such a sea,"
Said old men standing by;
"Oh! send our lov'd ones home again,"
The wives and children cry.

Yet few of those brave men returned
To tell of that dread storm;
The mother mourned her son—the maid
Her lover's stalwart form.

Two hundred fishermen that day,
Off Berwick's coasts, went down—
And that dear youth, on whose bright face
Was never seen a frown.

. . . . . .

The Sabbath morn was calm and still,
And the bright sun saw the gloom,
And, wondering, gaz'd on many a home
Now silent as the tomb.

The holy day drew nigh a close,
And the bright rays linger'd still,
And the sun's last beams cast light upon
The cottage on the hill.

A kindly neighbour call'd to share
The widow'd mother's grief;
"'Twas hard to lose her boy," she said—
She knew not her relief.

A sweet smile lit that marble face,
As the sun sank in the west;
A spirit whispereth from afar—
"Our Father's will is best!"

WEEP, HIGHLAND MOTHERS.

DEFEAT OF THE BRITISH BY THE BOERS AT THE MAJUBA MOUNTAIN.

"The losses of the two companies engaged of the 92nd (Gordon) Highlander were also grievously heavy. I have been out myself with a burying-party, and about the place where these gallant fellows stood I saw forty-nine corpses collected and laid in one hastily-dug funeral pit."—*Daily News' Correspondent.*

Weep, Highland mothers, weep!
Even as I read, the hot, unbidden tears
Bedim mines eyes: Oh! dread calamity!
And yet they bravely fought and nobly died,
As only Scottish soldiers can. At duty's call
No laggards they were found; the heavy Dutch,
In all their overwhelming odds, they met

With firm, unflinching courage. In vain, in vain
They tried to stem that vast upheaving mass,
Yet would not yield, but, like their val'rous sires,
Resolved to die "with harness on their backs."
And now they're laid in one wide, yawning trench—
A rudely-shapen grave, with their gory tartans
As most fitting martial shrouds.

Weep, wives and sweethearts, weep!
Your soldier heroes shall return no more,
In youthful beauty and in manly pride:
Wail, wail the pibroch of the Gordon clan
Through Aberdonia's lovely straths and plains.
And still Mars sits on his ghastly throne, and laughs
With awful glee, as the chivalry of nations
Join in the maddening strife, and bleed and die.
Oh! would that by some great revulsion of men's minds
The War Fiend could be hurled from his ancient throne,
And buried in oblivion's darkest depths:
Then may we say—Rejoice ye mothers; and wives
Assume your sweetest smiles, when blundering statecraft
Shall have learned the lessons it can ne'er unlearn.

THOMAS CHAPMAN.

THOMAS CHAPMAN, better known in the realm of song as "Joseph," was born at Falla, in the Muirlands of Lanark, in 1844. He commenced his working career, as many another Scottish bard has done, as a cow-herd, an occupation which he continued to follow for a period of four years. Afterwards he rose by degrees in farm service until he became a full-blown ploughman. Up to the time of entering upon agricultural labour he had received little or no scholastic learning, but by personal application he soon acquired the rudiments of a good education. Ultimately he became tired of farm work, and having a desire to see more of the world and its ways, he joined the police force at Maryhill, near Glasgow. He remained at Maryhill several

years, during which time he went on improving his education by every means in his power. While in Glasgow, like most young constables, he encountered many "fair ones" in his rounds, and he commenced to indite "odes to his lady's eye-brows." He assures us, however, that all such effusions were committed to the flames, but if so the gallant young policeman must have had many fair inspirers subsequently—judging from "Bonnie Mary," "Susan," "The Pride of the Teviot," &c. It appears that he was fond of poetry from his earliest years, and when writing had always a great desire to break forth in rhyme.

Crossing the Tweed, Thomas Chapman took up his abode in the burgh of Hawick, where he acts as Sergeant of Constabulary in the County Police. On going to the Borderland he adopted the *nom-de-plume* of "Joseph," and by that name, through the medium of the local press, his sweet lyrics were heartily welcomed in many a hall and cottage throughout all the fair region. The highest recommendation that can be given him is that he writes not from a love of spinning out rhymes, but from a sincere love of Nature and Nature's God, and the higher weal of his fellow men. From the specimens we append, it will be evident that "Joseph" is possessed of poetic talent in no mean degree In this work we have given specimens of the sweet utterances of several policemen bards, and Sergeant Chapman's verses—showing refined taste and feeling, and an intelligent knowledge of pure Doric—are worthy of being placed along with any of them.

MERRY JOCK.

Merry Jock o' Bowmontside,
Happy Jock o' Bowmontside,
Has got a wifie o' his ain,
Alane the bodie couldna bide.

Nae mair the rover gangs frae hame ;
Merry Jock o' Bowmontside,
Sits cantie by his ingle flame,
The brichtest on the Bowmontside.

Now little urchins round him craw,
Merry Jock o' Bowmontside ;
The cradle rocks at gloamin' fa',
Fu' happy at his ain fireside.

To Bacchus shrine nae mair gaes he ;
Merry Jock, the prince o' men,
Has twined the thread as it should be,
And keeps at e'en his ain fire-en'.

The web of peace now fills the loom ;
Merry Jock o' Bowmontside
Has got a lassie in her bloom,
Alane the bodie couldna bide.

THE LARK.

High o'er the shepherd's cot,
Lilting a cheery note,
Bird of the moorland
I wish I were thee.
Up in that azure home
Angels and spirits roam,
And had I but pinions
Up there I would be.

Up in the boundless sky,
Lost to the human eye,
Bird of the moorland,
With dew-dripping breast,
High o'er the flowery lawn,
Hailing the rosy dawn,
Warbling thy sweet strains,
The wildest and best.

High o'er the snowy cloud,
White as the whitest shroud,
Bird of the moorland,
And herald of day.
Up 'mid the sleeping stars,
O'er the horizon bars,
At heaven's gates singing
A heart-stirring lay.

MAY.

May with thy dewy lips,
Kiss me again ;
Row me and trow me
Once more on the plain.

Welcome thou cummer,
Dear to me aye;
The fairest o' summer
Is bonnie green May.

The voice o' the cuckoo
Makes the heart fain;
O, let me dawt thee,
And ca' you my ain.

Row me and trow me
Once more in thy dew;
Month there was never
So lovely as you.

Row me and trow me
On yon daisied brae;
The bride o' the summer
Is bonnie green May.

ALEXANDER THOMSON M'LEAN.

THE Rev. Alexander Thomson M'Lean, the esteemed and talented minister of the U.P. Church at Baillieston, near Glasgow, is a notable instance of one who has risen from the ranks of the working classes to an honourable position by his own energy and perseverance. He was born in Glasgow, the son of a warehouseman, a man of intelligence and moral qualities much beyond those of his class. His mother was a sister of George Donald, who was author of "Lays of the Covenanters," and one of the most gifted of the contributors to the "Whistle Binkie" "Nursery Songs," and who was also father of George Donald, mentioned in the second series of this work. Having lost his father when a boy, the subject of our sketch removed to Pollokshaws with his mother, who was left with the up-bringing of two older sisters. Here he was put to employment in a

public work. His early school attendance was therefore very limited, but the bent of his mind soon led him to apply himself assiduously to a course of intellectual training by attending evening classes and by earnest and persevering self-tuition. He was in the habit, after his daily toil, of sitting far into the night over his studies. The mental work he thus performed during his early years was immense; and he is an "earnest student" even yet. He had qualified himself for the duties of a schoolmaster before he had emerged from his teens. A desire to enter the ministry was all along his principal ambition, but like many other instances in the history of our Scottish clergy, he had a long and arduous struggle with adverse circumstances before his aim was attained. About this time he had the good fortune to obtain the friendly recognition of the late Lady Maxwell of Pollok, who did much to aid and encourage him in the prosecution of his classical studies. He was frequently invited to her mansion, and had free access to the valuable store of literature in her library. She provided a schoolhouse for him, and, before long, he had a goodly number of pupils under his charge. This employment enabled him to attend the Glasgow University, the principal classes of which he passed through with creditable success. On completing his clerical studies, he was licensed as a preacher in connection with the United Presbyterian denomination, and not long after he received a call from the congregation in Baillieston, where he has laboured earnestly and successfully during the last ten years.

Mr M'Lean commenced early to write verses, his first effusions being published in the Glasgow and other newspapers. In 1857 he issued a volume entitled "Oran, and other Poems," which was very favourably reviewed by the press. The principal poem is a lengthy dramatic piece in blank verse, and

interspersed with several lyrics. The structure of the poem is in keeping with dramatic requirements, the characters of the *dramatis personæ* being consistently sustained, and the subjects managed throughout with remarkable unity and effect. "Oran" contains many passages of lofty poetry expressed in a terse and vigorous style; and numerous "gems of thought," descriptive, moral, and philosophical, might be culled from it. Mr M'Lean's minor poems are characterised by an easy vivacity and vigour of expression, lively fancy, imagination and pathos, and they evince a ready command of the essential constituents of poetical composition. He has, under the various *noms-de-plume* of "Delta," "Christopher South," "Asmodeus," &c., published many pieces since his book appeared, all invariably meritorious. He has seldom published in prose, but, while engaged as a teacher, he contributed to the local newspapers some clever articles entitled "Leaves from a Student's Portfolio;" and a series of essays entitled "Noctes Bailliestonianæ," which recently appeared in a local journal, embracing a wide variety of subjects—literary, theological, and ethical—evidence the possession of a highly cultured mind. Mr M'Lean's pulpit discourses are earnest and effective, the outcome of a robust intellect, and a heart animated by deep religious feeling. While zealous in proclaiming the everlasting truths of a pure Gospel, he is careful to avoid the hackneyed paths of a cold and formal theology. He pours forth his thoughts in fervid language, untrammelled by pedantic conventionalities, and enlivens and enforces his utterances by drawing from the rich stores of a highly cultured mind.

Since dead.

SUMMER MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

(From "Oran.")

I beheld,
With flashing fiery crown, the regal sun
Rise from his purple couch, engirt with light
Sublime, which downward slanting to the earth,
Enkindled the bright dew-drops of the morn,
And waked the chorus of the vocal grove:
Nature was glad—a joyous halo danced
Around her brow, and charmed the wondering soul
With glories that bespoke the bliss of heaven:
High in the lift the lark had ta'en its flight—
Forsook its home upon the dewy sward,
Attuned its throat for gush of melody,
And sung its early hymn to listening sprites
That ceased awhile from heaven's own minstrelsy
To list the music of the wandering bard.
The blackbird's lay came stealing on the ear,
Clear and melodious, like some sweet song
Voiced on the glassy lake at even-tide;
The wild bee, humming forth its drowsy tune,
Sped to the woods to cull its luscious store,
Then homeward laboured, loaded with its prize;
The gaudy butterfly, supremely proud
Of its gay coat of variegated hues,
Exultant, revelled 'mong the opening flowers;
The swains, responsive to the call of morn,
Were now a-field—no care have they, content
Beams in each youthful eye, the merry song
Goes round with jocund glee, and thus they wile
The happy hours of summer's morn away.
Thus all was animative wheresoe'er
I turned my wondering eyes. But why will man
Recumbent on his couch deny himself
A feast of such felicity, or why
Shut from his soul the beauty which the morn
Unfolds for pious praise and wonderment?
The stream that dashes down the dark ravine,
The melodies that issue from the bowers,
The lawns arrayed with Flora's richest gems,
The sportive lambkins and the lowing kine,
The shepherd's pipe and ploughboy's guileless lay.
All—all conspire to lead him forth—in vain:
Such was the scene, and such the thoughts that crossed
My mounting soul upon the wings of song.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

"I am not what I was,
My heart is withered and my feelings wasted;
They sprung too early like the tender grass,
That by Spring frost is blasted."

M. A. Browne.

'Tis night—a chilly winter night—and stars bestud the sky,
And snow has decked the earth in white as far as eye can spy;
Yet are the streets as densely thronged as if 'twere summer eve,
And not a heart of those abroad had aught of earth to grieve.
They hurry on 'mid shout and din, and most distracting noise,
That pains the heart and fires the mind, and calmer thought destroys;
The lamps along the crowded street glare faintly on the scene,
And many there, sad hearts respond, are not what they have been.

The vacant laugh, the languid smile, the dark, revengeful sneer,
The sneaking miser's addle-gait, and debauchee's wild leer;
The busy merchant, heart engrossed in earth's illusive pelf,
And the lean lizzard hypocrite who sees none save himself,
Here, chariots proudly roll along with fluttering hearts within,
There, youths linked arm in arm seek out the hidden dens of sin,
And merry hearts respond to mirth, and love's rich nectar sip,
While others wander sadly on, grief pictured on their lip.

So varied are the scenes without, as varied as those within,
Grief ever tracks the heels of mirth, and mirth gives birth to sin;
The lordly hall, where pleasure reigns, as oft there sorrow dwells,
As 'mong those abject ones who own the city's fœtid cells;
But who can tell the agony, that slow death of the heart,
When hopes betray, and those we love prove our severest smart;
When all we had to cling to life becomes our fear and dread,
And oft we wish that we or they, or both were with the dead.

Alas! deaf to the deafening din—to the wild wintry wind,
Is one who sits in yonder room with sadly tortured mind;
She recks not of the winter's night, she heeds not winter's cold;
Grief sits brooding on her heart, and will not lose his hold;
Long has she waited—hours have sped—'tis far into the morn,
Yet, sits she rocking to and fro, so lonely and forlorn?—
We look, the heart leaps up with pain, the eyes o'erflow with tears,
That lonely watcher, sorrow struck, is bowed down with years.

A mother—oh, a mother's love knows not decay, nor change,
'Twill hold on to the wandering one, however wide his range;

'Twill hope against all hope, and yet, through deepest dark see
light;
And, trust a future that will bring the longed-for, prayed-for
sight—
An erring son's return, and bless the love that led him home,
No more in sin's rough thorny ways so heedlessly to roam!
In such a hope this watcher waits, she hopes, and waits, and
prays,
Nor doubts but love divine will lead her son from evil ways.

But, mark yon lowly wanderer, she heeds not winter's storm,
Though leprous sin has wrought its work on that once beauteous
form;
As savage beast in ambush prowls to seize unwary prey,
So moves she on in search of that which hates the light of day.
Yet, once she was as innocent, as gentle, and as mild,
As full of promise, and of love, as ever dowered a child;
But, in an evil hour she fell, fell from her virgin truth;
And since her life has been but dark, and saddened by earth's
ruth.

Abandoned to her downward fate, unpitied in her fall,
What wonder ill becomes her good, and she should scowl on all;
What wonder she should wander on and seek forgetfulness
In that, whose fruit alone can yield a deeper wretchedness;
The gracious heaven above her head as brass to her seems now,
And earth is hard as iron, while crime is blazoned on her brow;
And wild words play upon those lips that erewhile shunned to
name
But what became a modest maid's pure and unsullied fame.

Yet, mock her not, ye prudely pure, ye cannot sympathise
With one whose sin appears to all, who stoops not to disguise,
To men *your* outward form appears so beautiful and fair,
That one can hardly think that sin could ever nestle there;
There? God forbid, the many cry, but, *there*, the few repeat,
That sin is seeded which has sent so many to the street.
Proud beauty wastes her sister worm, and little recks of ill,
Though cruel and capricious acts the aching breast will fill.

A hand to help, a word to save. Alas, how few reply;
How many eager hurry on, and leave that soul to die;—
To die a slow, and loathsome death, unfriended and alone,
With none to calm the burning brain, or quiet sorrow's moan,
And, that poor wanderer of the night, where goes she in the
cold,
Look on her pallid features now so prematurely old;
Mark but her form so wasted, yet, abroad on such a night,
To earn the wages of a sin that shuns God's holy light.

Thus night on night, and year on year, this plague-spot is our
curse,
We live in peace, and all too long have been its lenient nurse;

We little think how many souls have perished in its net,
Or, if we think, alas, how soon the danger we forget.
Bestir, ye ministers of good, bestir in virtue's cause,
Seek out and save the early fallen, and gain your God's applause;
Speak kindly to the bruised heart; point to a gracious Heaven,
Where troubled souls will rest in peace, with all their sins forgiven.

MY MOTHER'S CHAIR.

By the cosy ingle-side is a dearly hallowed spot,
That, let me roam where'er I may, can never be forgot:
With it sweet memories arise to swell my beating heart,
While oft the tear of feeling makes the tell-tale tear-drops start;
Around that spot in youthful days were hushed my childish fears,
And those sweet tones of love, methinks, still linger in mine ears:
'Twas there I felt a mother's love, and lisped my infant prayer,
As trustfully I bent my knees beside my mother's chair.
Oh! blame me not—that hallowed spot
Shall ever be my care;
And never through life's term forgot
Shall be my mother's chair.

I've wandered through this weary world full oft with sinking heart,
And felt the bitterness of woe that springs from sorrow's dart;
But that one spot has given hope to brave the fiercest strife,
And safely steer my barque across the stormy sea of life.
Alas! that chair is vacant now, and memories will swell
My heaving bosom as I think upon her last farewell!
But never can my heart forget the words once breathèd there,
My mother's eyes I closed, and wept beside my mother's chair.
Then blame me not—that hallowed spot
Shall ever be my care;
And never through life's term forgot
Shall be my mother's chair.

With tear-dimmed eyes I've watched the leaves fall from the drooping trees,
As Autumn through the woodlands stalked with Death in every breeze;
Yet such is life—our summer prime is often lost on toys,
Without one thought of that which comes and all our hope destroys:
To-day we're flushed with sunny hopes, to-morrow sees them die,
And all our airy visions wrecked or flown as visions fly:—
Such thoughts will come, as here I stand, with brow o'erwrought with care,
And think of all the dear ones gone, beside my mother's chair!
Oh! blame me not—that hallowed spot
Shall ever be my care;
And never through life's term forgot
Shall be my mother's chair.

OUR LAMB IS IN THE FAULD.

"Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day:
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took our flower away."

LONGFELLOW.

Sit near, gudewife, I ken fu' weel
Your hairt is unco sair;
I see your dazed and dowie look
That speaks a world o' care:—
It's out an' in, an' in an' out,
Sae wearily you gang;
An' no ae word to ease your grief
I hear the hale day lang.
Oh lang, ower lang, upon the past
You've looked wi' tearfu' e'e;
Come, we shall baith look up, an' hope
What faith can never see;
An' Hope shall rest on sister Faith,
An' point to what's been tauld.
Dry up thae tears, an' hae nae fear—
Our Lamb is in Christ's fauld.

The Maister aince, when here 'mong men,
Cheered mony a mither's hairt
As he sae kindly took their bairns,
Heaven's blessing to impairt;
Then turnin' to the mithers said,
As love lit up his e'e,—
"Forbid them not, but let them come,
Each darling unto me."
An' He who loved the bairnies then,
His hairt yearns for them still;
He tends them as His tender flowers,
An' for them works Love's will.
He loves them e'en when hame he ca's,
An' grief makes hairts sae auld.
We're barely cheered e'en when we hear—
Our lamb is in the fauld.

Nae doot, a mither's e'e can see,
A mither's ear can hear,
What ither's neither hear nor see
To wauken grief or fear.
An' as you wauner through the hoose,
Ilk corner has a tale;—
Here would he sit for hours an' read,
An' syne mak our hearts quail,
Wi' his auld farrant questions that
Would make us glower an' dreid,
An' wunner how an' why sic thochts
Should fill our laddie's heid.

To answer aft was past our power,
An' syne he would look cauld :—
As if we should hae kent what now
He kens within the fauld.

An' syne I'm wae, the heart is grit,
As the schule hour comes roun',
You keek aye at the clock, an' think
You hear his feet's glad soun' :—
His lauchin' e'e, his prattlin' tongue,
His happy, merry chat—
The day's exploits—its games an' fun—
An' schule pranks—this an' that—
A' poured into a mither's ear,
As childhood only can ;
An' syne what castle-building, gin
He were grown up a man—
I see it a'—I canna speak—
I'm weak an' far frae bauld ;
Yet, thank God for that past, be glad
Our lamb is in Christ's fauld.

I see how hairt an' e'e are set,
When comes the hour of prayer,
An' how the big lump in the throat
Starts at the empty chair.
The hairt will wauner ower that past,
An' think on what has been ;—
Sae fondly treasure words an' looks,
An' a' Love's eyes hae seen.
God only knows a mither's hairt,
Its yearning an' its grief,
An' in the darkest hour can sen'
Baith comfort an' relief.
Now, he is very near you wife,
Wi' words that ne'er hae galled—
" Your darling lives—he is not dead,
But sleeps in Christ's own fauld."

Our darling waits us :—Oft I think
He is not far awa ;
I cannot touch or see his form,
But yet within my ca'.
I feel him as in thocht I sit
In my auld study chair,
An' glad to think that though unseen,
Still, still my darling's there.
That purifies my every thocht,
An' lifts to realms o' licht,
Where a' is pure, an' true, an' good,
Undarkened wi' life's nicht.

I'se no regret; we've simmer yet,
Unkent is winter's bald;
God leaves us many lambies yet,
To train up for Christ's fauld.

Sae dry your tears, an' look abune,
Our darling waits us a',
He waits—we wait—an' oh, how soon
Time frae us flees awa'.
A happy family on earth,
Far happier in heaven,
Where a' the links are welt again,
That here in time were riven.
An' there we shall sae fully know,
God's purposes an' plans,
Which man presumes to criticise,
An' still sae madly scans.
We'se leave it a' in God's ain haun,
An' bide our time till called;
An' rest in hope in heaven we'll meet—
One family in Christ's fauld.

ALEXANDER WARDROP,

AUTHOR of a volume of graphic Scottish prose sketches, and numerous pleasing, simple, and unaffected domestic poems and songs, was born at Whitburn, Linlithgowshire, in 1850. He is the son of a weaver, and is a tailor to trade—working at present on his own account in West Calder. As he married his "Annie," the subject of several very sweet songs, before he was twenty, and when only earning nine shillings a-week, he experienced many struggles in the battle of life. But he manfully did his duty, looked on labour as his calling, and did not, as too many of the sons of the muse have done, when conscious of superior gifts, yield to discontent, fret at the world, and consider himself an ill-used man. He was in America for three months, but

"work being scarce, fever at home, and my wife ill, I could not rest till I saw the bairns again."

In 1881 he published the volume above referred to—"Johnnie Mathison's Courtship and Marriage." In a manly preface the poet writes:—"I will not say, 'because my friends advised me' I appear before the public, nor will I say that I am so illiterate that you must excuse me; no, ring out the arrows of satiric sentiment or song who will—'What's no ill to gi'e shouldna be ill to tak'.' I hold myself in readiness to sink or swim according to the praise or punishment deserved." The volume did not sink, and the author still sings all the more cheerily after knowing that his efforts have been appreciated. Our poet has evidently a "guid grip" of the "auld Scotch tongue." Many of his poems gleam with pleasing humour, and are quietly sarcastic. We, however, prefer his happy domestic scenes, full of simple pathos and pure feeling, and will be excused for giving prominence to these.

UNCO LANG ABOOT IT.

Just listen to an' auld maid's sigh,
That lives her lane sae eerie,
An' thinks that a' the lads are shy,
'Cause nane will be her dearie.
I wish that John would marry me,
Fu' aft his breeks I've clootit;
But, oh! I doot its no to be—
He's unco lang aboot it.

You're unco lang aboot it, John;
Oh, how I sit an' weary;
An' wish you'd put your plaidie on,
An' come an' be my dearie.

Oh, do ye min' when first we met,
Wi' hearts as licht's a feather,
And how ye said you'd ne'er forget
My wee cot 'mang the heather?
Oh, come awa', you've nocht to fear,
But come an' never moot it;
Alane I'm sittin' sighin' here—
You're unco lang aboot it.
You're unco lang aboot it, &c.

You ken there's nane here but mysel';
The nichts are dark and dreary,
An' Boreas whistlin' doon the dell—
Oh, John, but I am eerie.
The ingle-side fu' snod I keep,
Sae come, an' dinna doot it;
Then fareweel sighin' through my sleep—
You're unco lang aboot it.
You're unco lang aboot it, &c.

Sae John threw on his tartan plaid—
Nae langer he wad tarry,
But crossed the moor, an' in he gaed
An' made the match wi' Mary.
Tho' promised lang he kept his word,
Tho' mony years 'twas dootit;
But noo the wee cot has its lord,
An' bairnies play aboot it.

Let promises aye come to pass,
Deceivers a' uprooted,
If e'er ye promise, tak' the lass,
Tho' unco lang aboot it.

WHA?—A CONTRAST.

Wha can girn, an' brag, an' flyte,
Ower her neighbours crusely craw,
Barkin' aye, an' fain wad bite—
Crabbit, spitefu' Leezie Shaw.

Wha focht maist when at the schule,
'Bout her geerin' aye wad blaw,
Lee, and ca' the maister fule—
Crabbit, spitefu' Leezie Shaw.

Wha stuck middle in the class,
Ower the ithers made this law:
If they'd daur to trap an' pass,
They wad catch't frae Leezie Shaw.

Wha has aye a pleasant face,
Lo'es her neighbours ane an' a',
Sister o' a better race—
Thrifty, gentle Mary Shaw.

Wha was kindest at the schule,
Whiles gi'ed a' her piece awa',
Ne'er was kent tae dae ane ill—
Thrifty, gentle Mary Shaw.

Wha has made the far best wife,
Wha's maist honoured o' the twa,
Wha will live a happy life—
A' that lives like Mary Shaw.

MY ANNIE AN' ME.

I'll sing tae my dearie, wi' heart licht an' cheerie,
An' sit doon ance mair 'neath the hawthorn tree;
'Twas there I first met her, an' love's golden fetter
Tied heaven's ain knot roun' my Annie an' me.

Her heart wi' love's lowin'—she's fair as the gowan
That spring brings to licht on the bonnie green lea;
Nae wonder I lo'e her—there ne'er was a truer—
We're happy thegither my Annie an' me.

I'll ever protect her, an' mair than respect her,
An' sing to her praise till the day that I dee;
Should you an' anither e'er join baith thegither,
I wish you as weel as my Annie an' me.

A HAMELY SANG.

Come, come, my bonnie bairnie, an' lay by your toys a wee,
Let mammy pu' your booties off, syne up on daddie's knee;
You're ready in a jiffy—losh, I hinna waited lang,
For the dearest, sweetest, subject o' a hamely sang.

I often think there's something in your wee bit curly heid,
An' aften pray the world may see't in word, in work, or deed;
The wisest men we ever saw wi' toys were ance as thrang
As you, wee prattling subject o' my hamely sang.

There are pleasant paths before ye; aye, an' rough an' thorny ways;
There's a wail o' sin an' sorrow, an' a soun' o' lastin' praise;
There's twa roads to leave this world by, mind—the richt ane an' the wrang—
Keep the richt ane, is the motto o' my hamely sang.

Ah me! my bairnie's sleepin' soun', an' kens na what I sing,
Still frae the portals o' the blest there comes on airy wing
Some guardian angel, whom I pray, may guide where'er he gang,
An' keep him to the motto o' my hamely sang.

ELIZABETH M. SINCLAIR.

"LIZZIE" of Selkirk, like "Effie" of Galashiels, is a millworker endowed with unusual poetic gifts. While Effie Williamson is the poetess of Gala Water, Lizzie Sinclair is the poetess of Ettrick Braes—both of them skilled in producing sweet and melo-

dious verse, and both of them an honour to the land of Scott. Lizzie was born in the village of New Lanark, situated in the valley of the Clyde, about a mile from the county town of Lanark. The natural beauty of the village and surroundings is not surpassed by any other in Clydesdale and by few spots in Scotland, and forms a scene indeed worthy of the poet's muse. About sixty years ago the village was under the management of the celebrated Robert Owen, some of whose schemes for the improvement of the populace were continued by the succeeding proprietor. One of these was an excellent institution for the training of the young. In this school Lizzie received the rudiments of her education. Her progress was rapid, and very soon a great taste for reading was manifested. She found ample means to gratify her taste in the large collection of books in her father's library, all of which she eagerly perused. At this period she endeared herself to a number of aged invalids, whose solitary hours she often cheered by her singing and her assistance in household work. On leaving school she was qualified for a pupil teachership, but owing to one of the Government regulations this plan could not be carried out.

In 1873 Lizzie removed to Selkirk, and has since been employed in one of the Tweed manufactories there. Although she had composed verses at the age of eleven, it was not till she was settled in the old border town that her poetical talent really manifested itself. Her poetical effusions embrace almost every variety of subject, but she has never yet ventured on publication in book form, although her poems have appeared in many periodicals. As a member of the Border Bards' Association she has acquired distinction.

SUNNY DAYS.

Sunny days so bright and fair,
Hill and woodland bathed in gold,
Bursts of music rend the air,
Tiny birds their wings unfold,
Buds and blossoms sweet and rare,
Bathed in gold.

Sunny days when sunbeams play
Hide-and-seek amongst the flowers,
Kissing pearly drops away,
Gliding into leafy bowers,
Lingering o'er each leaf and spray,
'Mongst the flowers.

Sunny days the sufferer's heart
Thrills with rapturous joy untold,
Soothed is every aching smart
As each beauteous charm unfold.
For these heavenly rays impart,
Joy untold.

Sunny days flit swiftly o'er,
Yet, though shadows veil the light,
Patient be, there waits in store
Sunny hours of pure delight,
When dark clouds shall nevermore
Veil the light.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

They tell me that I'm dying,
That this wearied, worn out frame,
Shall soon be lowly lying
In the dust, from whence it came.
I hoped that I might win a prize,
And gain me great renown,
Ere death's cold hand had sealed mine eyes,
Or my sands of life were run.

But they say that I am dying,
Tell me, comrade, is it true?
I can hear the night wind sighing,
Feel the cold damp evening dew;
The clammy sweat is on my brow,
But a chiller, colder breath
Steals o'er my pallid cheek e'en now,
Tell me, can this be death?

Dying so far away from home,
No gentle mother's voice
To cheer me thro' the gathering gloom,
Making my heart rejoice;

No mother near, ah me! how much
Does those few words imply,
No mother's soft and tender touch
To soothe me as I lie.

Comrade, come nearer, nearer now,
Till your kind face I see,
There, wipe the sweat from off my brow,
And listen unto me.
Tho' you have been a faithful friend,
Brave, kind, and true as steel,
Tho' o'er me now you fondly bend,
With loyal heart and leal,

Yet there's no voice like mother's now,
Could cheer my drooping heart,
Whispering in accents soft and low,
In heaven no more we'll part;
Methinks I see her face e'en now,
As when I saw it last,
Her usual bright and sunny brow,
With grief was overcast.

She gave her parting blessing,
I'll pray for you, she said,
That angel guards caressing
May hover round your head.
Ah, little does her fond heart know
That her poor soldier boy
Soon shall have passed from pain and woe,
To endless rest and joy.

What tho' on earth I've gained no prize,
Tho' honours I've got none,
Yet in that land beyond the skies
There waits for me a crown—
A crown of brightest glory
King Jesus will bestow,
For well I've loved the story
Of his life while here below.

These eyes of mine shall ne'er behold
My native land again,
But I'll tread the streets of shining gold
With the bright angelic train.
I'll wait within the courts above,
Wait till the summons come,
Till those on earth I fondly love
Shall be gathered safely home.

Now my breath is fainter growing,
Soon my weary feet shall rest,
When the stream of life is flowing,
In the mansion of the blest.

But hark! ah, what is this I hear,
What heavenly sounds are these
Which float along on the evening air,
And whisper of life and peace.

Hush! hush! they're coming nearer,
They sing with one accord,
Ever louder, ever clearer,
'Tis the army of the Lord.
They're come to take my spirit,
Comrade don't you hear them sing,
"Come thou ransomed one, inherit
The reward of Christ, your King."

All arrayed in brightest glory,
They strike their harps of gold,
While they sing the old, old story,
For the half was never told.
In their ranks I'll soon be singing,
For Jesus bids me come.
Heaven's courts with joy are ringing,
Farewell! I am going home.

CECILE M'NEILL THOMSON.

CECILE M'NEILL THOMSON, whose maiden name was Sword, is a native of Ardlissa, Argyllshire. When his daughter, Cecile, was quite a child her father removed to Selkirk, where he took a lease of a small farm. Shortly afterwards, Cecile went to live with her grandmother in Ettrick, where she remained until "sweet seventeen." The good old lady and her kinsfolk were all staunch Cameronians, so that the first recollections of the young poetess would be associated with the preachings and conventicles so impressively and solemnly observed by these devoted followers of the martyred covenanters. Brought up in the faith of her grandmother, her mind was imbued with a more than ordinary amount of religious knowledge. Her first lesson-book was

the Bible, and from its sacred pages she learned to read and spell. Many of the most beautiful and precious passages in the Holy Book were committed to memory under the tuition of her aged preceptress. Cecile proved an apt pupil in the parish school, but according to the country fashion she was kept a good deal at home in summer to assist with the work. Consequently, she received most of her schooling in the winter months when "the thrang was bye." Being an industrious reader, and naturally intelligent, she contrived to pick up a considerable amount of miscellaneous knowledge. Returning to Selkirk at the age of seventeen, she became practically acquainted with dressmaking. Shortly afterwards we find her a lady's maid, attaining in course of time to the position of nursery governess. Most of her spare time was devoted to the study of literature.

The earliest efforts in rhyme by our poetess were in memory of her childhood and her home in Ettrick, and all its romantic associations. Her other poems dwell on joy and sorrow, and all-inspiring love. "Poetry," she says, "has been to me a soother in sorrow, a friend in loneliness, and a sharer of my joys." Best known by the initials "C.M.S.," she contributed poems of merit to some of the magazines and newspapers. It may be mentioned that she was a member of the Border Bards' Association. Her first volume of poems receives its title from the poem quoted below, "'Tween the Gloamin' and the Mirk."

'TWEEN THE GLOAMIN' AND THE MIRK.

I met thee ere life's early morn
Had tint its roseate plush;
I loved thee ere a shade of scorn
Had tinged thy maiden blush;
I woo'd thee 'neath the white May thorn,
Where sang the mottled thrush.

I sought thee when the roses bloomed
'Neath summer's azure skies ;
My hopes were crushed, life's joy was doomed
By those low brief replies ;
False to thyself, 'twas not assumed—
The love-light in thine eyes.

I had not rowth of glittering gold,
But a true heart, warm and free
(I will not think that thine was cold),
I would have died for thee :
I loved and lost—the story old—
For lack of high degree.

And yet, in life's grey gloamin' here,
I find thee left alone ;
The treasures which ye held so dear
Now scattered are and gone ;
The golden hair is getting sere,
The roseate hues have flown.

But yet to me thou art as fair
As when in days of yore
We breathed the perfumed summer air
On youth's bejewelled shore ;
And now, when wintry wastes lie bare,
I ask thine hand once more.

One little hour with me to watch
Life's gathering shadows creep,
One lingering ray of light to catch
Ere night's dark pinions sweep,
One golden gleam of love to snatch
Ere death's oblivions sleep.

TIBBIE SHIEL.

Enmantled wi' mist are the green hills o' Yarrow,
In Ettrick the shadows brood dark o'er the vale,
And lonely St Mary's lies sunless in sorrow,
As the breeze on the bosom sighs forth its sad tale.

Oh ! why wails the wind 'mang the trees o' the forest ?
And why wears sweet summer her vestures of woe ?
Fair nature oft smileth when hearts ache the sorest,
And sunny flowers bloom o'er our dead lying low.

But Yarrow is sad, and her sons they are sighing
For the death of a mother—the aged and dear ;
The dew on the green sward like big tears is lying,
And husky with grief are the voices we hear.

Long, long, by St Mary's hath stood her lone dwelling,
The haunt of the poets in bright days of yore,
And many have listed their kind hostess telling
Her mem'ries of Wilson and rich Border lore.

But now 'neath the green sod in Ettrick she's lying,
Where the friends of her childhood have long lain asleep,
And there slumbers Hogg, whom she tended when dying—
Together they rest where the shadows lie deep.

GRANNIE'S BAIRN.

Big blue een, and auburn hair,
Rosy cheeks, and brow sae fair,
Home-made claes, shoon shod wi' airn—
Such was Mailie, grannie's bairn.

Reared in yon wee theekit hoose ;
Grannie's bairn, sae wise and douce,
Early learns wi' grannie's care
The airt o' reading, thought, and prayer ;

Learns to spell in grannie's book,
In which, wi' thoughtful happy look,
Grannie reads frae day to day
How to walk the heavenward way.

Coorin' owre a fire o' peats,
Grannie's bairn sits and greets—
Greets owre thochts when grannie's gane,
Mailie maun be left her lane.

Clasps her hands, and breathes a prayer
That God may lang her grannie spare ;
And when he tak's the ane awa',
Juist to lat Mailie gang an' a'.

Sair the pain in Mailie's heart,
When frae grannie she maun part ;
Bitter tears which nane micht see,
Earnest wishes she could dee.

A' her love in grannie's grave,
What cares Mailie for the lave ;
Bitter cups she noo maun pree,
'Mang strangers void o' charity.

Years hae fled owre Mailie's head
Sin' her dear auld grannie deid ;
Mony a mile her feet hae trod
Alang life's weary, rugged road ;

But still, within her breast concealed
Loving memories fragrance yield,
And their first impressions bloom
In flowers poetic, tinged with gloom.

SUNSET ON LOCH AWE.

Fair, lone Loch Awe!—thy soothing breast
Hath hushed the mountain winds to rest;
No vagrant breeze disturbs the calm,
Whilst dewy eve distils her balm
O'er flowery meads and ferny glen
In nooks beyond the tourist's ken.
The western sky is glowing bright
With garnered remnants of the light;
Refulgent rays from bounteous Sol,
When won that monarch's evening goal.
Within the portals of the night
He veils awhile his glorious light.
Yet leaves a scene of splendour rare,
More brilliant than the noontide glare,
The fleecy cloudlets, floating slow,
Reflect the gorgeous crimson glow,
Like ruby-tinted opal thrones
Afloat on waves of burnished bronze;
Ethereal balconies that lie
Betwixt the earth and azure sky;
An orchestra for angel choirs,
Where they may tune their golden lyres
In strains celestial; to their king
Sweet vesper hymns they softly sing,
As evening offerings, angel-given,
For earth-stained wanderers, seeking heaven.
The slanting sunbeams glance and gleam
From every rill and mountain stream;
While mirrored in the placid deep
Lies roseate cloud and wooded steep.
Where sleeps the dead on Innishail
I hear the sea-gull's eerie wail;
In circling flights they may be seen,
The guardians of that island green.
Lone Innishail! I love to stray
Amongst thy ruins, grim and grey,
Where dwelt the holy sister band,
When Romish abbots ruled the land.
Now desolate, the hallowed ground
Gleams like an emerald crystal bound,
Reflecting bright that gilded ray
Which brings the parting kiss of day.
But sunset lends its latest smile
To Innistrynich's lovely isle,
Where art and nature have designed
A Highland home, by taste refined.

There sturdy oak and graceful beech ;
There mountain pine and flowery peach ;
In pleasing contrast, proudly wave,
By shores which silvery waters lave ;
An earthly Eden, fair and mild,
Amid the mountains stern and wild.
On lone Loch Awe, the fading light
Forbodes the creeping shades of night ;
Ben Vorich's dark and rugged brow
Is veiled in purpling shadows now.
No longer ruby-tinted cloud,
But gloom and mist, descending, shroud
Those towering peaks which pierce the sky,
Where winter's snows in summer lie.
The gloaming shades to darker eve,
And bats and owls their hidings leave ;
The blackbird pipes a mournful lay,
As requiem for departed day.
The twilight deepens into night,
And Luna sheds her silvery light
O'er loch and hill and woodland green,
Till lovelier is the moonlight scene
Than yon fair sunset on Loch Awe,
Which two short hours ago I saw.

E. DAVIDSON,

AUTHOR of a volume of "Miscellaneous Poems," dedicated to Sir Wilfred Lawson, and of another poetical work entitled "The Death of King Theodore, and other Poems," was born at Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, in 1828. Though in humble circumstances, she received a good education, and, until married, she followed the profession of a teacher. In 1853 she removed with her husband to England—the last sixteen years of her life being spent near Alnwick, Northumberland. In a well-written preface to her first volume, Mrs Davidson says :—"The following poems are not presented to the public in the hope of earning for their writer a name—that might savour

of something like presumption,—but as the writing of them has refreshed and strengthened her own heart amid the cares and toils of a busy, toiling life, so now in the hope that among the lowly sons and daughters of toil, weary hearts may likewise be refreshed, they are sent forth. Perhaps it may dispose the critic to be generous when he is informed that the greater number have been composed with a baby in the arm, or while sitting by the cradle, and written most frequently during hours borrowed from rest. If some cynic should ask, what business has a woman in such circumstances to write poetry? he might be answered by telling him that a crowing or sleeping baby is of itself sufficient to inspire a poetic mind. He who formed the human soul, formed it with faculties which not only enable it to plan, and calculate, and bargain, but which lead it to admire and enjoy what is pure, and good, and beautiful; and when we can gain a short respite from toil, and rush away to the contemplation of such subjects, the soul comes back purified and strengthened to resume the duties of life. And though one has to clip the wings of fancy and bend the ideal to the real from the force of circumstances, there is no reason why our thoughts should never rise above scrubbing floors and washing dishes, (not that the writer affects to dispise such occupations—all useful labour is noble,) or our sympathies wander outward to the great suffering, sinning world; and we cherish the desire, and breathe the prayer, that we may do something to make it better and happier."

The second volume, published shortly after her death, in 1874, was edited by her husband, who is gardener at Newton Gardens, Felton, Northumberland. In this volume Mr Davidson says:—"The authoress was twenty years married. She died in 1873, leaving seven children between the ages of three-and-twenty years. Having no one to help her

in her domestic duties, little time was given to gratify her literary tastes; but this was little regretted, as she believed that a woman's place and work lay in the bosom of her family. In a prize essay on 'Home,' which she wrote some years ago, the following passage occurs:—'That home may be a safeguard against temptation, it must be something more than a place to eat or sleep in. Mothers must put the preservation of their children's purity first, and a well-kept house after that. Highly-polished furniture and a spotless floor are only conditional elements of a comfortable home. If the touch of a little hand, or the stamp of a little foot, tarnish them so grievously that the act brings a shower of blows to the back, or words to the ear, the case is altered. I have sometimes pitied boys. In many homes there seems to be no place for them—clean, active, working-mothers seem to regard them as domestic nuisances, always making dirt and turning the house upside down. Mothers, you ought to consider your boys more. By all means keep a clean, tidy, tasteful house; but do not let it be too good for use. Do not grudge them a book now and then, take an interest in their lessons, and help them all you can. If they have not sense to appreciate your kindness and self-denial now, perhaps when they grow older they will listen all the more readily to your sober counsels, when they remember that you did not think their boyhood's cares and pleasures beneath your sympathy.'"

The only time Mrs Davidson held sacred for reading was when putting her baby to sleep, and her writing was usually done on Sunday evening. Almost every piece was finished at one sitting, as she did not know when an opportunity would offer of returning to it. She was a very regular and valued contributor to several religious periodicals, and took a deep and lively interest in the temperance cause. From early life she had strong religious feelings. She

frequently remarked that she was sick of creeds and theology, and that, if the teachers of Christianity had gone more to the life and precepts of Christ, instead of to books of divinity, the Church would have been in a more flourishing condition.

Mrs Davidson's poems are natural and unrestrained in style, and eminently pure. A sweet Christian spirit pervades every page, and, as might be expected, the thought-element is sympathetic and intelligent. In the words of one of her reviewers, "she has written out of her own womanly heart, just as the heather sends up its bloom—because there was a divine impulse to do it within."

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Leaves of the forest—beautiful leaves !
Ere the swallow sought the cottage eaves,
When the cuckoo's song was fresh and new,
Fair was your first soft and tender hue ;
In shady paths your rustle above,
Waked by zephyr, seemed whispers of love,
When summer sat in the woodland bowers,
And strewed the emerald sward with flowers ;
When forest isles were flooded with song,
And ye screened from view the minstrel throng.
I see you now, when Boreas' breath
Spreads o'er your forms the hues of death,
Shrouds you in glory, fair to behold,
Radiant in crimson, brown, and gold !
Ye quiver and gleam in the golden ray,
And crown with beauty the autumn day,
When the sun the morning vapour cleaves ;
Leaves of autumn—beautiful leaves !

Leaves of autumn—beautiful leaves !
Garnered now are the golden sheaves ;
Gathered the fruits, and safely stored,
To smile again on the festal board ;
Yet ye are left when your work is done,
To shiver and pine in frost and sun,
Till blustering Boreas, fierce and rude,
Rushes in wrath through the quaking wood,
And stripping the twigs and branches bare,
Chases you up through the buoyant air ;
Till quivering, dancing, whirling round,
Ye fall at length on the lowly ground,

The common grave of all mortal things ;
Where bright fancy folds her starry wings,
And love is lonely vigil keeping,
O'er love and hope together sleeping.
Thus life a band of union weaves,
With autumn's beautiful, dying leaves.

Leaves of autumn—beautiful leaves !
From you yet more my heart receives ;
When life's short autumn shall near its close,
And my soul shall long for death's repose,
May some beauty gild the closing day,
Some glory flash from the setting ray :
Some good be left that will firmly cling
To the stems whence burst the buds of spring,
That may help to nourish to life, and bloom
Above the present, beyond the tomb.
Thus may we wisdom and pleasure gain—
Pleasure unmixed with folly and pain ;
Wisdom that never the heart deceives,
From leaves of autumn—beautiful leaves !

LIBERTY.

Spirit of liberty, spirit of life,
Star of the nations 'mid darkness and strife
Soul of the patriot, dream of the slave,
Dread of the despot, boon of the brave.

Thou breathest on nations—they spring to life ;
Thou frownest on tyrants—they rush to strife ;
To drive thee afar over mountain and flood,
They trample on honour and swim through blood.

On the mountain heights thou delightest to dwell,
Where the glaciers gleam and the tempests swell ;
They nearest to heaven first caught thy ray,
As they catch the sun-ray at blush of day.

Thou hast swept through the orange groves of Spain,
And her withered hopes have revived again ;
Thou hast breathed on Italia's sun-kissed land,
And her tyrants have fled at thy command.

Thou hast knocked at the gates of Imperial Rome,
And shaken the wings of St Peter's dome,
Till the Vatican reels, and its lights grow dim,
As rings through its courts thy victorious hymn.

Long since didst thou gather the lilies of France,
And the reptiles which soiled them recoiled from thy glance,
Till anarchy snatched them, and blackened thy fame,
By deeds foul and bloody performed in thy name.

Then thou fledest afar to thy Alpine throne,
And the rays of thy glory no more on her shone;
But a despot's hand, with an iron grasp,
Round her bleeding form did his fetters clasp.

He fell; but a form from his ashes grew,
With a soul as proud, of as dark a hue,
Who stole her diadem, and crushed as before,
The golden lilies thou hadst claimed once more.

. . . . . .

We have felt thy breath; we have seen thy power,
Thou camest to us as our Father's dower;
Thou hast nerved each arm, and guarded each home,
From the thatchèd cot to the pillar'd dome.

Spirit of liberty, mayest thou remain
To crush each tyrant, and shatter each chain
Which fetters the soul, that so we may be
In mind, and in government gloriously free.

THE OLD FAMILY CLOCK.

Comest thou, old friend of bygone days,
From the scenes of thy youth to roam,
And seek with me in this stranger land,
For thy hoary age a home?
'Twas thy hand which measured my childhood's hours,
As they swiftly pass'd amid summer bowers.

Thou seest me now when life's stern cares
Have chased youth's visions away,
And years of pain and trouble too soon
Have streak'd my locks with gray;
And here together we still shall be,
For all are gone save thee and me.

And sadly, my childhood's friend, I look
On thy old familiar face,
While the sound of thy tick falls on my heart,
Like the music of other days,
Recalling the dreams I know were vain,
And the friends I ne'er shall see again.

. . . . . .

But the memories thou hast stirr'd, old friend,
I must lay in their storehouse again,
For I may not linger to brood o'er the past,
Sorrow but weakens—regret is vain,
But hope gives strength, and when earth's hopes are riven,
There's balm for the wound as the heart turns to heaven.

Though dimm'd by the dust of the world's real strife
Are the ideal dreams of youth,
Bright 'bove the gloom all radiant with light
Are the words of heavenly truth,—
Be faithful till death—be trusting—fight on,
The strife is not long, and the prize is a throne.

Then may I hope, and hoping be strong,
To stand for the right nor think of the scorn;
The bound'ry of night is the portals of death,
Beyond is the light of an endless morn!
Where death shall not come the home circle to sever,
And time shall not breathe on its brightness for ever.

GEORGE S. MATHIESON,

AUTHOR of a little volume bearing the quaint title of "A Poetical Scroll Book," is widely known as a sturdy Highland rhymer. He was born at Gartymore House, in the vicinity of Helmsdale, Sutherland, in 1857. His grandfather was evicted from a fertile spot called Badstore about 1813—the time of the Sutherland clearances. "He was," says George, "at that time truly torn up, like an uprooted tree, and his glory cast along the ground. Yet rather than seek the vagaries of fortune in a distant clime he preferred to cling to a land wherein, if he could not get a living, he could get a grave beside his forefathers. He retired to a slope of a hard hill which escaped the envy of the now favoured 'Sassenach,' which under his hand has become the sunny braes along the heaving sea, in which is my 'own sweet home of infancy' (with its rolling stream and majestic hills towering high on each side)."

On leaving school George worked on the croft, and "between times" assisted his father, who was a shoemaker, and ultimately he became a book-deliverer or agent in the Kirkwall district, and afterwards at Aberdeen and Montrose.

HOME.

Can I forget the woody braes,
  Where love and innocence forgather,
Where oft in early summer days
  I've crooned a sang amang the heather.

Can I forget my father's hearth,
  My mother by the ingle spinnin',
Their well-pleased look to see the mirth,
  O' a' their bairnies—round them rinnin'.

It was a waefu' hour to me
  When I frae them, and love departed ;
The tear was in my mither's e'e,
  My father blessed me broken-hearted.

My aulder sisters took my hand,
  The youngsters a' ran frae me greetin' ;
But mair than this, I couldna stand—
  My faithful lassie's farewell meetin'.

A MOTHER'S GIFT.

Remember love who gave thee this,
  When other days shall come,
When she who had thy earliest kiss,
  Sleeps in her narrow home—
Remember, 'twas a mother gave,
  The gift to one she'd died to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love—
  The holiest, for her son ;
And from the gifts of God above,
  She chose a goodly one—
She chose for her beloved boy,
  The source of light, and love, and joy !

And bade him keep the gift, that when
  The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
  In the Eternal Home !
She said his faith in that would be
  Sweet incense to her memory !

And should the scoffer in his pride,
  Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside,
  That he from youth had borne ;
She bade him pause, and ask his breast,
  If *he*, or *she*, had loved him best?

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing ;
The love that would retain the one,
Must to the other cling ;
Remember ! 'tis no idle toy.
A Mother's Gift—remember boy !

EMMA D. DICKSON,

ALTHOUGH born in England, resided the greater part of her life in Scotland, and that at a time when the mind and affections are most enthusiastic and susceptible of impression. Hence her sympathies are all Scotch, and while at school in Irvine she was honoured with a visit of a deputation from the Burns Society thanking her for verses she had written for their anniversary meeting. Emma Dodimeade Dickson was born in Bath, Somersetshire. For the sake of her health and education she was sent at an early age to live with relatives in Edinburgh. Here she was married to a divinity student, who died seven months after, at the age of twenty-seven.

In Edinburgh her mind gradually developed into a romantic love of legendary lore, and all that is beautiful and poetic, which the Scottish metropolis is so calculated to inspire and foster. She was privileged by the old lady who was then sole custodian of Queen Mary's apartments to wander through them at her will, and she fed her fancy with dreams of the past. The same permission extended to the hoary chapel adjoining. Sir Walter Scott lived next door to her aunt, with whom she stayed, though she was then too young to appreciate the fact, or the honour of his once opening the gate of Princes Street Gardens for

her. Later on she strengthened her imagination on his writings. Mrs Dickson possesses a letter from the widowed Queen of Louis-Philippe, thanking her for touching memorial verses on that monarch. Mrs Beecher Stowe also on various occasions commended her writings, both in prose and verse. Once, in Dumfries, she was invited to meet a son of Robert Burns. She describes him as a "walking encyclopedia," and he "wrote, and sang, and recited his own verses."

Mrs Dickson is an accomplished linguist, and for many years carried on a boarding-school for young ladies. She has wedded to several of her songs very sweet and graceful music, and has united to poesy the sister art of painting—having designed and coloured a very beautiful group of flowers as a frontispiece to the second edition of her volume entitled "A Poesy of Stray Wildlings." She is a thoughtful and graceful prose writer, and has published several moral tales and numerous narrative tracts of a deeply touching and instructive nature. Her poetry gives evidence of a pure heart and natural refinement of soul, a keen appreciation of beauty, both in nature and art, and feelings and imagination subjected to the guidance and direction of true religion. A copy of "The Robin and the Poor Man" having come under the notice of the late Rev. Dr Guthrie, he wrote to Mrs Dickson, expressing his admiration of the piece.

TO A SNOW-DROP IN A SICK-CHAMBER.

Sweet snow-drop, nursling of the coming Spring,
What gentle hand thee hither hath conveyed?
Thou pure and innocent, yet fading thing,
To cheer the eye of yon fair drooping maid?

Didst come to show before that sinking eye
That e'en though full of hope, to life's scenes new—
Though young and lovely—she must learn to die,
And like thee, gentle floweret, wither too!

Why is it thus—ah ! tell me, tender flower—
That what is sweetest should so soon decay ?—
That those we love the best, in one short hour,
Too early wither, droop, and pass away ?

Let me not murmur, though *your* life be fleet,
But rather thank the great and bounteous Power
Who thus has lent to me your fragrance sweet,
Though it has been, indeed, but one short hour.

Another Spring thy blossoms shall unfold ;
For thee, fair flower, awaits another birth,
When these thy buds, now withering we behold,
In beauty peerless shall spring forth from earth.

But thou, the best and dearest of my heart,
Must thou too fade, nor tarry longer here ?
Must thou from home, and love, and earth, depart,
And be transplanted to a brighter sphere ?

Ah ! still I fain would keep thee—fain would fling
A sister's arms around thy fleeting soul,
And chain to earth that bright immortal thing
That hastes to soar on high beyond control.

Go ! dearest one ! thy Father calls thee home ;
And though my heart must bleed, no selfish love
Shall strive to keep from an immortal crown
One Jesus welcomes to his fold above.

THE ROBIN AND THE POOR MAN.

One wintry morning an old man sat,
Poor and alone, in his old arm chair ;
Shiv'ring he cowered o'er the rusty grate,
For few were the embers that smouldered there :
And now Satan whispered dark thoughts within,
To tempt the sad heart to despair and sin.

" Cold and hungry alone thou'rt left,
God hath forgotten to gracious be ;
Of health and of wealth and of friends bereft,
Canst thou imagine He cares for thee ?"
When lo ! from its perch on a broken pane,
A robin sang sweetly this heavenly strain :—

" Shelter thou hast, tho' poor it may be,
And we 'birds of the air' have a nest ;
But the Saviour, Who came on earth for thee,
Had nowhere His head to rest.
Shall the Father Who gave His dear Son to die
Refuse to list to His creatures' cry ?"

O'er the sorrowing heart a soothing balm
Was shed by the robin's sweet song ;
The eyelids closed and the face grew calm,
And the poor man slumbered long ;
And then, an old legend once heard did seem
To shape itself thus in his peaceful dream :—

He fancied he saw sad Calvary's cross,
And the Saviour stretched there to die,
And he heard the words, "I thirst, I thirst,"
The great God's human cry—
And a robin flew thither with berries to shed
Their cooling juice on the lips of pain,
And the circlet of thorns round the bleeding head
Dyed its tiny breast with a crimson stain.

The poor man woke—a twitter he heard,
And, hastily looking around,
Espied near his feet the bright little bird
Picking up stale crumbs from the ground :
He wistfully gazed on the bold little guest,
With its sparkling eye and its blood-stained breast.

Back to its window the robin flew,
Where, perched on the broken pane,
It blithely carolled its song anew,
Which seemed like a heaven-born strain :
"The blood-sprinkled heart, oh, do not hide,
Thou Christian for whom the Saviour died !

Be not unwilling His cross to share,
Cheerfully honour Him in thy ways ;
Be not oppressed with earthly care,
Make thy petitions with prayer and praise—
Joyfully shedding on all around
The love and the pity thyself hast found."

A step is heard, and the latch is raised,
A young, stalwart form bears he,
Who clasps the old man—"Now the Lord be praised,
'Tis my long lost son from sea !"
"Ah ! father, dear father, I've gold in store,
And thou shalt know want nor care no more !"

Now comfort and peace are the old man's lot,
He is tended with filial care ;
He welcomes the poor to his cosy cot,
And strews crumbs for the robin's share—
And daily his voice in thanksgiving is heard
For the lesson taught by the messenger-bird.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

I cheerily climb the steep path of the mountain,
To seek the bright blossoms of opening spring,
Then laden with treasures I sit by the fountain,
And twining sweet garlands I merrily sing,
Buy my sweet flow'rs,
Buy my sweet flow'rs,
Roses and Violets blue.
Buy my sweet flow'rs,
Buy my sweet flow'rs, flowers, flowers,
Flowers all spangled with dew.

While slumbering cities know nought of the dawning,
And sad hearts forget what awakening may bring,
I gather earth's sweets in the glad early morning,
Then homewards I hasten and merrily sing,
Buy my sweet flow'rs, &c.

Ye pining in sickness, in sorrow, and sadness,
With hearts overwhelm'd by care's darkening gloom,
O buy my sweet flowers, they'll whisper of gladness,
And tell of the blessings on life's pathway strewn.
Buy my sweet flowers, &c.

W. ARCHER.

IT is not generally known that Mr Archer, of H.M. Customs, Dundee, is the modest author of a number of excellent patriotic, tender, and humorous poems and songs. Mr Archer assumes the *nom-de-plume* "Sagittarius." Before we knew the writer to be a most thoughtful and estimable man, possessed of many and varied attainments, we admired his productions. His themes are manifold, but most of them abound with considerable power, beauty, and originality of thought. Mr Archer, who is a native of Carnoustie, was for some years "before the mast," and by diligent and persevering study fitted himself for the situation he

now holds of an examining officer in Her Majesty's Customs.

The adoption of a *nom-de-plume* has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. By its use a young and unknown writer is enabled to invite the public to judge of his compositions on their merits alone. On the other hand, where prejudice has stepped in, it becomes the only method by which he who has been anathematized may advantageously hold converse with the world. We have reason to believe that Mr Archer's verses have been widely appreciated by thoughtful readers, and we are thus glad to be able to remove the veil of anonimity.

BANNOCKBURN.

'Twas when the sun had but scant to climb
Of the tropic that crowns the year,
When he brings us the glorious summer time
And the twilight long and clear,
And pales that Northern star
Fast anchor'd in heaven above,
That bends from its home in those realms afar
Its radiant beams of love,

That a column from merry old England wound
The smouldering fields among,
Whose tread kept time to the trumpet's sound
And the warrior's jocund song.
Sure such a dread display
Of charger and crested helm
Ne'er danced to the gleams of the eastern ray
In Scotland's ancient realm.

There were haughty nobles of Norman blood,
And Flemings in lace and gold,
And Saxons were there like a river in flood,
With the Cymri lithe and bold;
And he who led them all
Was a proud Plantagenet—
A name that had those of the Turk and Gaul
In war's dishonour set.

Such a mighty array of warlike power
'Tis the lot of few to see,
A host that paraded the chosen flower
Of England's chivalry,—

In truth a potent show
Of halbert and shaft and spear,
That Goliath-like ere it levelled a blow
Might win by dint of fear—

And their goal was Stirling's exalted towers,
That darkened the northern sky,
Whose garrison censured the lagging hours
That wearily laboured by.
For through long anxious days,
That had well nigh grown to years,
They had longed for the morn whose gladdening rays
Would gild these coming spears.

And now in their panoplied pride they come,
They could see their chargers prance,
And they heard the beat of the marshalling drum,
And the clang of shield and lance.
And o'er each serried rank
They could see their leopards shine,
And they welcomed the shout that from flank to flank
Rolled down the bristling line.

And well might they shout all in confident pride
At a foe so mean and poor—
A foe that would seem were it ranked by their side
An army in miniature.
But these so vast and bright
At ambition's injunctions roam,
While those whose meanness offends the sight
Stand up for hearth and home.

Then thundered these spearmen with murderous thrust
On their foe despised and mean,
And showers of arrows and clouds of dust
Enveloped the frantic scene.
And din of clanging blows
Resounding from cloven mail,
And cries of St George and St Andrew arose
From out that dusky veil.

Though hopefully certain that garrison dwelt,
Still no deliverer came,
Yet but one result they in confidence felt
Could come of that deadly game.
In vain they tried to pierce
The gloom of that curtain gray,
Whence ever anon war's clamourings fierce
Swelled up and died away.

But when the fury of battle was spent,
And the wind had scattered that cloud,
Lo! strewn and begrimed and battered and rent
All lay in a ghastly crowd.
Those couchant leopards three
Had slipped from their eager sight,
And they witnessed a haughty Plantagenet flee
A craven from the fight.

And they saw, but bitterly cursed the fate
That their lot thus cruelly cast,
A token that to them did intimate
That England's domain was past—
That symbol of her crown
That floated those ramparts o'er,
Like an eagle transfixed come fluttering down,
To soar up there no more.

Go! carry, ye sons of the heath-covered mountain,
The tidings o'er valley and down;
Go! speed them along over river and fountain,
To village and castle and town;
Sound it o'er land and sea,
Transmit it from sire to son,
Spread it over the earth to whoe'er would be free
That Bannockburn is won.

TO THE AZTECS.

Ye strangely, oddly-shapet creatures,
Wha own sic pointed, neb-like features,
Sic stunted Liliputian statures,
Sic doited-like an' docile natures,
Declare yer race—
Which o' oor various nomenclatures
Shall meet yer case?

Come tell us, just to end the bather,
Wha was yer mither, wha yer father;
Why should we by conjecture gather
Where ye belang;
Tell's yer mysterious lineage rather
Than let's gae wrang.

Yer hair, if cropped, wad suit a nigger,
The Hindoo race micht claim yer figger,
Yer nose is Israelite *a rigour*,
Yer lugs an' mou'
Are their's wha thrive by knife and trigger—
The Malay crew.

Say, uncommunicative fellow,
Did that dun skin 'tween broon an' yellow,
That shines like leather rubbed wi' tallow,
Come doon frae Sarah?
Or were they e'en fox-like an' sallow
Bequeathed by Pharoah?

Tell, if ye're frae some far aff planet,
Which ane, that oor savans may scan it;
An' say hoo ye contrived to span it—
Heaven's arc sae spacious,
Yer reticence, depend upon it,
Is maist vexatious.

Ye twa sae fairy-like an' little,
Did sculptor cast ye o' bell metal,
Or did he carve you wi' his whittle
Oot o' mahogany sae brittle—
Tell's a' aboot ye;
Ye brawly could the question settle—
Wha could dispute ye.

Invention o' that rogue Auld Clootie,
Ye ance were gods to races sooty:
Say, were ye deities o' beauty,
Or what yer sphere?
That we, too, may perform oor duty
The while ye're here.

O Maxims; if what ye grunted
Is a' o' speech that's in ye planted,
Its dootless for yer gude ye want it—
Seek nane to borrow;
Just think what lots o' loons hae ranted
Sair to their sorrow.

An' Bartolo, may naething shorten
Yer halcyon days o' silent courtin',
A speechless wife yersel deportin',
What harm can steer ye?
What coontless chiels wad waur a forten,
If their's could peer ye!

JOHN E. H. THOMSON.

THE Rev. J. E. H. Thomson, M.A., B.D., is a licentiate of the United Presbyterian Church, and was born in Glasgow in 1841. His childhood

was a long fight against ill-health, which continued until the family removed, when he was thirteen, to Dennyloanhead, where his health improved. He attended the Arts Classes of the University of Glasgow, where he scored honours in Sir Wm. Thomson's class. After his attendance at the U.P. Divinity Hall, he attended the Philosophy Classes in the Edinburgh University, and there took two medals.

During his student days he wrote all kinds of verses when the mood took him, his turn for rhyme being inherited from his mother. In 1881 he published a pastoral poem, "The Upland Tarn: a Village Idyll" (David Douglas, Edinburgh). The poem was anonymous, and was favourably received by the newspapers and periodicals. Mr Thomson possesses good descriptive powers, and the "Upland Tarn" contains many passages affording pleasant glimpses of country life, and well-drawn pictures of rural scenery. In the same year that the poem appeared Mr Thomson wrote and published (Andrew Elliot, Edinburgh) a well-written and highly interesting biography of his uncle, Mr George Thomson, architect, well-known for his benevolent and valuable labours at Cameroons, on the West Coast of Africa, where he fell, as so many other white men have done, a victim to the climate, in 1878.

A friend of Mr Thomson's, specially qualified to furnish an estimate of his mental and literary character, says:—"He is largely read, and has been known to some of his friends for his metaphysical rather than for his poetical powers. He has a mind of singular acuteness, and can move among the most abstruse forms of thought, as if he were in his native element. Indeed, his tendency in this direction is perhaps too marked, even to the extent of weakening his sympathies with the concrete world, and the necessity of adapting one's self to the practical activities of life. But his poetical work shows genuine poetry

has its deepest springs in a basis of pure thought, being essentially ideal, or a form under which the ideal seeks to express and realise itself. Accordingly, artistically good as "The Upland Tarn" unquestionably is, his muse could achieve much higher things, if it dealt with a higher level of life, and put into melodious phrase, not the jealousy, the woes, and the ruin of very ordinary lovers, but the struggles and aspirations of a lover of truth, of God, and man, in such an age as the present, with its proud and bitter scepticism, and its manifold moral and spiritual evils. Mr Thomson's sympathy with, and understanding of, the essential solution, as central in Christ and Christanity, would enable him to sing to higher purpose than he has yet done, beautiful and elevated as some of his verses are."

THE BIRTH OF A SONG.

Comes a throbbing through the air,
As of music rich and rare;
Whence it comes I scarce can wot,
Hearing, I yet hear it not;
Hear it faintly far off sung,
Thrilling as from angel's tongue.

Scarce can I its cadence guess:—
Moans it, from some wilderness,
Of a grief that has not ceased?
Or is't song of them that feast?
Couched in lofty king-built halls
At some prince's nuptials?

Pictures play about the brain,
Now of tempest and of rain;
Now of calm and green delight,
Basking in the warm sunlight;
Vague through mist of fancy seen,
Scarce their purport may I glean.

Clanging, fitful from afar,
Trumpet note of headlong war,
Mingles with the tinkling tale,
Piped by shepherds in the vale;
Hopes scarce seen, half-felt despair,
Bliss and sadness mingled are.

'Tis confusion like the first,
Shall from out this chaos burst,
Order, beauty, varied grace,
As we see in nature's face ;
Love, that brooding o'er the deep,
Lulled confusion into sleep.

Love alone can say aright—
'In the darkness be there light!'
Come then, Love, and in thy hand
Bring thy peace-compelling wand ;
Then my yeasty thoughts shall be
Crystalled into poesy.

STRATHORD.

Low, nestling by the foot of rocky hills,
Fast by the murmuring shadow of a ford
In a great stream, and girt by lesser rills,
Rose on a knoll the hamlet of Strathord.
I neared it, I remember, when was poured
O'er all the radiant flush of eventide
That was as if the golden glow restored
Of Paradise, while slow along the side
Of the great hills the purple glory seemed to glide.

High over all the pointed village spire
Rose from amid a sea of blossoms white,
Mingled with pink, that showed like gleam of fire
Beneath the ruddy glow of evening light,
And every village window flashing bright
Returned the dazzle of the setting ray ;
Like fairy palace, all with gems bedight,
Each humble cottage shone, while waning day
Passed through soft splendour into evening's sombre grey.

DEATH.

O the mystery of death !
O the slowly failing breath,
In the faintly coming sighs,
Then the closing of the eyes !

Hands then folded on the breast
That has reached at last its rest ;
Limbs in decent order laid,
And the debt of nature paid.

Then the spotless linen veil,
Covering o'er the visage pale ;
Screwing close the coffin lid,
Bursting heart uncomforted.

Mourners gathered round the door,
Sounds of feet upon the floor,
With the harsh irregular tread
Of the bearers of the dead.

Tramp of horses' iron heel,
Grind of hearse's heavy wheel,
As they slowly bear away
To the grave the lifeless clay.

Thus the darkling cloud unseen
Sweeps united hearts between;
Veil that never shall be torn
Till the resurrection morn.

CHARLES MILLER.

THE Rev. Charles Miller, author of "The Three Scholars, and other Poems," was born in the village of Thornliebank, in the parish of Eastwood, and county of Renfrew, in 1810. He attended the Arts Classes in the University of Glasgow; studied Theology in the Hall of the United Secession Church; was licensed by the Kilmarnock Presbytery of that Church in 1840, was ordained at Dunse, October, 1841, and resigned his charge in the summer of 1879. Mr Miller is the author of "Magdalene Nisbet, the Maiden of the Merse: a Tale of the Persecution of Charles the Second's Time," which was published anonymously in 1857.

"The Three Scholars and other Poems" was published in 1882, (Andrew Elliot, Edinburgh.) A number of the minor pieces appeared first in *Chambers's Journal*, and it will interest readers to learn that the leading poem, which gives a title to the volume, was composed during 1881, when the author was considerably over the "three-score-and-ten." It contains numerous traces of true poetic fancy, and abundant imaginative power. In the minor pieces there are several delicately fresh and dainty little poems, conveying pleasing and thoughtful ideas, interpreting the teachings of Nature in flowing and musical language. Indeed, throughout his long life,

Mr Miller has been a close observer, and a warm admirer of the beauties of Nature. In his prefatory note he tells us that it would be impossible to over-estimate the pleasure he has derived from

> "The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
> The pomp of groves and garniture of fields;
> All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
> And all that echoes to the song of even,
> All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
> And all the dread magnificence of heaven."

THE TIME FOR ME.

What time the Shepherd, Summer, leads
His flock of daisies o'er the meads;
What time the gorse and broom unfold
Their beauty and their wealth of gold;
What time the hawthorn's snowy blossom
With crimson spots piled o'er its bosom,
In clusters pendent from the tree,
Kisses the wind most fragrantly;
What time the grass is spotted over
With triple leaves and crowns of clover,
With buttercups and dandelions,
Gold and emerald in affiance;
What time the woolly-coated peach
Hangs purple where the sunbeams reach;
What time the cherry's crimson cheek
Attracts the blackbird's gashing beak;
What time the rose-buds burst afire,
To flame abroad in red attire—
O that's the pious time for me,
In the maiden morning's company,
The air to drink and landscape see,
And trace all good, O God, to Thee!

What time on Houman-law the sun
Proclaims his noon-day goal is won;
What time the liquid shade doth fall
On yonder Eastern-facing wall;
What time upon the churche's roof
Dove from dove is perched aloof;
What time the Arabs of the bill,
The chatt'ring sparrows even are still—
O then, this is the time for me
To enter meditatively
The pleachëd honeysuckle bower,
And softly charm the thirsty hour,
In drinking from the haunted springs,
The gifts of God's poetic kings!

What time the kindler of the day
Wheels down his occidental way,
'Mid purple clouds, loopholed with white,
Whence issues the imprisoned light
That rushes o'er the East in millions
Of burning rays of Western brilliance ;
Which gild the towers with golden faces,
And shadows fling on lower places
Of each obstructing tree and wall.
Before the painting beams that fall,
Which far away, with silver tide,
Flow on the blue of Cheviot's side,
And bring the greenery into bloom
A moment 'mid the parted gloom—
O then that is the time for me
To bow my head most reverently,
And 'midst the twilight's placid calm,
To sing to God my evening psalm !

TO A RAINDROP.

Hail ! jewel pendant on the grassy blade,
Now dimly seen amid a transient shade,
Anon resplendent, like a bridal maid
Wed by the wind,
Thou tremblest at his kisses half afraid,
And half inclined !

How many hues of beauty charm thy face !
For there successive rays each other chase ;
The ruby now, the sapphire next we trace.
The chrysolite
Supplants the emerald, rich in vernal grace,
And dear to sight.

O fairy creature ! whither hast thou come ?
Was the Atlantic once thy stormy home ?
Or didst thou through the mild Pacific roam
'Mong coral isles,
And thence ascend to the ethereal dome
With saintly smiles ?

Hast thou, in clouds of richest colour blended,
On rising suns and setting suns attended ?
Or hast thou shone in bars of beauty splendid
I' the Rainbow's robe ?
Or hast thou in a misty chariot wended
Around the globe ?

Alas ! thou answereth not, thou brilliant mute ;
Thou shinest on in silence absolute ;
The wanderings of thy restless silver foot
Thou canst not tell ;
And soon thou shalt resume thy pilgrim route,
Nor sigh farewell !

GRASS.

Thou emerald loveliness, that paint'st the face
Of the broad earth, as azure paints the sky,
Thou printest with thy footsteps every place
From the soft meadow to the mountain high ;
Not the drudged highway lacks thy tender grace,
For there thou smilest, with a sun-lit eye,
Round harebells tolling in the wind, and daisies
Nestling like birds, and cottar's cow that grazes.

Thou hast a beautiful old Saxon name,
Which melts i' the mouth like honey from the comb,
Which, like a star, sheds down a golden flame,
That lights the mind with images of home :
The sloping bank, the level green, the dame
Bleaching her linen under the blue dome ;
The croft where geese and gander stately stroll,
The paddock where the brown mare tends her foal.

Thou queen'st it in the meadow, where the kine
Or feed from thy fresh basket dewed with morn,
Or on thy velvet carpet calm recline,
Shewing the massive front and curvëd horn,
And patient eye, like crystal dark with wine,
They chew the cud ; or sturdily upborne
Above the thirsty pail, they yield the stream,
Which Midas-handed hours touch into golden cream.

Thou art a fairy round the greenwood tree,
With moonlight shadows to thy bosom prest ;
While timid, soft-toned winds sing lullaby,
Themselves sinking among the leaves to rest.
Around the fountain bubbling gleefully,
As with an infant's instinct for the breast,
Thou comest, girdling it with greenery,
The richest emerald in the sylvan scenery.

How rich art thou in gold and silver wealth !
Bright gems of beauty sparkle in thy crown ;
Green mosses run their hands with child-like stealth
In thine, and hide behind thy matron gown.
Thou bloom'st the faded cheek with rose-leafed health,
Whene'er the sick face from the smoky town
Beholds thy kingcups, and thy pea-green mosses,
And daisies sunning forth their orange bosses.

The all melodious lark, who pours the shower
Of copious anthem from the sapphire cope,
Sings downward to his love, in thy green bower
Nursing the callow minstrels of their hope,
Beneath the sheltering pennons of thy power,
Upon the fallow-leas, or on the slope,

Which, like a stung lip, bulges on the mead
Where April lambs delight to frisk and feed.

How lovely on the mountains are thy feet,
Climbing to reach the kisses of the skies,
To drain the crystal cloudlet's chalice sweet,
And sun thy brow in virgin morning's rise ;
When hill to hill rings with the woolly bleat,
And the lone, plaided, staff-girt shepherd eyes
His witless charge, and whistles from his heel
His dog, to scare the wanderers from the commonweal !

How charming when the morning round her girds
Her fulgent robes, and the unnumbered dews
Sparkle upon thy blades, like humming-birds,
In dazzling lustre of prismatic hues !
Enchanting sight ! as if the molten shreds
Of some great rainbow's yellows, pinks, and blues,
Had kindled all the tops of thy green spires,
With endless lamps of many-coloured fires.

Rise, from thy yellow tomb, green form of Spring ;
Arise and paint the mountain and the vale.
O haste ! and in thy nursing bosom bring
The silver daisy and the primrose pale.
The blades *will* spring, the merry birds *will* sing ;
'Tis this that cheers us mid December's gale,
While the lank woods and the all smileless earth
Present no sign of leaf, or snowdrop's birth.

JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

WE trust that a special interest will be taken by our readers in the sketches of the following writers, as they furnish a few details of those whose works are in our hands, and with whose opinions we may be familiar, while of their personality we know next to nothing. We have always considered that any book which throws light upon the personal surroundings of our more popular living authors should be welcome. To provide such has been one of the principal objects of the present work,

and we have endeavoured, in all the personal details here given, to present them—though of necessity briefly—in such a manner as, in a measure, to possess the fascination which somehow or other belongs to all literature that tells us something about the more talented and conspicuous men and women of our own day. A recent writer has said:—"It not unfrequently happens that we know less of our contemporaries than we know of the generations that have preceded us." Most people could tell you more about Chaucer and Milton than they can of Tennyson or Mrs Oliphant, and until very recently we knew little of George Elliot or Thomas Carlyle.

The subject of our present sketch has for some years been widely known as the author of a number of volumes, and a writer of tales and essays in several of our most popular magazines and periodicals. These, in delineation of character and construction, are remarkably powerful and careful, and she always gives evidence of the possession of thought and purpose in abundance. Her characters have the effect of studies from life, and without being avowedly humorous or sentimental, she sketches the woes of the masses, the aims and the labours of men and women, with true sympathy and skill. We have ever found in the tales of Mrs Saxby—so realistic and instructive—much more than a mere story, while there is never less than a good one.

Jessie M. Saxby was born in Shetland—that land of romance—of parents exceptionally talented. Her mother being a literary woman, and her father a scientific man, she could not help being at once romantic, literary, and scientific. In a recent number of *Chambers's Journal* we find a delightful article, entitled "The Home of a Naturalist," from the pen, we believe, of our poet, and describing her childhood's home. Here is a glimpse of life in the old

home:—"The house-pets knew, one and all, that the dinner-bell was a call to meals, and would flock from various parts of the house or fields to the dining-room door and window. Some were allowed to come into the room. More than once, a feminine chorus of remonstrance was raised by the ladies of the family, and the result was temporary banishment of the animals at meal-times; but the edict was seldom carried into force for more than a week, as even those who had been loudest in requiring their absence, missed their dependents so much, that tacit permission for their recall was given. A tax was levied upon every plate and dish before it left the table, a process which the interested animals naturally regarded as the great event of the hour. All dry crusts and slices of bread went into the naturalist's pockets; and what pockets they were! They bulged out on each side; and their owner, when wandering about his fields, was usually attended by a motley throng of those who knew well what those pockets contained. Running about his feet after the manner of Skye terriers was Rough, who had lost one eye, and never could bear the smallest allusion to his misfortune. Dogs do not parade their infirmities, nor will their self-respect permit them to claim either charity or indulgence because of misfortune. One or two cats stealthily kept pace with their master's step, seemingly unconcerned in all around, but very wide awake internally. An ox with large tender eyes would appeal for a caress; while a pony would be shoving its frowzy brow against its master's shoulder, munching crusts with great satisfaction. Dickhalyer, a splendid gamecock, usually stalked dignified by the naturalist's side, as one who thought, and in his own way said: 'You and I are reasoning beings, and must set an example of decorum to the lower animals.' A flock of pigeons would hover over his head, sometimes alighting on any

available part of his person. A hooded crow, in his handsome gentlemanly uniform of black and gray, accompanied the procession, taking notes, while some ducks would join at intervals, though these not unfrequently quarrelled with the cats."

When quite a child Mrs Saxby took to writing poetry, and studying the animal creation. Both parents nursed her imagination—the mother leading it towards domestic and heavenly subjects, the father training it to keep within the bounds of reason and wisdom. When she was about fifteen, a friend sent some of her short sketches and poems to the late Dr Robert Chambers, and asked his opinion of them. He replied, in words that have been her watchword all along—"There is a good quarry to dig from, but the stones are yet rough. Don't let her be discouraged because the public may not admire the rough-cut stones, but let her go on quarrying and polishing, and she will succeed." Until she was twenty she had published only occasional pieces in newspapers. Afterwards she tried the magazines, and although not always successful, with Dr Chambers's words in her mind, she never got discouraged, and every rebuff became a stimulus to go on and conquer. She married early a medical gentleman of much promise, who, like her father, was also a naturalist, but who died and left her with a family—the youngest being only one day old. Since then she has made literature her profession, and now, after great struggles and much labour, she has earned a name both at home and abroad, and the productions of her pen are warmly welcomed.

Besides contributions of "Popular Science Notes" to periodicals, Mrs Saxby has written folk-lore articles and reviews in several of our leading newspapers. Amongst the volumes she has published we note —"The One Wee Lassie," a memoir of an only daughter, and who died shortly before her

husband; "Daalamist," stories of Shetland; "Rockbound," a Shetland novel; "Geordie Roye, or a Waif from the Greyfriar's Wynd;" "Breakers Ahead;" a beautifully-illustrated and deeply interesting and instructive Christmas volume entitled "Snow Dreams;" and "A Self-Taught Shetlander." In addition to essays and serial tales for magazines, she writes an annual series of *verses* for publishers of New Year and other presentation cards; but, she tells us, "these are not poetry—only little thoughts put into musical words." Indeed she forms a very humble estimate of her literary and poetical powers. In a note she says:—"If there is any good thing in me, or in what I have written, it belongs to Home, Father, Husband. I wish I *felt* that the very smallest bit of the spirit of Burns had lighted on me. But, alas! the power to rhyme comes easily enough, and the Thought that Burns stirs wakes to life very readily, but the art of blending thought and speech into a *poem* is an art that I am not satisfied that I have yet attained. The writing of verse has had to be put aside, with all the tenderer thoughts and feelings, and it is only occasionally that I can permit myself to speak in rhyme."

In 1868, Mrs Saxby published a volume of poems entitled "Lichens from the Old Rock" (W. P. Nimmo), while another volume, dedicated to Princess Louise, "Glamour from Argyllshire," was issued in 1874. "Leaves from the Psalmist's Life" was a series of very thoughtful poems. These originally appeared in the *Christian Treasury*, and from time to time we find in the pages of *Chambers's Journal*, *Quiver*, *Leisure Hour*, and other periodicals, poems giving evidence of their being the product of a thoughtful mind, and a facile and melodious style. In these, and more especially in "Glamour from Argyllshire," there are many short word-pictures of natural scenery, drawn with artistic feeling, and

with a keen appreciation of the spiritual significance underlying Nature's beauty.

TAKEN TO THE INFIRMARY.

Well, you see, Lady, I work on the road,
  Breaking up stones, and laying them neat,
That the carriage may glide with its elegant load,
  And nothing come rough for the horses' trim feet.
And while's I was working in heat of day,
  They'd send little Nell with her basket and tin.
Ah! how gladly she tripped on her venturesome way,
  Unawed by the sound of the cityful din;
No thought in her bonnie bright head, but a care
  Of 'father's bit sup' that was held on her arm—
And I felt as if angels, who knew she was fair,
  Would keep the poor lammie forever from harm.
She never was thinking of danger - dear Nell—
  She turned to the cross-road so crowded and light;
The glare of the sun on her timid face fell,
  And left there the darkness of night!

The tiny feet just paused a space
  As swept a carriage by,
And no one saw the upturned face,
  Or heard the warning cry.

With quickened tread the horses sped along the busy street,
And some one lifted what had made my home so warm and sweet:
Lifted it up, and running, laid his burden near—my feet!

I cast the blame on no one now—
  I think I felt her pain—
I tried to clear my anguished brow,
  And be a man again.

I bare her—light, my bonnie bird,
  The crushed and quivering form;
And angry words I never heard,
  Nor heeded friendly storm.
Nor thought if man, or horse, or fiend
Were most to blame. Nor thought, nor cared,
If only my sweet Nell were spared;
If only her sweet soul would come
Back to its maimed and shattered home.
If only—with impatient hand,
  I sought relief within the gate
Where men, the foremost in our land,
  Forever on the suffering wait.

They took the child from my helpless hold,
Tenderly bound each broken limb,
Brought fluttering life to the lips so cold,
And eyes so faint and dim.
Heaven bless them for that tenderness,
I am but rought and rude,
And had not learned that things like this
Can do a power of good.

And then I had been always taught
To think that rich and poor
Were seldom to each other brought
Through sympathy's wide door;

But when I met the surgeon's eye
I knew a pitying heart,
With feelings *like my own*, was nigh,
And in my grief had part.

I am but a rugged man at the best,
Whose hard-seamed features can tell the rest.
In *his* graceful bearing you well might trace
That he came of a pure and noble race;
Yet his hand was able and brown as mine,
Though so small, and gentle as lady's fine
Was the touch of that hand when it deftly fell
On the wounded form of my little Nell.

When he told me her suffering was almost past,
And the pain-closed eyelids were raised at last,
I saw her smile in that gracious face
Which stooped to give her its winning gaze.
She had always been shy of a stranger too,
And I wondered to hear her speak
So frank and pleasant, as if she knew
That he loved the young and weak.

Perhaps he was thinking of kiss and smile,
The greeting of children dear;
Perhaps the laughter he heard awhile
Still lingered in his ear.

Perhaps in wonder cemet'ry where rolls the dark Leith water,
A portion of his love lay hid beside a daisied daughter,
For souls whose soft regretful part to coffin mould is given,
Bestow the kindliest *deeds* on Earth, the dearest *thoughts* on Heaven.

Perhaps—ah me! I cannot tell
Which chord had drawn together
The noble heart—the simple Nell—
The son of roughest weather.

I only know that loving care
Was given my cherished child,
And that the face which was my prayer
Looked *last* on his and smiled.

I only know that when I see
His happy face go by,
My little lass comes nearer me,
And Heaven is not so high.

LEAL HEART LO'ES LANG.

Oh, the saft winds sighed o'er the gorsy knowe,
And the wee birds warbled sweet;
The roses bloomed upon ilka bough,
And the days were fair as fleet;
And the laddie lilted a dream-taught sang—
Leal heart lo'es lang.

Under the roots o' the wild rose tree
They laid the puir lad to rest;
And the low winds moaned frae the scenting lea,
And the birdies built a nest;
And the birds and the breeze and the blossoms sang—
Leal heart lo'es lang!

Nae dreams had he there; but when years were gane
She cam' by that quiet place;
Her steps they were slow, and she gaed her lane,
And pale was her faded face;
And the teardrops fell as she sadly sang—
Leal heart lo'es lang!

PARTED BUT NOT SEVERED.

Round her love like a chain did his heartstrings close,
Ere he went on his busy way!
Like a sunbeam held in the breast of a rose
In her bosom his image lay!
And he cried as they parted, no more to meet,
"Oh, life may be lonely, but love is sweet,
And love has no ending, though life be fleet,
Sweet and fleet, fleet and sweet."

He went forth to his place, on the world's wide field,
Where he won for himself its prize;
And she passed to the goal with her treasure sealed
From all questioning callous eyes;
For she knew they had parted no more to meet,
And life it was lonely, though love was sweet;
But love could not end with a lifetime fleet—
Sweet and fleet, fleet and sweet!

Ah, well for the lad, and, ah, well for the lass,
Who are bound by that unseen chain !
Though they tread far apart over tangled grass,
Though they soothe not each other's pain,
They can feel that though parted no more to meet,
Though life be but lonely their love is sweet ;
And love cannot die with a lifetime fleet—
Sweet and fleet, fleet and sweet !

ONLY A HEART.

Only a human heart—pass on your way—
Toy of a fleeting hour cast to the clay,
There let it languish, 'tis broken to-day.

Only a human heart, trampled aside,
Striving its wounds and its weakness to hide
Under the rags of a pitiful pride.

Only a human heart, lightly repeat,
Wasting its Love on the dust of your feet,
Strangling a Hope in each fluttering beat.

Only a human heart, bleeding and torn,
Flung from the breast where it lately was worn,
Crushed by the hand that so lightly had borne.

Only a human heart, heart that is stone
Turn you away from the sound of its moan,
It tells its despair to the Unseen alone.

Only a human heart, yet in the night
Cometh a Hand that is holy and white
Searching—oh searching for this that you slight !

Only a human heart, yet it is true
One bends to bind on His bosom anew
The heart that's forsaken as worthless by you.

BED-TIME.

Baby-faces, clean and bright,
Little figures robed in white,
Voices lisping forth "good-night."

Golden-tinted well-brushed hair,
Shading foreheads smooth and fair,
Folded fingers, infant prayer.

Eyelids drooped o'er sleepy eyes,
As the midnight hides the skies,
Veiling all their azure dyes.

Bright young heads laid down to rest
On the snowy pillow's breast,
As sinks the day-king in the west
Upon some pearly cloudlet's crest.

Whispered silence in the room,
Solitude as of the tomb,
Darkness that's akin to gloom.

Childish voices mute and still,
Hushed by sleep, as mountain-rill
Bound in ice-bands, bright but chill.

Children slumbering, free from dread,
Mother praying by their bed,
Angels watching overhead.

Evening's solemn silver chime,
Like some fairy's magic rhyme,
Meting out the flight of time.

And a Father's eye above,
Viewing all with look of love.

JEAN L. WATSON,

AUTHOR of a series of admirable, concise, and deeply interesting epitomes of the lives of eminent Scotchmen, including Hugh Miller, Thomas Guthrie, Norman M'Leod, the Erskines, Robert S. Candlish, and others, also merits a place amongst "our Poets." Miss Watson was born in a Peeblesshire farm house. Her mother, who died before she had reached her eighth year, was brought up near St Mary's Loch in Selkirkshire, and had, like many reared in those parts, a good deal of romance in her nature. From her mother she inherits her love of poetry, and when a mere child she took every opportunity of hearing stories and traditions of the district, while all her "pennies" were

hoarded up to purchase "chap-books" from packmen who visited the farm. When about five, she could read almost any book, and one day she was "lost" for hours. After an anxious search being made around the usual places where she played, she was found in the garret, fast asleep, all blistered with tears, and beside her was "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia." She had wept herself to sleep over the sufferings of the heroine. By the time she was eleven, she had read all Sir Walter Scott's novels, and could repeat numerous passages of poetry. Soon after this she began to keep "notes" and newspaper cuttings of events that interested her, and these she found of much service in after years.

What first made her think of writing was a friend —a literary lady—who advised her to put her love of Scottish history to some use. The result was a book entitled "John Knox's House," — a little volume still sold to those who visit the reformer's residence in Edinburgh. On one occasion Miss Brown —sister of the late Dr John Brown, author of "Rab and his Friends"—expressed a wish to Miss Watson that she would write a book such as she (Miss B) might be able to give to poor people in Scotland — most stories published being English. She could not think of a subject, when Miss Brown suggested her grandmother's old servant, Peg Dymock. The result was the delightful story of Scottish life, entitled "Our Old Nurse," and the commencement of "Bye-Gone Days." Then followed "Round the Grange Farm"—the subject of her first sketch being her father, and the others were very much composed of true stories about the people around Broughton Village, in Peebleshire.

Since then, Miss Watson has published nnmerous volumes, including "Peden and Renwick," with an introductory note by the Rev. John Ker, D.D., (Glasgow, Dun & Wright), "The Lives and Times

of the Guthries," "The Life and Times of John Knox," with about a dozen of the biographies already referred to, and published by Mr Gemmell, Edinburgh.

To those whose time and means will not admit of their perusing long biographies, but who desire to know what great things worthy men have achieved, we strongly recommend the little works written by Miss Watson. The lessons their careers are calculated to teach are presented with taste and keen judgment, while the pictures are drawn, and the lives portrayed with simplicity and clearness. When criticism is introduced, she displays a thorough knowledge of the subject. Her Scottish sketches, both in prose and verse, are exceedingly pleasing, and recall old times and customs. Yet she does not dwell in sylvan retreats, or under the green roof of trees, where she can hear the heart of Nature beat. She can describe with force and vigour the associations, the misery, and the woe existing in the dark grey town, where she can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man.

For many years Miss Watson has resided in Edinburgh, the historical associations of which she delights in, and where she is justly esteemed by many literary friends. Among these are Sarah Tytler, whom she assisted in her work on "The Songstresses of Scotland," and also Hesba Stretton, the well-known English author, and others.

LOCHIEL O' LOCHIEL.

TUNE—KINLOCH O' KINLOCH.

Lochiel O' Lochiel ye maun follow our Charlie,
He's come to our country, his rights to maintain ;
Though his prospects be puir, an' his followers scanty,
Ye maun fight for your Prince till ye get him his ain.
Then leave ye the huntin' o' deer on the mountain,
Leave fish in the river, an' hare in the glen,
We need sair your broadswords, our spears are nae plenty,
We need to our gude cause your heart an' your men.

Lochiel O' Lochiel your war-steed is champing,
The bugle is sounding o'er valley and plain ;
Then come to the help o' the gallant and noble,
An' welcome your Prince to his country again.
Ye may win not a grave on the field o' Culloden,
Ye may sleep not in peace wi' the sires o' your name ;
But the maidens o' Scotland will sing o' your story,
And your name shall be graved on the records o' fame.

THE NEW PLAID.

TUNE—"The Braes o' Mar."

"What did ye wi' the new plaid,
The new plaid, the new plaid ?
What did ye wi' the new plaid
Your mother span at e'en, joe ?"

"I gied it to my soger braw
That day when he was gaun awa',
To bield him frae the drifting snaw
Which blew around sae keen, O."

"What did ye wi' the links o' gowd,
The links o' gowd, the links o' gowd ?
What did ye wi' the links o' gowd
That spanned your waist sae sma', joe ?"

"The links o' gowd were far ower fine—
They mocked me wi' their glittering shine,
Sae I gaed them to that lad o' mine
Afore he gaed awa', O."

"Your soger will be fause to thee,
Sae let him gang, an' come wi' me ;
I'll cleed ye braw as ye should be,
In silks an' satins fine, joe."

"Ye needna think I'll gang wi' you,
Or ever hope to gar me rue
That I hae lo'ed my soger true—
The bonnie lad o' mine, O."

OWER THE HILLS AND FAR AWA'.

Ower the hills and far awa',
A shealin' stands in birken shaw,
Where wee birds sing the lee-lang day,
And gladsome lambkins blythely play.
Nae wealth is there to tempt the e'e,
Nae pictured ha', nae tapestrie ;

But wild and fresh the breezes blaw
Amang the hills sae far awa'.
Ower the hills an' far awa',
Ower the hills an' far awa',
Ower the hills an' far awa',
A shealin' stands in birken shaw.

'Tis there he leeves, my laddie true,
Wi' tartan plaid an' bonnet blue;
An' when he gangs to kirk or fair,
There's nane wi' Donald can compare.
He's young an' gallant, kind an' leal,
Wi' hand to help, wi' heart to feel;
While love lichts up his sparkling e'e,
An' mak's him aye sae dear to me.
Ower the hills an' far awa',
Ower the hills an' far awa',
Ower the hills an' far awa',
There leeves the lad that's best o' a'.

My freen's they say that Donald's puir,
An' bid me never mind him mair;
But to their words I'll ne'er agree,
For oh, he's kind an' dear to me!
Auld Robin Glen he counts his gear,
An' thinks wi' it my price he'll speir;
But sune he'll ken, gin he should try,
That gowd my heart can never buy.
Then ower the hills an' far awa'.
I'll tak' my plaid an' hie awa',
For Donald waits me in the shaw,
That's ower the hills an' far awa'.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

I dreamt last night that I heard once more
The sound that I loved in days of yore;
'Twas the music sweet of that mountain stream,
Which came again in a gentle dream.

Though sixty summers have well nigh passed
Since I looked on its blue clear waters last,
Yet I mind me of every nook and lea
Through which they glided in beauty free.

We played each morn on its margin by,
Mary, my playmates young and I;
And then when the night stole softly on,
We were lulled to sleep by its gentle tone.

When angry winds blew fierce and shrill,
And the snowflakes whitened each moor and hill,

Its voice grew hoarse and deep and high
As its angry flood rushed wildly by.

Then brother John, that fair young boy,
Would clasp his hands with shouts of joy,
And, laughing, plunge in the raging tide,
Mocking the danger for which we cried.

That stream glides on as it did of old,
Away among mountains green and bold,
But the playful tones of the children fair
Mingle no more with its waters there.

Mary, ye list not the words I say,
Your eyes are wandering in thought away ;
Ah ! youth hails the future before it cast—
The heart of the aged recalls the past.

Then dream on, child, for life's a dream,
Like the murmur I heard of that distant stream ;
You will find it too, when you come to be
Weary, and worn, and old, like me.

JANE LECK

HAS hitherto been known only by the semi-anonymous title of "J. L." attached to a volume of unusual excellence, entitled "Dotty, and other Poems" (Maclehose, Glasgow, 1880), and it was only after repeated solicitations that we were favoured with her consent to allow us reveal her anonymity. Miss Leck is the eldest daughter of Henry Leck, Esq. of Hollybush, Ayr, and formerly of Glasgow. In the latter city she was brought up and received her education, with the exception of a year and a half which she spent in Germany. Until after her return from Germany she had never even tried to write verse, and the kind way in which her friends judged her efforts surprised no one more than herself.

The following beautiful poems and songs speak for

themselves in more forcible language than we can attempt. All her productions are marked by wealth of thought, freshness of feeling, and beauty of diction. Miss Leck describes vividly and feels deeply, and without effort she passes from grave to gay, from feeling almost too deep for words to the light laughing mood of joyful gladness. We shall hear more of Miss Leck, for she is capable of doing really great and lasting work.

SONG.

O there's mony a winsome quean
In the South Countrie,
An' there's rowth o' witchin' een
In the South Countrie ;
But altho' they're blythe an' braw,
There is ane that dings them a',
'Tis my love that's far awa'
In the North Countrie.

O the days of auld lang syne
In the North Countrie,
An' that peerless lass o' mine
In the North Countrie ;
I can see her day an' nicht,
An' I fain wad tak' my flicht
Wi' the swallow's skimming licht
Frae the South Countrie.

Walth o' roses scent the air
In the South Countrie ;
An' the siller streams rin fair
In the South Countrie,
But I miss the burnie's sang
Glintin' gowden whins amang,
Where the haws and rowans hang
In the North Countrie.

It was a' to mak' a name
In the South Countrie,
That I left my heart and hame
For the South Countrie,
But a fortune wad be dear
At the price o' ae saut tear
Frae the lass I loe sae dear
In the North Countrie.

Sae I'll bide nae langer here
In the South Countrie,
No for a' the gowd and gear
O' the South Countrie ;
Then fareweel to care an' pain,
For I'll tent the sheep again,
Wi' the lassie that's my ain
In the North Countrie.

DOTTY.

Five years it is to-day since Dotty died,
Since two sweet eyes that answered love to mine
Were closed for aye, and two dear little hands,
Themselves as spotless as the flow'rs they held,
Were meekly crossed above the still, cold breast.
I had not known her long, just eighteen months,
But from the first her winning, trustful ways
Went straight home to my heart, and from that time
Her pleasure was my law, my praise her joy.
Her real name was Grace, but when she came,
A child, to us whose childhood lay behind,
We called her Dotty, which so pleased her ear
That soon she answered to no other name.
How bright my darling looked when from the woods
Or meadows she returned, with precious store
Of wildflowers, that she knew would win a kiss !

How more than fair she was when some quick word
Of praise or blame, no matter which, called forth
A rosy flush (that wave-like went and came,
Leaving the blue-veined forehead marble pale),
And gave a tremor to the firm set mouth ;
Or when, entranced, she listened to some tale,
That by repeating never lost its worth,
Till through her parted lips the breath scarce stirred,
And all her soul seemed centred in her eyes.
Fate willed that we should part ; my darling sailed
Across the ocean to her western home.
Soon came a letter, telling how our pet
Had been the life and joy of all the ship,
How well she was and strong ;—the next week's post
Told us in few and brief words of her death.

How hard it is to think our loved ones dead,
Even when we have watched the ebbing life
Grow faint and fainter till the great change came !
When reason is convinced, and we have owned
That breath indeed has fled th' unconscious clay,
Ev'n then our throbbing hearts refuse consent,
Hoping against hope for returning life.

But to believe, in absence of such proof,
That one whom last we saw in youthful strength
Has ceased to be, that nevermore on earth
That loving voice shall sound, those dear eyes smile,
This, this is hard indeed.
Yes, she is dead.

A two days' illness loosed the silver cord,
And so her gentle spirit fled to God,
To join the praises of His "little ones."
Since she went home five years have come and gone,
And we have learned to feel our loss her gain:
We know her happy, and can say "'Tis well,"
Nor wish she should have shared the lot of those
Who bear the heat and burden of the day.
'Tis not for long; a few short years at most,
And we shall meet again our loved and lost.

PATIENCE.

"What is patience?" Thus I asked them,
Scarce expecting a reply,
Deeming such an abstract question
For mere children far too high;
But before my definition,
From a maid with beaming eye,
Came the answer, firm and cheery,
"Wait a wee, an' dinna weary."

Such an answer! I had laboured
Long to make the meaning plain
To myself, that to the children
I might give it clear again;
But to match that childlike wisdom
Surely I had toiled in vain;
Patience tried inspired the cheery,
"Wait a wee, an' dinna weary."

Patience is not waiting merely,
I had known that long ago,
For a hopeless acquiescence,
Since things are, they must be so;
But its fullest, simplest meaning
To the little maid I owe,—
Heaven is near, though life be dreary,
"Wait a wee, an' dinna weary."

ROBIN AND MEG.

The kye had been milkit, the milk had been set,
The cogs had been scaudit, the byre a' made straight,
When Meg wi' clean apron an' shortgown sae trig,
Took her ways to the trystin' tree, near the auld brig.

O licht fa's the fit when the heart kens nae care,
An' bricht is the e'e that brims owre wi' love-lair ;
The simple bit lilt bears owre a' sangs the gree,
That a lass sings when bound for the auld trystin' tree.

"I lo'e nae a laddie but ane," Meg sings oot,
Wi' voice saft an' tunefu', an' clear as a flute ;
The thocht of that laddie lichts up a' her face,
An' the hope o' her tryst gars her quicken her pace.

. . . . . .

Wi' lang swinging step, an' a heart licht as Meg's,
Wha's this that comes whistlin' thro' rashes an' seggs ?
It's Robin that wons in the smiddy, maybe
Twa gude mile down the burn frae the auld trystin' tree.

He's thocht o' the tryst a' the lang simmer day,
O' hoo Meg will greet him, and what he will say ;
He hauf thinks that Meg michtna tak it amiss,
If he should, sae to speak, break the ice wi' a kiss !

An' just as he's smilin' the brig comes in sicht,
An' th' auld tree beside it that shines in the licht,
The licht that gleams gowden on Meg's bonnie hair,
For the first blink has told him that she's sittin' there.

But noo wi' ilk step he gets mair an' mair blate,
Till reachin' the tree he sits down on the sate,
At airm's length frae Meg, an' no lookin' her way,
By an' by says, "Hoo's a' wi' ye, up by, the day ?"

"O fine," answers Meg, an' there's naething mair said,
Rab whistles, Meg pu's at the fringe o' her plaid ;
Ilk ane at the ither keeks hidlins fu' sweet,
Till at last, hoo I kenna, twa pair o' een meet.

Noo Robin draps whistlin', an' says, "Meg, my lass,
I ne'er saw sic craps, baith o' corn an' o' grass,
Is your hay a' in ?" an' wi' ilk wee bit phrase
He wins nearer the lass, till he touches her taes.

He talks o' the neeps, o' the butter an' cheese,
An' grips a plump haun' that responds to his squeeze,
His airm fin's its way roun' Meg's denty bit waist,
An' she disna look angry, though unco shamefaced.

Nae need for the lips to speak what can be seen,
By the clasp o' the haun' an' the glance o' the een,
Nae need to palaver o' luve atween twa,
That hae lippened till ither for ance an' for a'.

Their coortin' speeds brawly, but on the nicht creeps,
The mune thro' the trees at their leave-takin' peeps,
Meg's hair an' Rab's whiskers seem unco confused,
An' the wished-for kiss hasna, I trow, been refused.

A WORD FOR THE CHILDREN.

O Mother, when a rosy face,
Tear-stained, looks up to yours,
Be swift to kiss away the grief
The baby heart endures.

It may be but a broken toy,
A childish wish denied,
That makes the little bosom heave,
And brings him to your side.

What you regard as trifling things
Are real griefs to him,
A few drops in a tiny cup
Will fill it to the brim.

Whate'er it be he looks to you
As strongest, wisest, best;
Where should he seek for comforting
But on his mother's breast?

You may be busy; lay aside
The needle, book, or pen;
For childish trust, repelled, may die,
Nor spring to life again.

Then keep intact the child's first faith,
That so the boy, the youth,
May never doubt, whate'er betide,
A mother's love and truth.

That, looking back, the man may feel
God's meaning when he saith,
"And I will comfort you as one
His mother comforteth."

JOHN ALLAN

WAS born at Bathgate in 1850. His school days were short, for he commenced to labour in the chemical works of that town when only ten years of age. He served an apprenticeship to the engineering trade at the Bathgate Chemical Works, and having been employed there for thirteen years, he went to Addiewell, the land of oil and money, where he is still employed in a similar establishment.

He did not attempt to write poetry until about four years ago, but since then he has contributed regularly to the local weekly newspapers. Our poet contemplates publishing a selection of his pieces, for he tells us that "sooner or later I may come before the public with my 'Threads o' Rhyme' woven into the shape of a book."

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Step by step we climb the hill
  Nearer to the summit,
Pressing onward, upward still,
  Else we'll never come it.

Some are fainting by the way,
  All their strength departed,
Let the strong true succour pay
  To the broken-hearted.

One good turn we all may do—
  Let us try to do it,
Helping one another, though
  This cold world review it.

Little acts of kindness touch
  Hearts that never knew it;
They are blest who practice such—
  None shall ever rue it.

Word by word we have to learn
  All our education;
Daily bread we have to earn
  At some occupation.

Brick by brick they build the stalk
  From its low foundation;
Step by step we have to walk
  To our destination.

Rule by rule we come to know
  Simple arithmetic;
Flower by flower the seed will grow,
  Springing aromatic.

Fragrance wafted by the breeze
  Rising to our dwelling,
Little birds like little bees
  Little ones are telling.

Little notes the little song
Makes all nature cheerie,
Tho' we have a journey long
We must never weary.

Little hands are little things,
Powerful in their motion;
They are like the little springs
Running to the ocean.

Let us do our very best
To assist a brother
Through this weary world oppressed—
Helping one another.

ROBERT RICHARDSON

EFFORDS another evidence of the possibility of successfully cultivating and combining the gift of poesy with that of prose. He has written several tales, every page of which is full of real interest, and a perfect antidote to fiction of the low and unreal sensation school. The play of character, and the struggles of conflicting interests are as exciting as any sensational novel going. He deals with real men and women, and sees something more in them than fine clothes, nor does he waste pages in descriptions of upholstery in drawing-rooms and boudoirs. In his verses there is much of genuine poetry, and he possesses refined taste and feeling, with a true appreciation of Nature's beauties and teachings. This is also clearly shown in his deeply interesting tale of Australian life entitled "Beneath the Southern Cross" (Edinburgh Publishing Co.).

Although not a Scotchman by birth, most of his poems have been written in this country. Mr Richardson's parents were both truly so, and his grandfather was a minister in Fifeshire, and resided all his life-

time in the village of Freuchie. Our poet was born in Sydney, New South Wales, in which colony the family still reside. His father has been a colonist for more than forty years. He is one of the many young Scotchmen who went out to Australia in the early days of the colonization of that country, and who have been among the pioneers of that new land. He saw the birth and rise of the now rich and prosperous colony of Queensland, and was among the earliest settlers in Brisbane. For seven years he represented West Brisbane in Parliament, and subsequently was nominated a member of the Upper House of Legislature in New South Wales, with the title of "Honourable."

His son Robert has "lisped in numbers" since he was sixteen, at which age he first "saw himself in print." He graduated at the Sydney University, taking the degree of B.A. During his University days he was a regular contributor to an Australian literary journal of a humorous character, writing for it political and social squibs, sketches, and verses. He came to Scotland in 1870, and since then he has been engaged for the most part in literary work. He has written numerous story-books for the young, including "Ralph's Year in Russia," "Almost a Hero," "Little Flotsam," "The Best of Chums," "Phil's Companion," and others. These have been exceedingly popular, and have been published by Messrs Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co., Nelson & Son, Oliphant & Co., and W. P. Nimmo. Mr Richardson has also been a frequent contributor to the *People's Friend*, and has written tales, sketches, and poems for *Chambers's Journal*, *Dublin University Magazine*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *Little Folks*, *Boys' Own Paper*, &c.

Mr Richardson's prose writings are generally cleverly conceived and ingeniously worked out. The plots are well managed, the dialogues are never wearisome, and the occasional descriptions of scenery

are fresh, vivid, and pleasing. He has not yet published a separate poetical work, but when he decides to do so we are certain many of his graceful and tender verses will become popular. His poems are deeply thoughtful—the outcome of a gifted poetic mind—and his lyrical pieces are neat and melodious.

MURREN.

BERNESE OBERLAND.

Thine is surely the home of the sunset, fair Murren,
And the paramount glory of sunrise is thine ;
Looking broad to the east, looking broad to the west,
On thy verdure-crowned plateau dark girdled with pine :
And on thee from afar
The white morning star
First sheds its soft splendour when moon-rays decline.

Dark, dark are thy pine-woods and pleasant their shadows,
And fresh is the resinous fragrance that fills
Thy cool dewy dells, and the evergreen meadows
That sleep in the folds of thy heathery hills ;
Where all the day long,
With a rhythmical song,
Leap the brooks in a thousand melodious rills.

Ah, pleasant it was, when the twilight was creeping,
And the sun o'er the Schilthorn was ruddy and low,
To watch the strange glory the mountain peaks steeping,
And staining with crimson each needle of snow ;
While white, saintly white,
Flushed with pale orange light,
Rose the Eiger, etched sharp in the magical glow.

And pleasant it was in that mystical sheen,
To sit in the cool of the grey eventide,
When nought broke the hush save our words, and between
A waft of sweet sounds through the windows thrown wide—
The sound light and fleet
Of the dancer's swift feet,
As the waltzers sweep round in the music's soft tide.

Still fondly and often the mem'ry retraces
Those rare moonlight nights in our mountain hotel—
The touch of soft hands, and the glance of fair faces,
Kind smiles, and kind words that from happy lips fell—
The jest, and thereafter
The quick-flashing laughter,
And ever between the sweet music's soft swell.

And when the black storm-cloud enveloped the heaven,
  And the peal of the thunder-clap shivered the pine,
And the white avalanche, from its pinnacle riven,
  Rushed hurtling and swift down the rugged incline,
    'Mid the deafening crash,
    And the red lightning-flash,
  What a splendid and terrible beauty was thine !

Farewell !—I would fain not for ever, dear Murren—
  Bloom fair through the years on thy beautiful hill :
I wis that no spot in the homeland, or foreign,
  Thy magical beauty and glamour excel,
    And though winter's grasp,
    With death-cold clasp,
  Long bind thee in fetters o'er forest and fell.

Emerge in the spring time with bud and with blossom,
  Come forth with fresh vigour from winter's white tomb,
Like a princess with jewels bedecking her bosom,
  Fill thy meadows and hills with the summer's sweet bloom—
    Thy green forest alleys,
    Thy darkling fern valleys,
  With wealth of rare flowerage and piny perfume.

Not from spirit and heart shall the memory soon fade
  Of thy sunset-flushed peaks and thy white, rushing streams,
Thy odorous pine woods, where, in the warm noontide,
  The sun breaks the gloom with a fretwork of gleams ;
    These in memory shall dwell,
    And have power like a spell,
  To fashion my sleep into happier dreams.

BABY ELSIE.

April's dewy freshness lies
In the blue depth of her eyes ;
Mouth, a cherry's shape and size—
  And her nose,
Just a small round button merely—
You must stoop to see it clearly ;
She can reach the table nearly
  On her toes.

Full of cunning little wiling,
Glances arch, coquettish smiling,
Fond and foolish hearts beguiling
  Every hour ;
Ruling absolute, alone,
In a kingdom of her own,
Never queen upon her throne
  Had such power.

Will you, can you, dear, impart
Where you learnt the pretty art
That so captivates each heart?
Tell me how
You bewitch your victims: tell
What's your magic, Baby El.
What the secret of your spell—
Whisper now!

You are forward now and then;
"Pet," and "huff," and "pet" again,
Like nine babies out of ten,
Greatly older;
But in Elsie's naughtiest mood,
Let her whisper, "I'll be dood,"
And you wouldn't, if you could,
Try to scold her.

AN OLD SCHOOL-BOOK.

This tattered Virgil's one among the few
Last relics left me of my school-boy time;
The date beneath the name—Jan., 42
Proves me, I doubt, a little past my prime;
The old book wakes to sudden life again
Long dormant memories in my dreaming brain.

A shady room, thin slips of sunlight stealing
In from the fields, through latticed windows fall
On oaken wainscot, dusky boarded ceiling,
Dark rows of benches, map-hung ink-stained wall:
Summer the time—a still warm afternoon—
A murmuring voice in drowsy monotone.

Old Petrie *primus* construes, threading slowly
A dim and darkling way with happy scorn
Of concord, case, and mood, till, baffled wholly,
He pauses dead—his stock of words outworn—
The master sighs relief, takes up the text,
Prompts Petrie through, and Warner construes next.

Where are the scholars, and the master, where?
Who strove with patience tried so oft and sore
In soil so tardy to repay his care,
To plant a scanty seed of classic lore;
While we with some small zest through Homer plodded,
And on warm afternoons o'er Livy nodded.

Of more than half the reckoning I've lost—
Scattered by land and sea from pole to pole—
Those two old chums I loved and cherished most,
Between us weary wastes of ocean roll:
In a far land soft Southern breezes wave
The grass that decks the master's quiet grave.

WHEN WINDS BLOW LOUD.

When winds blow loud, and our gallant clipper
  Is slowly weathering the stormy Horn,
And all on board, from boy to skipper,
  Right gladly welcome the ling'ring morn ;
When o'er the deep the dawn is flushing,
  Sweet thoughts arise, my love, of thee ;
For then I think that thou art hushing
  Our babe, and saying a pray'r for me.

When like a sea-bird our barque is sailing
  Where winds blow lightly about the Line ;
And phosphorescent splendours trailing
  Far in our wake like amber shine ;
When tropic stars are softly streaming
  A mystic glamour o'er sky and sea,
Deep in my heart the thought lies dreaming
  That thou art thinking at home of me.

Oh, life is hard for every sailor !
  With all to venture and little to win ;
Oft at his lot he might well turn railer,
  For scant and slowly his gear comes in.
But when winds are roaring and tempests lower,
  And death stares at him close and grim,
'Tis good to know in the darkest hour
  That one is praying at home for him.

WALTER ROBERT HAWKINS,

ALTHOUGH of English birth—having been born at Tilbury in Essex in 1855—received the chief part of his education at Annan, Dumfriesshire. It was also in this country that the love for poetry developed within him. He tells us that he regards Scotland as his country, as his "education was sucked from her breast, and it is there that my dearest and truest friends have been made." Mr Hawkins is presently clerk and under manager in a wholesale house at Huddersfield. His first poem appeared in the *People's Friend*, and was entitled "Baby's Dead." He contributes regularly to the newspapers, both in

prose and verse, and one of his excellent Scottish sketches, entitled "Bess," was published in a recent part of *Chambers's Journal*. Mr Hawkins's poetry possesses the merit of freshness and purity of style, as well as refinement of expression. He is evidently a loving watcher of Nature, and in many instances proves that he has caught the true spirit of the northern muse.

MEMORIES!

Only a few geranium flowers,
Kept for years in a misplaced book,
And yet, as I look
On their fadeless bloom, Thought interweaves
A complement of bright green leaves—
The memories of forgotten hours!

Who gave them to me? Ah! well I know!
She was not what the world calls fair,
And yet, standing there
On that summer eve to say good-bye,
The tear-drops gathering in her eye,
What wonder I believed her so?

From out the urn of the buried past
Fragrant thoughts in the present rise,
And, with moistened eyes,
We see the shadows of what has been,
Through the veil of Time that hangs between,
And sigh because they will not last.

Yet ever in this brief life of ours,
As carelessly we turn and look
Through Memory's book,
Between its pages the mind will gaze
On Thought-blooms of departed days—
Like those few bright geranium flowers!

THE POET AND HIS SONG.

Beside a streamlet in a deep plantation
A poet on a sunny day reclined;
Silent he lay in quiet meditation,
Dim shadows passing through his restless mind.
Thought upon thought, like guests all uninvited,
Came to him, and, as guests, were entertained,
With some his heart was cheered, his soul delighted;
With others pained.

Far off he saw the outline of the city,
And watched its smoke rise upward to the sky,—
Like incense to the altar of God's pity—
And from his lips there stole a stifled sigh.
While on the trees o'erhead the birds chirped gaily,
And soothed his spirit with their simple notes :—
Sweet songs that come, unheeded by us, daily
From myriad throats.

Why should he stay and dream in dark seclusion ?
Why should he ever cling to Nature's breast ?
His past had been but as a fond delusion,
A life of shadows and of vague unrest.
Before him lay the city with its treasures,
Its noonday bustle and its midnight glare ;
Around him were but Nature's sober pleasures,
Her sweet despair !

He sought the city, drained its transient pleasures
And fathomed all its misery and woe ;
He gathered daily of its mighty treasures,
And felt within Desire's fierce furnace glow.
But struggling, panting in the race, the poet
While whirled around in fashion's giddy throng,
Had sacrificed, although he did not know it,
The gift of song.

Upon a bed of pain and sickness dying,
He scanned the pages of his past life o'er ;
Those days when in the deep plantation lying,
Came back in fancy to his mind once more.
On the tall trees again birds hopped and twittered,
While through the foliage overhead, a gleam
Of flickering sunshine shyly stole and glittered
Upon the stream.

O ! for those days of innocent ambition,
When, like a child, he lay on Nature's breast ;
Felt her heart-throbbings through earth's thin partition,
And calmly, confidently sunk to rest.
Alas ! no more, with spirit crushed and broken,
He lies, and knows the end will not be long :
Yet, for a moment came one last sweet token—
That gift of song.

Swan-like he sang his last song, in the gloaming,
And as night's shadows crept into the room,
Once more, in thought, he in the woods was roaming ;
Once more the sunshine chased away the gloom.
Then quick returning to the fading present,
To those who stood around he faintly said :—
"That is not best that seems to us most pleasant ?"
And he was dead !

HENRY BELLYSE BAILDON.

THE Baildons are an old Yorkshire family, hailing originally from the village of the same name. The father of our poet, however, came to Edinburgh in 1827, and the subject of our sketch was born at Granton in 1849. He has no distinct recollection of his surroundings until the family removed to Duncliffe, where Mr Baildon still lives. He was educated at various schools in England and Scotland, and in 1865 matriculated at the University of Edinburgh. In his first literary efforts, which commenced at school, he was associated with Robert Louis Stevenson, who has since made his mark in literature. During his three years at Edinburgh University, Greek was his favourite study, and he was one of the prizemen in his second year. In 1868 Mr Baildon proceeded to Cambridge, where he read for the Mathematical Tripos, and graduated as a Senior Optime (second class honours) in 1872. For some little time after this he was uncertain what career to follow, but ultimately entered his father's business as a chemist in Edinburgh. Of this business, by the death of his father in 1881, he has become the proprietor.

Mr Baildon first became known in the walks of literature by the appearance of his tender and touching poem "Wreck of the Northfleet," which was published in the *Scotsman* in the spring of 1873. In the autumn of the same year he published a volume of verse entitled "First Fruits and Shed Leaves," which was very favourably received by the press, especially in Scotland. In 1875 Messrs Longmans, London, published his "Rosamund: A Tragic Drama," and this, perhaps, as yet the least known of his books, contains some of his best writing. Again, in 1877, Mr Baildon published a third

volume bearing the title of "Morning Clouds," (David Douglas, Edinburgh) which naturally consists of maturer and more finished work than its predecessors. This book contains "Alone in London," a poem that appeared in *Cornhill*, and attracted wide attention. His next publication was in prose, viz., "The Spirit of Nature." This work met with a very gratifying reception, and has been the most successful of his efforts.

A fine example is given of Mr Baildon's powerful prose writing in his able preface to "First Fruits," which the *Scotsman* characterises as a "brief essay on poetry," in which the author points to the cultivation of the beautiful as the great work of poets, as of all other artists. The same authority adds—"There is no metaphysical mystery-making in what he writes, no catering for base passions, no forgetfulness of the dignity of the art which he is illustrating. There is a strong individualism which might become a defect, but in its present development it serves to lend a high tone of earnestness to the poems. There is infinite tenderness and delicacy too, and there is a simplicity in most of the pieces, which adds greatly to their charm."

Mr Baildon has wide sympathies, and he has a keen appreciation of the sweet and the true. He is evidently a man of great ability, fine taste, and high culture, and in the midst of poetry, much of it really beautiful, that tends to mere refinement of expression, it is pleasing to meet with a writer who combines definite thought with a manly, clear, and practical utterance. Some of his descriptive poems are beautiful specimens of finished work, and display genuine sympathy with animate and inanimate nature. He can enter into the sorrows of the poor and erring, and depict them with the touch of a real artist, while in "Rosamund" and other pieces the colouring and illustration are always to the point,

the positions are generally dramatically conceived, while his imagination is rich—sometimes even to the verge of sublimity—yet it is always finely tempered and subdued. In the words of one of his reviewers (referring to "Rosamund")—"No one can turn over the pages of the book without coming upon evidences of a capacious imagination, great freshness of feeling, remarkable wealth of ideas, and an equally remarkable command of language."

ALONE IN LONDON.

By her fault or by ill-fate,
Left in great London, desolate
Of helpers and of comforters,
Without one heart to beat with hers,—
Without one hand in tenderness
And sympathy her hand to press,—
A lone soul, left dispassionate,
Without one link of love or hate.

From her lodging poor and bare,
And high up in the smoke-dim air
With cheerless heart, with aimless feet,
She descendeth to the street,
Where the people, coming, going,
Ceaseless as a river's flowing,
Seemed as imperturbable,
As though no heart-warm tear could well
Into those dry eyes.—no sob
Ever could those set lips rob
Of their sternness,—with blind stare
They passed a woman in despair.

With hopeless heart, with weary feet,
She wanders on from street to street,
  Restless as a withered leaf
Fallen from its parent tree;
  Goaded by a sleepless grief,
Dogged by dull perplexity,
Passing along in dumb despair,
Deserted street and silent square.

Into the shadow black and deep
  Of a doorway she doth shrink,
Crouching there, she cannot weep,
  Waiting there, she cannot think.

As a tide on river wall
  Lappeth ever wearily,
Round her soul despair doth call
  Constantly and drearily;
As round ancient gable peaks
A ghostly night-wind wails and shrieks,
So again and yet again
Rise the bitter gusts of pain.

Steps are heard upon the stone:
One cometh down the street alone,
And upon the footsteps follow,
'Mid the dark roofs, echoes hollow.
On he comes, all unaware
Of the dark misery lurking there;
He pauses not, but passes on,—
She speaketh not, and he is gone.
She thinks, "He would but reckon me
The vile thing that I would not be."

Silence again. A wild intent
The pang woke in her as it went;
She goes, nought with her, down the street,
But haunting echoes of her feet.

. . . . . .

She stands where, far below, is heard
The river's one unchanging word;
She stands and listens, and doth know,
Beneath the waters seaward go.
Like an incantation drear
She hears them wash by wharf and pier.

Will none come to save her yet?
Her foot is on the parapet;
Upward to a starless heaven
One last, hopeless look is given:
On each hand stretches black and far
The line of roofs irregular,
And beneath, a vast-night wall,
Based in gloom funereal.

The blackness floweth up to meet
The wanderer's world-weary feet,
And afar, below it all,
Still the river seems to call,
"Mortal, since thou wouldst not live,
Come, for I have rest to give;
Over thee and thy dark woes
Silently my waves shall close,
Spreading changeless over all,
Like a mighty funeral pall."

A moment, agonized and mute,
Rigid, yet irresolute
She stands ; then, with a bitter cry,
Rent from her soul's last agony,
Sheer down the black abyss she falls :—

The river washes by its walls.

A CHILD OF SHAME.

A mother lonely in an attic sat
And, looking at the cradle that her foot
Rocked gently as she laboured, thought of that
Which was, yet should not be, the tender fruit
Of passion's early Eden, ere it broke
And she to sense of wickedness awoke.

For Venus the deceitful hath the power
To drug sharp Conscience to a pleasant sleep,
Who having over-lept the perilous hour,
Wakes, eager the lost citadel to keep,
Then, seeing how her fraud has foiled his force,
Casts his vain keys to ruffianly Remorse :

And he, with his two fellows Shame and Fear,
Enters the inner places of the soul.
Cruel inquisitors are they, who sear
But heal not, who oppress without control,
Fell masters of the pincers and the knout,
While for their signal Murder waits without,

Till, with a cry as of a babe new-born,
Young Love awakes within the tortured heart
And, smiling on these with an innocent scorn,—
Till they like startled plunderers depart,
And even Shame is banished hindermost,—
Wins humbled conscience to resume his post.

There was a love-light in that mother's eyes,
Chastened of sorrow to pathetic grace ;
And, when she paused in working, quiet sighs,
Half-hushed in presence of that sleeping face,
Stole from her, as reluctantly let go,
And born of mingled happiness and woe.

Yes, happiness, although she strove to still
Its pulse from beating in her guilty breast,
It would abide therein despite her will,
At Nature's bidding born, the loving zest
Of motherhood,—upon the wounds of grief
Still pouring its importunate relief.

Her thoughts would wander to sweet nights of spring
When the pure moon seemed priestess of their love,—
Last night she saw her drive, a desolate thing,
Drifting abandoned on black clouds above
The city roofs;—and all beneath her light
Was calm with mystic pleasure infinite.

And twilit summer eves she thought upon,
When day and night seemed one, as their desire,
And the enamoured sun would not be gone,
But burned behind the north, a fragrant fire
Through all the night; so with a blended will,
They wandered and at dawn they lingered still.

From these she turned her mind, but still she thought
"How pleasant evil is! how sweet is sin!
Though, being past, we reckon pleasure nought
And mourn the bitter crop we garner in,
Yet dear will seem those unforgotten ways:
I cannot yet repent me of those days!

"Nor can I hate *him* wholely yet, nor rate
His passion wholely crime in him; he seems
So worthy woman's love, for one too great,
Too great for me at least, a form my dreams
Bid welcome ever, though a pain will mar
My thoughts of him. Ah me, the things that are!

"I cannot boast thy beauties, little one,
Nor amid praising mother-friends proclaim
Thy infant feats, nor set thee in the sun
Of a proud father's smile, that so the same
May answer his upon thy baby face;
For thou, alas! art one with my disgrace!

"No other love hast thou, but mine alone,
And none have I but memory of his
And hope of thine, when still there shall be known
To thy child-heart no thought of shame, that is
Too surely thy inheritance. Ah me!
Wilt thou still love me when I tell it thee?

"Would God that I could keep thee innocent
Of that sad knowledge, even as thou art
This moment, so the holy sacrament
Of love in peace we might partake with heart
Devoid of fear or shame! that I could bear
For thee and me of shame the double share!"

The sleeping baby gave a little cry,
And swiftly down beside the cot she knelt,
And, listening to his breathing anxiously,
With gentle hand his little cheek she felt:
Solicitous, the mother bent above
The child, her shame forgotten in her love.

FERNS.

Ye dwellers on the moorlands,
In woods, by joyous streams,
Curling to kiss the water
That flowing silver seems;
In shady glens ye gather,
With plumage tapering tall;
With graceful-drooping tresses
Ye deck the ruined wall.
Ye raise no odorous blossoms,
No flowers of sprightly hue,
Of azure, gold, or purple,
To shrine the diamond dew.
But with a magic shaping
No colours could enhance,
Ye grow in constant beauty,
And matchless elegance.
Grace guideth every fibre
That creepeth through the green,
The work of Beauty's fingers
In every curve is seen.

DEATH, THE DIVIDER.

I have sung that thou art beautiful, O Death,
Thou art terrible!
The guards behold thee not,
The loving watcher sees thee not,
Yet thou comest.
Thy step is noiseless as the wind,
Thy stroke swifter than the lightning;
Thou art unsparing as the sea,
Merciless as the flame.
Thou shunnest not the sunlight,
Thou dreadest not the darkness;
Mirth may not scare thee,
Thou relentest not at grief.

Love went forth against thee
His armour was of azure steel,
His helmet and shield were as the sun,
His plume floated white as a cloud,
His courser was white and spotless,
Winged was he, but his wings were folded,
Crimson were his caparisons,
The sound of his going like golden bells,
His shining hoofs trod the field of fulfilment,
The flowers beneath him were bright,
Their perfume went forth at his coming.

Love was strong, and he rode as one that rideth to victory,
For he had fought with Pain and overcome him,
He had jousted with Sorrow and overthrown him.

. . . . . .

But thou mettest him midway in the valley,
And darkness spread before thee like the shadow of a great cloud.
Ashy pale was thy steed,
His tread was wind-swift,
Silent as a beast of prey.
Lightly sat'st thou upon him, like a cloud on a hill-top,
No saddle or bridle thou needest, he knoweth thy will;
A cloak of shadow was about thee,
Thy shield was wan as the morning sea,
Thy blade blue as the moonlight.

Love stood fearless to meet thee,
Thou camest like a whirlwind,
His spear passed through thee,
But harmed thee not.
Thou hast wounded him and he falleth,
His face groweth pale, and he swooneth.
But his steed spreads his white pinions,
Softly he bears him heavenward,
Till he flies like a falcon above thee.

Alas, O Death, Love may not withstand thee,
Thou passest on to thy prey,
He may not withhold thee.
Thou mayest wound Love, but thou canst not slay him,
Love is immortal.
His steed is untiring and deathless,
His name is Immortal Hope,
To heaven hath he borne his master,
To his home and his kingdom,
Where thou mayest not come, O Death.

HOPE-SONG.

Clear-singing lark that dost arise,
Undaunted under raining skies,
As though the sun with glad surprise
Did thee awaken,

Though falls the rain on flat and slope,
The season's sunny horoscope,
Thou singest with a deathless hope
And faith unshaken.

Rain-chilled upon her lowly nest,
Thy mate is sitting care-opprest
So thou dost sing and may'st not rest
For any sorrow.

Sing on brave bird and soar on high,
Shed down thy dew-bright minstrelsy,
Thy loving mate shall make reply
On sunny morrow.

Be strong in hope, O poet soul,
For thou hast soared to see the whole—
Each sun-bright courser knows his goal,
Nor swerveth from it.

Though planets circle slow and far,
And vast the circuit of the star,
And swift the bright fire-trailing car
Of vagrant comet,

A changeless law appoints their places,
And, binding them with viewless traces,
It tyrannises all the spaces,
Eternally.

While matter wears eternal chains,
Has spirit only burst the reins
Of guidance, so that surely wanes
God's sovereignty?

Shall the strong tyranny of good,
By any evil be withstood,
With such unyielding hardihood,
As may prevail?

In undivergent equipoise
God's systems move with pleasant noise,
He guides us through our griefs and joys,
And may not fail.

REV. J. EAMES RANKIN, D.D.,

PASTOR of the First Congregational Church, Washington, District of Columbia, was born in Thornton, Grafton County, New Hampshire, in 1828. His father, Rev. Andrew Rankin, widely known in that State for his early advocacy of total abstinence, and abundant Christian effort, was of Scotch descent, the family having come from Glasgow and settled in Littleton, N. H. His mother, Lois Eames, was the daughter of Jeremiah Eames, Esq., of Stewartstown. She was of English descent,

and a woman of rare Christian excellence. The early childhood of Dr Rankin was spent in Salisbury, New Hampshire, South Berwick, Maine, and Concord, New Hampshire. Although exceedingly fond of boyhood sports, he early evinced a great fondness for books, and, at nine years of age, began the study of Latin. He entered Middlebury College at sixteen, was among the leading scholars of his class, standing sometimes at the head, and graduated with honour from that institution. Two years after graduating, having spent the first year teaching the languages in the Bartlett Grammar School, New London, Connecticut, and the second as private teacher in Warren County, Kentucky, he was invited to the ~~professor's~~ tutor's chair in his alma mater. At the termination of one year's tutorship he delivered the master's oration, and in the autumn of that year he went to Andover Theological Seminary.

At this time he was a regular contributor to several religious papers, and had published articles in *Simmons's National Magazine*, and one article of unusual brilliancy, entitled "Byron and Shakespeare," in the *Parlour Magazine*. On graduating at Andover in 1854, he had the first literary honour of the societies—the third honour of his class.

After preaching in various places, and receiving and declining several important calls, he accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the First Congregational Church in St Albans, Vermont, where he was installed in 1857. After five years' service in St Albans, he was called to Appleton Street Church, in Lowell, Massachusetts, where his people were very devotedly attached to him, and his ministry was very successful. After a pastorate of two years in Lowell, he accepted a call to Winthrop Church, Charlestown, and had for five years a large congregation and a prosperous ministry. During his pastorate in Charlestown he was one of the

editors of the *Congregational Review*. In 1869 the the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by his alma mater. In 1870 he received and accepted a unanimous call to the First Congregational Church of Washington, D.C. During the twelve years of Dr Rankin's ministry the membership of his church has increased from one hundred and thirty to over seven hundred. Dr Rankin's church has been attended by a large part of the New England representatives in Congress. For many years he was a special contributor to the *Independent*, the *Congregationalist*, and the *Advance*. He has also published literary articles in *Sabbath at Home* and Dr Deenis's *Sunday Magazine*, and is at present a frequent contributor to several of these periodicals. He has published a volume of sermons and other lectures and separate sermons on public affairs. He has also edited a "Gospel Temperance Hymnal," published by A. S. Barnes & Co., for the special use of Francis Murphy, the great temperance advocate, many of the hymns and melodies being original.

In 1873 Dr Rankin published in Boston a volume of Scottish poems, entitled "The Auld Scotch Mither, and other Poems in the Dialect of Burns," which were spoken of in the highest terms of praise by George MacDonald, LL.D., of London, P. Hately Waddell, LL.D., of Glasgow, Dr Ray Palmer, and other distinguished men, who expressed their surprise that one born two removes from Scotland should have written with such ease in the Scotch dialect, and caught the true spirit—the *náiveté* and pathos—of the Scottish muse. He has also published smaller volumes, entitled "Heather Bells Drappit on the Grave o' Robert Burns," and "Oor Kirk Fair, and ither Verses o' that Ilk." Dr Rankin appears to have given special attention to Scottish literature. A poetical tribute to the poet Burns is embraced in the last edition of "Bryant's Library of Poetry and

Song." This was delivered at a Burns festival at Washington.

The *Capital*, *Conservative*, and *Democratic* thus speaks of his lecture on Burns:—"Rev. Dr Rankin maintained his high reputation as an elegant writer in his sympathetic and appreciative discourse on the ploughboy poet, Robert Burns. All the phases of Burns' wonderful career, his genius, and 'e'en his failures,' were sketched with grace and with the strong hand of a master. Mr Rankin is himself a poet—a poet-preacher, and with the strongest humanitarian views, and the liveliest interest in the advancement of the human race. His lecture on Robert Burns abundantly proved this, had any demonstration been necessary."

Dr Rankin is a ripe scholar, fine linguist, well versed in French and German literature, and a man of great versatility of gift, and freshness and vigour of thought. He is a forcible and energetic speaker, with a clear, sympathetic, ringing voice, which always attracts attention. All his literary work has been incidental to his other work, and he is seldom absent from his own pulpit.

We feel certain that the following selections will be read with the greatest interest. After the authorities already quoted we require to add little. The pathos and sentiments of the pieces are excellent, beautiful and touching, and his application of Scotch idioms is truly surprising, yet worthy of a descendant, we believe, of one of Burns' correspondents.

THE BABIE.

Nae shoes to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockin' on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snaw,
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimplit chin,
Her puckered lips, and balmy mou',
With nae a tooth within.

Her een sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face:
We're glad she has nae wings.

She is the buddin' o' our luve,
A giftie God gied us:
We mauna love the gift owre weel;
'Twad be nae blessin' thus.

We still maun lo'e the Giver mair,
An' see Him in the given;
An' sae she'll lead us up to Him,
Our babie straight frae Heaven.

BAIRNS THEGITHER.

When we were bairns thegither,
My Andrew, you and I,
The gowden starnies i' the lift
Were nightly kindled high;
We thought they maun be angels' een,
Blinkin' to bless our sight;
Or else the crystal winnocks, whence
Streamed celestial light.

When we were bairns thegither,
We slept up 'neath the roof,
An' heard the blithesome autumn-rain,
Wi' mony a thousand hoof;
Or waked to see the snaw-flakes lie
On trees an' hills aroun'—
A spectral host, at morn in camp,
Without a note or soun'!

When we were bairns thegither,
Wi' pants aboon our knees,
On some rude raft, we paidled aff,
As though we sought new seas.
But aft we waded back again,
Drippin' in sorry guise,
An' hameward skulked, twa sadder bairns,
But seldom, ah! mair wise.

When we were bairns thegither,
We kent ilk wimplin' burn;
We threaded a' the neeb'rin' woods,
Our store o' nuts to earn:
We climbed mony a high, high tree,
Rattlin' its burden down
Wi' frolic on the rustlin' leaves,
That strewed the stiffened groun'.

When we were bairns thegither,
We baith maun gang to kirk,
An' sit and wauk our faither preach,
Thou aft our limbs wad irk;
An' aft wad droop the dowerit heid,
An' blink the strainin' een:
Was it sae wrang to nod assent,
When sic a wee-bit wean?

When we were bairns thegither,
We thought we wad be great,
An' climb life's steps until we faund
High niche i' kirk or state.
But mither, our guid angel then,
She wha frae evil wooed,
She heard us wi' a mither's look,
An' only said, *Be guid!*

When we were bairns thegither,
I led you aften wrang;
Forgi'e me, that my fit should stray
Forbidden things amang.
But, thanks to our guid mither's love,
An' thanks to Gude's kind care,
We did na wander far awa',
Nor linger lang time there.

THERE IS A LAD, I KENNA WHA.

There is a lad, I kenna wha,
Will come, some day, to woo me;
There is a heart, in spite of a',
Will haud still steadfast to me.
Wha is the lad, or near or far,
Blue ben' the lift above him:
An' were I in yon tremblin' star,
Still down I'd come to lo'e him.

There is a name, I kenna what!
Weel now, how sud I ken it?
Donald or Rob, it matters not,
Some day he'll surely show it;
There is a voice, I kenna wha's,
Will thrill just through and through me,
Will gie my little heart a pause,
When he comes here to woo me.

There is a day, I kenna when
My heid in orange blossom,
I'll tak him frae a' ither men,
An' hide me in his bosom.

What day may dawn, what day may die,
Or foul or fair the weather,
Neath wintry win', or summer sky,
We'll link awa' thegither.

There is a cot, I kenna where!
The summer's warm aroun' it;
Woodbine and roses cluster fair,
The bees and birds hae foun' it;
There is a cot, I kenna where,
I'm sure, at last, to win it,
An' when I am weel settled there,
I'll just reign queen within it.

THE FAR-AWA' LAN'.

Nae ane's wae-worn an' wearie,
Nae ane gangs dark an' drearie,
I' the Far-Awa' Lan';
Nae frien' frae frien' is parted,
Nae chokin' tear is started,
Nae ane is broken-hearted,
I' the Far-Awa' Lan'.

Nae bairns greet their deid mither,
Like lammies i' cauld weather,
I' the Far-Awa' Lan';
Nae gudewife there will sicken,
Nae strong man doun be stricken,
Nae sky wi' mirk will thicken,
I' the Far-Awa' Lan'.

The heights are crowned wi' summer,
The burns rin glad wi' glimmer,
I' the Far-Awa' Lan'.
As birds win' to their nestie,
As to its dam ilk beastie,
We'll win to Gude's ain breastie,
I' the Far-Awa' Lan'.

THE HARVEST LASSIE.

The lark, a' beadit her fu' breast,
Went up morn's blue a-singin',
Disturbit wi' a sweet unrest,
An' doun her warbles ingin';
'Twas then an' e'eblue lassie first,
A bright, bewitchin' creature,
The sealit springs o' love a' burst,
An' captured my strong nature.

We wrought thegither, lass an' lad,
Frae morn till starnie e'enin' ;
She in a hamilt kirtle clad,
Braid hat her fair brow screenin' :
We sat beside the tinklin' fa'
An' took our harvest dinner ;
Strange hunger i' my breast did gnaw :
Wad it were mine to win her !

But, when I held her life-warm han',
To pluck the cruel nettle,—
I thought mysel' mair o' a man,—
'Twad a' my nerves unsettle :
Her snawie palm was veined wi' blue,
Wi' life's strong current beatin' ;
Her cheeks now gained, now tint their hue,
In answer to my greetin'.

Abune the shoone, her feet that boun',
Her ankle gleamed weel-shapit ;
A modest vest her waist was roun',
To fit her form and keep it.
Her weel-kempt hair wi' ribbon tied,
Like loosened burnie tumbled,
Frae tap to tae, frae side to side,
Sae tidy and unrumpled !

How can I speak o' that love-glint
Within her een o' azure ;
That had sae deftly hid within't
What trilled me through wi' pleasure ?
That seemed to win me bauldly on,
Then awed me till I trembled ?
Doun, doun I sank till hope was gaen,
An' cauldness I dissembled.

How can I speak o' how it fared,
The day I tauld lo'e's story ?
Wi' that nae bliss can be compared,
Nae fame can ha'e sic glory.
That night, when a' had left the rig,
Behin', agreed, we halted ;
I kent the time wi' fate was big ;
To meet it my heart vaulted.

Abune the hills the harvest-mune
Her bluid-red disc was showin',
An' peace frae Gude came silent doun,
Owre a' rapt Nature flowin'.
I min' me weel o' that sweet hour
In whilk behind we lingered,
An' stooped an' pluckit mony a flower,
An' it to pieces fingered.

I min' me weel o' that lang kiss
Fond lips wi' first love sealed ;
We baith were faint for vera bliss ;
Weak words cannot reveal'd.
I min' me weel o' that hame-walk :
Fond fit kept step thegither,
An' tongues, lo'e loosened, mixed i' th' talk :
'Twas a' o' ane anither !

Weel, ere was gaen the harvest-mune,
An' a' the rigs were cleared,
The man o' Gude had made us ane ;
The how we didna speir'd.
We only kent ilk was ilk's ain,
Eschewed our fortune single ;
Without, I harvest a' the grain,
She feeds, within, the ingle.

WIMPLIN' BURNIE.

Wimplin' burnie, whither awa'
Through the wood, an' doun the fa',
Black wi' shade, an' white wi' faem,
Whither awa' sae fast frae hame ?

Wood-birds on thy sparklin' brink
Dip their bills, an' thankfu' blink,
Mak' the forest-arches thrill
Wi' their warblin' sang an' trill.

Where thy stanes are green wi' moss,
Barefit bairnies wade across,—
Thrustin' i' ilka covered neuk,
Writhin' worm on treach'rous hook.

Clover-breathin' humane cows,
Stan' beneath the apple-boughs,
Lash their tails and chew their cud,
Knee-deep in thy coolin' flood.

Thou art glidin' smooth an' meek,
While craigs lie upon thy cheek ;
Through the simmer an' the glow,
'Neath the winter an' the snow.

What's thy life, I dinna ken ?
But thou art to earth an' men,
That Gude gie's, the richest gift,
Frae His hame within the lift.

ROBERT SOMERVILLE,

THE author of a number of descriptive and other poems, several of which have appeared in print, in newspapers and otherwise, was born at Halmyre, Peebleshire, in 1831. Having obtained an ordinary education at Newlands Parish School, of which Mr George Paulin, afterwards rector of Irvine Academy, was then teacher, he removed to Edinburgh, and served an apprenticeship as a grocer. After an experience of a few years in that trade, he left it in 1853, and began business as a bookseller, which he has carried on ever since. He has for many years been a member of the Edinburgh Town Council, and is also a Justice of the Peace for the city.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

An architect am I, and oft I've builded
Full many a tower and palace bright and fair,
O'er-topped with dome and turret, gaily gilded
High in the air.

I thought I was a bard, a son of fame,
And carolled songs as light as woodland birds;
And youths and merry maidens breathed my name
As household words.

I saw in peaceful nook a cottage fair
Embowered in hawthorn, ivy, and woodbine;
And she I loved in youth was seated there,
And both were mine.

I thought I stood amid the Christian throng,
And prophesied from God's most glorious Law,
And 'raptured thousands listened to my tongue
With hope and awe.

I thought I was a statesman, and I strove
To guard my country's rights in hall and state
And I could number on my list of love
The good and great.

I dreamt I was a soldier, and I fought
For home and fatherland—a second Tell,
And in the bloody gap my sword had wrought,
I wounded fell—

I fell—I shrieked, and swift my visions flew,
My gilded towers had vanished—every one—
Amid the ether, like the summer dew
Before the sun.

ST. BOSWELL'S BRAEHEAD.

When from St. Boswell's upward height
We hail the morn in glory bright,
In silent grandeur stands revealed
A scene no art of man could yield.

Here Dryburgh's ancient fane we view—
There sculptured form of Wallace, true,
And all around - fit poet's theme—
Are mingled hill, and wood, and stream.

The morning bells of Melrose, near,
Send tinkles to the listening ear ;
And Eildon's triple heads proclaim
The wizard Michael's magic fame.

But yet not outward sound nor show
Alone, here, make the breast to glow ;
For over all the lovely spot
Is felt the wondrous power of Scott.

The bright creations of his brain
Return, with all their fairy train,
And wood and field, and hill are rife
With forms his genius dowered with life.

REV. GEORGE MURRAY.

PROMINENT on the roll of the bards of Galloway must be placed the name of the Rev. George Murray of Troquhain, late minister of Balmaclellan, New Galloway. Born in the latter burgh in 1812, he sprang from a family which had already shown signs of talent—the father being noted in

the district for great force of character and ready wit, and two uncles being founders of one of the earliest cotton firms in Manchester, that of Adam & George Murray. The father of the three was a Moffat man, descended, on the maternal side, from the Welshes of Corehead, and thus tracing kindred with the Reformer Knox.

Our poet was educated at the parish school of his native burgh, and passed thence to Edinburgh University. During the first session he gained an essay prize in the Humanity Class, and this brought him under the notice of Professor Pillans, who got him appointed to a tutorship in Ross-shire. Here he became acquainted with Hugh Miller, and acquired a passion for the study of botany, which was to him a source of life-long pleasure. Later on he gained a prize also in the class of Professor Wilson, and when the great "Christopher" paid a visit to Galloway, the old student became his host and guide. Soon after license as a preacher of the Gospel he received an appointment as assistant and successor to the Rev. Gavin Cullen, minister of Balmaclellan—the presentation being from the Crown, and the first granted by Queen Victoria. The "ten years' conflict" was then raging, and in this the young minister followed stedfastly what was called the "Constitutional" party, and adhered to the Establishment. After the Disruption he was transferred to the parish of Girthon, in the same county, and there laboured with marked success for eight years. Thereafter, by a strange coincidence, he was again called to Balmaclellan—on this occasion as full minister, in succession to the Rev. William Wilson. There in his much-loved Glenkens he continued a faithful pastor until death—April, 1881, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and forty-fourth of his ministry. Brimful of life and energy, he was not a man whose influence could be confined simply to

his own parish, and having a marked business talent, and being prompt and thorough in everything he took in hand, he, in ecclesiastical, county, and local mattters, held important offices—being clerk, for instance, of both Presbytery and Synod.

To an active mind he added the widest sympathies, taking an intelligent and enthusiastic interest in everything and everybody that came in his way. Of his love of botany we have spoken. Hardly a hill or glen exists in Galloway which he did not explore. At prosaic agriculture he was an adept—his glebe being under model management, and his entailed estate splendidly developed. As an antiquary, he was most zealous, and earned the honour of "Corresponding Member" of the Edinburgh Society, being more intimate than any other in his day with the legends, manners, and curious nooks and characters of Upper Galloway.

One of such varied gifts and information was an object of interest on all occasions. His public speeches were full of individuality, acuteness, and much of the characteristic humour of the Scot. In private life, and in the seclusion of his hospitable manse (where his originality and ideas of beauty were materially reflected), his conversation and geniality were charming—a large fund of anecdote being always at command, and his lively wit often breaking out in playful squibs of verse. His devotion to the muses came out in his sermons, which were often a-glow with poetic fervour, abounding in allusions to nature, and to the romantic side of old Testament story.

His pieces were mostly fugitive; none of them ambitious in idea, but simply suggested by local lore, and the scenes and events around him. The style is in all cases simple, and pleasingly unaffected in its natural flow. In broad Scotch he was especially successful, graphic and pithy, with not a little pathos

and pawky humour. No regular volume of his works has as yet appeared, although it is understood that there is one forth-coming; but his contributions to the local press were numerous, and several poems were occasionally printed by him for private circulation, acquiring, thereby, much popularity throughout the province. A number of these will appear in the volume, including "Helen: the Welsh Harper," a poem of tender and touching beauty, and "The Upland Vale," a descriptive poem, proving that the author cultivated the muse at the pure fountain of Nature, and breathing all the freshness of its source.

We give, as examples, "Sarah Rae," a suggestive ballad about a weak-minded woman on the Poor's Roll of the author's parish, and "Youth and Age." Also "Our Captain," to the memory of the youthful Wellwood Maxwell, Esq., of Glenlee, captain of the 3rd K.R.V., to which the poet was chaplain.

SARAH RAE:

A LINK OF THE PAST.

In cities large, 'mid hum and whirl,
They twist the silken line,
And threads of cotton, flax, and wool,
A thousand spindles twine.

And there behold the wondrous loom
Weave well the fairy thread—
Yield raiment fit to all the world,
And give to Labour bread.

All honour to the scheming head—
God speed the willing hand—
That make our country what she is,
A rich and happy land!

The Scottish matron seldom now
Brings out the thrifty wheel:
No wool to comb, no fleece to row,
No hanks of yarn to reel.

And yet those days were days of worth,
When such sights could be seen
As maids and mothers bleaching webs
Of "snaw-white" on the green,—

When in the cheerful winter nights
The "rowans" long they span,
For cloth for "wear" for wife and child,
And plaids for the "gudeman."

In yonder cottage, by the stream
That wanders through the moor,
Lives Sarah Rae: ah! weak of mind,
Most feeble, old, and poor.

When yet a child her mother saw
(What does not mother see?)
That heaven had sent that feeble one
To hang about her knee.

Old songs she sang to that weak one.
They sang and span together:
This on her wheel, that on a stick—
The daughter and the mother.

"Distaffs," she said, "were things of eld,
More ancient than the wheel;
And ladies grand in lordly ha'
Could twirl the spindle weel."

'Twas but a toy—a thing to please
And teach the lassie thrift.
The art to spin, the joy to sing,
Was that fond mother's gift.

And now for three score years and ten,
On dark and sunny day,
With a potato and a stick,
Poor Sarah spins away.

She spins and croons in wondrous way,
Draws out the canny thread,
Winds countless clues, knits mittens braw,
And hose for times of need.

To me it is a thing most strange,
When old things glide away,
That none the present to the past
Can link, like Sarah Rae.

One of God's creatures, old and weak,
Alone the thread can twine
As did our mothers in the days
And evenings of Langsyne.

Let none deride! The dress home-spun
Was firmer far than fine:
And maidens fair and manly breasts
Were clad in it langsyne.

The proudest dames in Scotland wide
Taught, in the days of yore,
Their daughters to prepare such robes
As Bruce and Wallace wore.

And need we tell what lovers true
Have worn the Lowland plaid,
And wrapt its folds with tender care
Around the Lowland maid?

Customs may die, but music lives!
Songs of the rock and loom
Will please, console, and flourish fresh
Until the day of doom.

O, "Tarry Woo is ill to spin,"
And "Jenny dang the Weaver"
Are airs to please while waters flow,
And foam is on the river.

While Scotchmen live, down manly cheeks
The pearlins oft will row
At songs like these—"The Cairdin' o't,"
And "Weary Pund o' Tow."

My lay is o'er. The present Age
Matured the art of spinning.
Poor Sarah lingers at the source,
And knows but the beginning.

Yet to begin—to twist one thread
Was an invention clever.
Who first did so? The chain here breaks:
That link is lost for ever.

YOUTH AND AGE.

A hardy boy, I leaped or ran,—
Or climbed in sport the linden tree,—
My shinny plied,—my peerie span;
Where are the boys who played with me?

We swam the stream,—the pike we slew,—
Or fished for pearls in distant Dee—
For nuts, we ranged Knocknarling glen;
Where are the lads who roved with me?

I climbed each hill that frowns on Ken,—
Could name each plant that decks the lea,—
At school still strove to lead the van;
Where are the youths who strove with me?

My brothers where? In foreign lands
Far, far from home and Ashburn Tree;

In graves apart, south, east, and west,
Sound sleep the Five who slept with me.

Where are my sons? In cities large,
Or sailing o'er some stormy sea,
Or treasured deep in Kells Churchyard:
There are the boys who sprang from me.

Yet I'm contented, cheerful still,
A hale old man nigh sixty-three!
Age, grief, or change may shade the path,—
The chequered joy abides with me.

OUR CAPTAIN.

Our captain sleeps!
What is it that keeps
Our chief from the field away?
Each volunteer
In the ranks is here:
What aileth Glenlee to-day?

Our captain sleeps!
Death comes and reaps
The green and the stately corn:
To his lonely grave
The young and the brave
Is slowly and sadly borne.

Our captain sleeps!
And his widow weeps
For the gift gone to the Giver:
Each volunteer
Sheds the bitter tear,
That his chief has gone for ever.

For ever? Not so:
The trump shall blow,
Arousing the good and true,
And the chief and his men
Shall meet again
At the last—the grand Review.

GEORGE WATSON SOMERVILLE

WAS born in Edinburgh in 1847. He received a sound, though not classical, education, and distinguished himself at the High School.

After leaving school and entering trade as a stationer in his father's business, he early formed an insatiable desire for general reading. Removing to Manchester when about seventeen years of age, he became seriously ill, and had to return home, when it took him six months to recover. During that period Scott was his constant companion, and together with his own naturally retiring disposition, evidently gave a bias to his writings, which are all descriptive. He invariably preferred solitude in his leisure hours to company, which gradually fostered a poetic taste that finally developed both in oil painting and descriptive poems. After some years spent in Manchester, Glasgow, Sunderland, and Newcastle, he finally settled in Carlisle, where he now carries on the business of a printer and lithographer.

Most of his writings have appeared in the London or provincial press, and were published in two volumes—"Lays of the Highlands" in 1866, at the age of nineteen, "Sedan" in 1877, and a volume of sonnets in 1881. One of his poems, "Wallace," gained a medal, and several others prizes as best historical poems. With Mr Somerville, poetry and painting go hand in hand, and many of his original oil paintings bring very handsome prices. He has not written much of late. It should be mentioned that his song, "The Printing Press," has appeared in nearly every trade organ, and it has gone the whole round of the American and colonial press. It is found also in some of our best school books.

Mr Somerville is a terse and vigorous writer, and although he seldom sings in notes of deep passion or of lofty devotion, he has the ring of the true patriotic spirit, and a very marked power of metrical form. His volume of "Romances and Poems" forms delightful reading, and contains much valuable histori-

cal information. It is a wonderful production, considering that it is the work of a youth when scarcely nineteen years, and composed for the most part behind the counter, in the bustle of the street, or at dead of night.

THE OLD PRINTING PRESS.

A song to the Press, the Printing Press!
Of the good old-fashioned kind
Ere the giant machine, with its pulse of steam,
Elbows it out of mind.
In the days of yore
Our fathers hoar
By his sturdy limbs have wrought;
Of iron or oak
His teachings spoke
The language of burning thought.

A song to the Press, the Printing Press!
As the carriage rolls merrily along
His stout sides groan, as the bar pulls home,
Keeping time to the pressman's song:
And the crisp, wet sheet
On its errand fleet
By anxious hands is sped.
Though oft elsewhere
It may sorrow bear,
To the printer's home brings bread!

Then here's to the Press—the old Printing Press!
Though his days be numbered now,
A fond heart weaves of the laurel leaves
A garland to deck his brow.
Though the giant machine
With its pulse of steam
Has doomed his form to decay,
His stout old frame
From our hearts shall claim
Remembrance for many a day.

THE CHOICE.

My love gave me a posie
Of sweetly scented flowers,
All beautiful and rosy
With morning's dewy showers.
I took them all a-glowing,
Before their pride had flown,
And set my heart a-going
To choose which I should own.

I saw them droop and tremble
Beneath my wanton eyes,
And sought one to resemble
The grace of her I prize.
The Fuschia was too slender,
The Lily wan and cold,
The Blue-bell gaunt and slender,
The Tulip pert and bold.

The Daisy too retiring,
The Wild-rose fickle—vain ;
The Rose my bosom firing
Gave me both grief and pain.
But ah ! the modest Violet
Its rivals far surpast ;
And on it I my heart have set
While life and love shall last !

WILL AND JEAN.

Will and his wife sat in the sulks ayont the ingle neuk,
And it was wha could say the warst and gie the dourest look :
Jean leaned upo' the elbow chair, and watched the curling reek ;
Will turned his back to sit ayont, and vowed nae mair to speak.

He filled his cutty, drank his gill, and tried a cloud to blaw,
In vain he puffed, he couldna puff his grievous wrangs awa ;
Jean sat and glowered frae time to time, and syne began to greet ;
Will's heart grew fain, he smashed his pipe, and started to his feet.

"Guid life !" quo he, "was e'er man tried wi' siccan perverse quean !
I had been mad, or waur nor blin' e'er that I buckled Jean ;
I'm deaved wi' clamours loud and lang, my head is racked wi' care,
And I maun thole her bitter jeers and gibes baith late and ear'.

Ye're thick wi' a' the neebors roun' when'er my back is turned,
And yet my claes may gang in holes, my kail be singed or burned.
The wark stan's still frae tap to floor, yer duds lie but and ben,
Ye dose awa' the afternoon, syne crack o' ither men."

"Ye cruel wretch !" said Jean, "ye ken I tend ye like a slave ;
I canna please wi' oucht I do—yersel' abune the lave ;
I'm worked to death frae morn to nicht, and yet nae thanks ye gie ;
Ye fin' out fauts that ne'er exist, and leese your spite on me.

"The cash ye gie wad hardly keep a common plowman's wife,
And yet I daurna speak for fear I tine my very life ;

Now, Will, I'll tell ye"—"Losh!" quo he, "she's at the same
auld sang,
Ye deave me, woman,—haud yer tongne, ye ken yer i' the
wrang."

"Deed no!" said she "ye fash yersel' wi' muckle mairs nor
guid,
And think I'll cow'r aneath your e'en, an' dae just as I'm bid;
But I'll gie in nae langer noo, and whether wrang or richt,
I'll gang awa' and leave ye Will," sobbed Jean, "this vera
nicht."

"E'en as ye will," said he, "I ken things are at siccan pass,
To move ye frae yer ain daft gate I'd lief ding ower the Bass;
But, mind,—ye leave yer ain fireside where poortith ne'er was
seen;
But no,—yer heart wad surely break were ye to leave me,
Jean!"

"Weel, Will, ye ken, mine's no' the wyte, and weel or woe
betide,
Gif ye'll but promise no to flyte," said Jean, "I'll wi' ye bide."
"Weel dune," quo Will," "but ye maun mend, and keep our
biggin' clean,
A clarty house I neer could thole—ye ken I lo'e ye, Jean!"

Syne ower a glowin' fire they sat, the weel spread board atween,
Jean couthy was, and cracked wi' Will, and Will he kisseed his
Jean:
If a' wad mend their quarrels thus, forgi'e ilk faut and 'gree,
'Twad mak' the warl' a happy place, and hame a heaven wad be.

JAMES TAYLOR

WAS born in 1813 at Mains of Nairn, near Stanley, Perthshire. His mother's grandfather was minister of Kinclaven. While yet a boy, his father removed to the farm of Huntingtower, near Perth, which he occupied for many years as overseer to Mr Turnbull of Huntingtower, settling afterwards in the village of Almondbank, where he kept a cow and one or two horses, and sold milk and coals, and did carting for bleachfields, &c. James, the eldest of the family, got a good education.

When about the age of nineteen he was apprenticed to the pattern-drawing at Ruthven Printfield, then in its palmy days, and on becoming a journeyman he got an engagement for a year or two in London, afterwards removing to Glasgow, where he resided till his death in 1875. While an apprentice he made a design for a richly embroidered handkerchief, presented to the Queen at her coronation by a leading embroidery house.

He was one of a number of first-class designers who were at the head of their profession from twenty to forty years ago, when calico printing flourished in the west of Scotland, and not a few of whom were more or less known as rhymers. Mr Taylor was a successful competitor in several rhyming competitions, and although he was not a voluminous writer, his verses are all characterised by calm and thoughtful reflectiveness, and purity of tone.

WALLACE!

Ye bards of old Scotland, arouse from your slumbers!
Ye brave-hearted minstrels of freedom come forth!
Attune Scotia's harp to bold, soul-stirring numbers,
And sing of her Wallace—his valour and worth.

Of Wallace, the patriot, the brave, and the true
(Fair Liberty's champion, guardian, and guide),
Whose love for his country no power could subdue—
Old Scotland's defender—her glory and pride.

The hero of heroes, so mighty and peerless!
The dread of the despot! the boast of the brave!
Oppression's avenger! the faithful, the fearless!
The foe of the tyrant, the friend of the slave.

Strike boldly the harp, then, sing loudly and clearly,
Till 'Wallace' resound over mountain and vale;
At the sound of the name the free cherish so dearly
The heart of the despot and tyrant shall quail.

Oh, Wallace! thy spirit still lives in the world,
And ennobles the sons of thy dear native land;
When their banners for freedom and right are unfurl'd
Their onset and valour no foe can withstand.

While the heather shall bloom and the thistle shall wave,
While Scotland, and freedom, and worth have a name,
While the Temple of Fame has a niche for the brave,
Thy glory, brave Wallace, the world shall proclaim.

CLOUDS.

Sweet breathings of morn, from earth ether-borne,
To bright sunny realms above,
Like angels of light, on a heavenward flight,
Bearing the incense of love.

In life's early dawn I have lain on the lawn,
And gazed with enraptured eye
On your sun-lit home, in the starry dome,
Afar in the azure sky,

And young fancy flew through the boundless blue,
And climbed up the bright sunbeams,
And journeyed afar, beyond sun, moon, or star,
And dreamt celestial dreams.

But the sun sped on, the bright vision was gone,
The Storm-king mounted the sky,
And the clouds flew past on the wings of the blast,
Cast down from their home on high.

So my youth's bright dreams, and fortune's sunny gleams,
From Hope's high heaven were torn;
But after the rain comes sunshine again,
And after the night comes morn.

ALEXANDER BROWN.

MANY will have noticed with interest the remarkably varied positions in life in which the Muse has found her votaries. We have given examples of the magistrate upon the bench, and the policemen in the street, the miner in the coal pit, and the retired merchant in the house of luxury. We have seen that she has cast her mantle over the wife of the labouring man, who sings with the true

ring of the lights and shadows of the domestic hearth, as well as over the lady of high degree. Yet we have only before now found one sailor who could claim kindred to the Muses.

The subject of the present sketch was born in the village of Penicuik, near Edinburgh, in 1823. His father, a native of Arbroath, was a paper-maker there, and his mother was a daughter of the Rev. James Walker, Episcopal clergyman, Kirkcaldy, who had removed there from the vicinity of Stonehaven. In 1827 his parents "flitted" to Currie, and Alexander was educated at the parish school there. When fourteen years of age, he went to Kirkcaldy, and served two years as clerk in an office, but a strong desire for a seafaring life seized him. He joined an Arbroath vessel, and served an apprenticeship to the sea—going through all its grades and vicissitudes. With the exception of five years spent in the United States and Canada, he followed this calling. Fever and ague compelled him to leave America, and the effects of that illness still, we regret to learn, cling to him.

It would appear that the first fruits of his pen were unlucky. During a voyage to the Cape his ship blew up, and the manuscripts he had been preparing for publication on his return home were burned. Again, while lying in Sydney, he re-wrote several of the best of them from memory, but, unfortunately, they, too, were doomed, for his next ship foundered on the New Zealand coast, and they were *drowned*. "Since then," he tells us, "I have been content to send a few fugitive pieces to the local and district newspapers, and have given up all thought of book-making. I do not think anyone would care to invest in the lucubrations of an old ship-master." We hardly think Captain Brown is right, for we know that not only in Arbroath, where he resides and is held in high esteem, but in a very

wide circle, his thoughtful effusions are much admired. He wisely avoids overstrained language, and there is a tenderness and melody, and a simplicity of treatment, and a purity of language about many of his pieces that make them exceptionally pleasing.

IN THE KIRKYARD.

Hoo is it I see you sae aft sittin' there?
And hoo is't, puir lassie, ye're greetin' sae sair?
I've seen you in sunshine, in wind, weet an' a',
But I've ne'er seen a smile on your young face ava'.

Can ye wonder to see me whiles shedding a tear,
When the dearest, best friend I could hae's lyin' here;
To play wi' the young doesna suit me ava;
Hoo can I, since death's taen my mither awa.

When she was alive I could hardly dae wrang,
Sae merry and cheery, sae blythely I sang;
I was dawted and petted by ane and by a';
There's nane o' that noo since my mither's awa'.

The auntie I bide wi's no gude to me noo;
When she rages and flytes my heart loups to my mou';
I've nae father, nae brither, nae sister ava,
Nane to speak a kind word since my mither's awa'.

She has bairns o' her ain, and when onything's wrang,
'Twas Jeannie that did it's forever the sang;
Her ain can dae nae kind o' mischief ava,
It's Jeannie, the cuttie, that aye does it a'.

There's naething but Jeannie, dae this and dae that;
If I say but a'e word, it's—"Ye impudent brat,
How daur you speak back; ye're sune learnin' to craw;
To the puirhoose I'll send ye directly awa'."

A burden I'm ca'd; she gets nought for her pains,
Tho' she's takin' what's mine to cleid her ain weans;
I maun wear their auld duds—I get naething that's braw,
Tho' my mither left plenty to pay her for a'.

I neither can gang to the kirk nor the schule;
Their ill-fittin' rags gar me look like a fule;
I wad only be jeered at by ane and by a';
My life's fairly changed since my mither's awa'.

Ilka chance that I get I come aye rinnin' here;
Tho' I canna see her, still her spirit is near;
I believe that she sees me and hears me an' a';
It cheers me to think sae since mither's awa'.

But for that, on her grave I could lay mysel' doun,
And send up a prayer to my Maker abune,
To set me asleep, ne'er to wauken ava,
For in life I've nae joy since my mither's awa'.

THE BEAUTIFUL SEA.

O ! the sea, the beautiful sea !
Home of the brave, the dauntless, and free ;
Murmuring low as it breaks on the sand,
Gently curling in waves on the strand,—
Flowing, ebbing, rippling along—
Beautiful sea, can it do any wrong ?

So harmless and tempting it seems to the eye
That the timid and wavering often will try
To launch on its bosom, and laughing at fear,—
Ne'er dreaming a moment that danger is near ;
So lovely to look on, it never can be
That a shadow of danger arises from thee—
Glittering, shining, never at rest,
Wave chasing wave with its sparkling crest.

Glorious it looks at the dawning of day,
Fann'd by light airs on its surface at play ;
Kiss'd by the sunbeams, burnished like gold,
Sparkling like diamonds or silver untold.
See yon glad fishermen toiling along,
Cheering each other with jest and with song ;
See their swift boats like meteors flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye—
Dancing, skimming, bounding so free
Over the crest of the beautiful sea.

The sea so limpid and pure to the eye,
Reflecting the colours and shades of the sky ;
Giving life to the feeble, and strength to the weak,
Refreshing the roses that fade from the cheek
Of the old and the young, or all who deplore
The loss of that bloom which nought else can restore ;
E'en the timorous maiden takes courage at last
To dip down her head till the wavelet has past—
Dashing, splashing, with frolicsome glee,
Laving her form in the beautiful sea.

But mark a swift change. Ere the day's well begun
Dark clouds roll along o'er the face of the sun,
The storm-fiend bursts forth, and in maddening glee
Spreads death and destruction wide o'er the wild sea.
Where now is the boat that so gaily flash'd past ?
The song of her crew is now hushed—'twas their last,
And their shriek of despair rises high on the blast—
Struggling, gurgling, their spirits are free,
Their bodies engulphed by the treacherous sea.

Oh ! the sea, the terrible sea !
How dreadful it looks with the land on the lee ;
See yon ill-fated barque now toss'd up on high,
Now descending like lightning shot forth from the sky—
Masts, everything gone. Is there no succour near,
No lifeboat at hand with a crew void of fear
To rescue these men from the merciless wave—
Seething, boiling, foaming ?
Ah no ! they are doomed to a watery grave.

See, she strikes on the shore with a shivering shock,
And to atoms is dashed on a ledge of the rock.
Merciful God ! from the regions above
Send down Thy Spirit on wings of the Dove
To heal the bruised hearts of those who are left
To mourn their great loss ; those so lately bereft
Of all they held dear. Be their comfort and stay,
Their guide and protector until that great Day
When the sea and the earth and all else pass away.

THE AULD STOCKIN' FIT.

Before ye settle doon in life you've mony things to learn,
Among the very foremost, tak' care o' what you earn ;
Lay bye your every penny piece—nane ever rued it yet—
And if ye hae nae better purse, just tak a stockin' fit.

Each penny saved's a penny gained, when added to the stock,
It mak's ye feel within yersel' as gude as ither folk ;
You never need to skulk around, or in a corner sit ;
There's an independent ring in a weel-filled stockin' fit.

You'll aye hae plenty friends around, while a' gangs fair and richt,
To flatter ye and daut ye, scarce let ye oot their sicht ;
That may a' be very weel, but the best friend I've seen yet
Is 'Victoria's' winsome face in weel-filled stockin' fit.

Sair trouble may o'ertak ye—it's been aye the doom o' man—
And want o' wark or sickness may thwart your best-laid plan ;
There's a Providence abune us a' that never failed me yet,
Sae put implicit faith in that and in your stockin' fit.

Try aye to help a neighbor that's bowed doon wi' sair distress,
He'd maybe do the same for you, so you can do nae less ;
Ne'er turn the feeble frae your door, provide them sup and bit,
So may a blessin' aye attend upon your stockin' fit.

Be carefu', but no niggardly, gi'e every man his due,—
You'll hae to keep a sharp look-out, he does the same by you ;
Aye drap the ither penny in, 'twill swell up bit by bit,
There's music in the jingle o' a weel-filled stockin' fit.

JOHN TAYLOR,

ARTIST and poet, Glasgow, was born near Huntingtower, Perth, in 1837. His father, James Taylor, who is referred to in page 174 of the present volume, was a prize-taker in several rhyming competitions; while his mother belonged to an old Perthshire stock, said by the family traditions to be connected with the Dalhousies. One relative was Provost of Perth about the beginning of the century, and another was a Royal chaplain and minister of St. Enoch's, Glasgow, for about forty years. In 1840 the family removed to Glasgow, where they have lived ever since.

The subject of this notice became a pupil teacher and Queen's scholar in the Free Normal Seminary, and on leaving it, in 1857, was engaged for a few years as a tutor in England. Previous to this, however, his inclination to both pen and pencil had become decided, and he had attempted portraits both in chalk and oil, as well as had a few short prose articles published. He spent a short time in France in 1860, and again in 1865. His first exhibited picture was a series of outline illustrations to Longfellow's "Excellsior" in the Glasgow Fine Art Institute, 1862. He continued to accept engagements as a visiting master, teaching drawing, &c., in several higher class schools, till 1867, when he finally gave up teaching. Though occasionally having pictures in other principal exhibitions, Mr Taylor has not had any in the Glasgow Institute since 1870. He has contributed to various periodicals, including the *Art Journal*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Hedderwick's Miscellany*, &c., and has had rhymes in Scotch, English, and Irish, as well as both eastern and western American newspapers; but he is perhaps best known by his poems and songs in the *People's*

Friend, and verses contributed to the newspapers. In *Quiz*, a Glasgow comic paper, several of his poems and a considerable number of sketches have appeared.

Mr Taylor has written numerous chastely-wrought lyrics, abounding in melodious cadences, and, generally speaking, his verses give evidence of skill and carefulness in the setting of poetic conceptions. He has not only the poetical faculty, but he possesses the artist's patience and taste.

TODDLEBONNY.

Wat ye wha I lo'e the best,
Far the best o' ony ?
It's just a wee bit lauchin' lass,
They ca' her Toddlebonny.
Ye may look through a' the lan',
An' may see bairnies mony ;
But nane ye'll see mair dear to me
Than wee Toddlebonny.
Toddle but, an' toddle ben,
Toddle, toddle, on aye ;
Through the house an' through the worl',
Toddle, Toddlebonny.

Roses in the garden grow,
An' cherries sweet as honey ;
But rosy cheeks an' cherry mou'
Are sweeter far than ony.
Though the bairnie's wee she'll grow
As she toddles on aye ;
Big an' braw, an' mair than a',
She'll be as guid as bonnie.
Toddle but, &c.

Little starries in the sky
Twinkle bricht an' bonny ;
But twa wee lauchin' een I ken
Are brichter far than ony.
O ! the very sun itsel',
Shinin' doun upon ye,
Seems twice as bricht just wi' the sicht
O' wee Toddlebonny.

GOING TO A FUNERAL.

"I'm going to a funeral,"
Said he. Ah ! so am I ;
I started from my cradle, I'll
Be going till I die.

I'm going to a funeral,
  But not, alas! to mourn;
The rest may leave when all is o'er,
  But I shall ne'er return.

I'm going to a funeral,
  And have been going long;
I know not when nor where 'twill be,
  But I shall not go wrong.
It may be soon, it may be late,
  On land or on the sea;
But now or then, or here or there,
  Belongeth not to me.

There may be few or many there,
  But I not one shall see;
And I'll be with them in the midst,
  And none shall look on me.
No arm of mine shall help to bear
  The coffin or the pall,
Yet in that company I'll be
  The chief among them all.

Though others there may weep and wail,
  I shall not shed a tear;
Their loudest cries of grief shall fail
  To pierce my listless ear.
Though throbbing hearts convulsive leap,
  Nigh bursting through the breast,
Mine shall give no responsive beat,
  But calmly lie at rest.

Hopeful, or hopeless; loving, loved;
  Old, young; or grave or gay;
We all go to a funeral,
  And none may bide away.
The brightest eye must lose its light,
  The warmest heart grow cold;
The fairest form must feed the worm,
  And wither in the mould.

All through the shadowy vale of Death
  Must pass, yet why despond;
We know there can no shadow be
  Without a light beyond.
And life's all-pure eternal light
  Shines not this side the tomb;
Step cheerily then, we'll see it when
  We've travelled through the gloom.

SWEET WAS THE TIME.

Sweet was the time when I roved on the mountain,
Or strayed wi' my true love at e'en in the glen,
Or thro' the green meadows, and down by the fountain,
O! when, and O! where shall I meet him again:
Say have you seen him, my own love, my true love,
Weary I'm waiting, O where can he be?

He is my own love, my old love, my new love,
Weary I wait for him, Ochone a rie.
Ochone a rie! he is gane frae the mountain.
Ochone a rie! he's no in the glen,
Nor in the green meadows, nor doun by the fountain,
O! when, and O! where shall I meet him again.

Fair was my love as the sunbeams o' mornin',
Stately and strong, and as braw as the best;
But better than beauty or outward adornin'
The kind lovin' heart that beat true in his breast.
Blythesome and happy we wandered thegither,
My true love and I, in the days that are gane:

Like the sunlicht o' life were we twa to each ither,
But noo it is gloamin' and I am alane.
Ochone a rie! he is gane frae the mountain—
Ochone a rie! he is no in the glen,
Nor in the green meadows, nor doun by the fountain;
O! when, and O! where shall I meet him again.

AYE TO THE FORE.

When I was a laddie—that's lang, lang syne—
Oh, I was a steerin' ane, brawly I min';
At schule, or at play, or some mischievous splore
Ye would see Donal' Morison aye to the fore;
Aye to the fore, aye to the fore,
Ye would see Donal' Morison aye to the fore.

And grown up to manhood it still was the same,
At kirk or at market, ootbye or at hame;
Whate'er was ado, 'deed, ye maist micht hae swore
Ye would see Donal' Morison aye to the fore;
Aye to the fore, aye to the fore,
Ye would see Donal' Morison aye to the fore.

But manhood an' vigour maun baith wear awa',
An' weakness will maister the strongest o's a';
Yet frail though I be noo, an' turned o' fourscore,
Here is auld Donal' Morison aye to the fore;
Aye to the fore, aye to the fore,
Here is auld Donal' Morison aye to the fore.

But likely, ere lang, ye may see, if ye're spared,
The neebours gaun slow to the auld kirkyaird,
An' if I seem awantin' when ye view them o'er,
Look for auld Donal' Morison aye to the fore;
Aye to the fore, aye to the fore,
Look for auld Donal' Morison aye to the fore.

And when time wi' its troubles an' trials is dune,
An' a' the gude bairnies are safe hame abune,
I hope we'll meet there a' to pairt nevermore,
An' ye'll see Donal' Morison aye to the fore;
Aye to the fore, aye to the fore,
An' ye'll see Donal' Morison aye to the fore.

JOSEPH LEGGAT.

THE author of the following verses was born in the village of Blackburn, Linlithgowshire, in 1846. His father was the only son of Wm. Leggat, Linlithgow, a gentleman of means, and a member of one of the tanning firms of that town. At the age of ten this son was placed under the care of two old ladies in Edinburgh, but before another year we find him on board a ship of war. Eight years afterwards, he took "French leave" of the navy, and making his way on foot from Leith to Glasgow, he enlisted in the 93rd Regiment. After passing through several engagements, he was wounded in the left arm, and discharged on a pension of one shilling per day from Government, and sixpence from one of his officers, to whom he had rendered effective service in a moment of great danger.

When the subject of our sketch was four years of age his parents removed to Salsburgh, parish of Shotts. Shortly afterwards a young postman, named Robert Tennant (a poet of unusual merit noticed in the first series of the present work),

thought to increase his income by keeping a private school during his leisure hours. For this purpose an empty barn was secured, and young Leggat was sent there to learn the mystery of reading. Six weeks sufficed to make him master of the "bawbee spell," and he was just on the point of being shifted into a "bigger book" when his parents removed to another place. Some time previous to this his father's pension was reduced to one shilling per day through the death of the officer already referred to. Consequently, as the shilling and what little Mrs Leggat could earn with her needle at the "tamboorin' tent" formed the sum total of the income, the author's parents were "ticht eneuch tied," and had enough to do without incurring the expenses of a schoolmaster. His father assumed the duties of teacher, and his mother showed him how to use the "tamboorin' needle." At the "tent" beside his mother he worked from his seventh year until he was over eight and a half years old—his time being divided into so much for play, so much for work, and so much for learning to read. On getting his first lesson in writing he distinctly remembers being told to "haud the pen just the same way as ye haud the tamboorin' needle."

In 1855 he was sent to work with a half-brother in a coal pit at Grangemouth, but he was only seven weeks at this kind of labour when, one morning while standing beside a "hutch" eating his "piece," he was horrified at seeing a fall of coal bury his friend, and so bruising him that he only survived a few hours afterwards. After this sad occurrence, the boy, who was not yet nine, was sent to work on a farm for ten shillings in the half-year. He employed his little spare time in learning to write, and going to school during the winter months. The "herd callant" remained with the farmers five years, and afterwards worked in an iron mine, giving his

mother all his earnings. He improved himself in education by attending a night school, and became a member of a literary society composed of most of the intelligent weavers of Whitburn.

Here it was that a taste for literature was formed, and he began to dream of seeing himself in print. For a number of years he contributed in prose and verse to several provincial newspapers, and also to the *Glasgow Herald*, the *People's Friend*, &c. His occupation of a miner was never in accordance with his taste, and we find him on leaving the mine employed as a book canvasser, a drapery traveller in a small way, carrying "the pack." Having some knowledge of Latin, he sought to increase his income by teaching a few lads "aboot th' doors." He taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, Euclid, and the rudiments of Natural Philosophy in his back room in the evenings from seven to ten, and as he had to rise by five o'clock in the morning, and travel a distance of three miles to his work—for he had again returned to the mine—the task was heavy.

By this time he had a large family to provide for, and while disheartened by the continual struggle for existence, he observed in the "vacant situations" in a newspaper the announcement — "Wanted, Foreman for the Twisting Department of a Thread Factory," &c. He applied, got the situation, and is now comfortably settled in Paisley.

Mr Leggat still continues to write both prose and verse to the local and district press. He is another example of those whose productions contain many passages of excellent thought, inspired by those gentle affections, and just and elevated sentiments, which it is delightful to find in works of persons on whose time the calls of a busy and laborious life must press heavily.

PASS ABOUT THE JEST, JIM.

Pass about the jest, Jim,
Let us all be gay,
Banish care and grief, Jim,
Drive them right away.
Some are born to trouble,
Sorrow, pain, and care;
Some have hardships double,
More than equal share.

Leave the world aside, Jim,
Fly its many woes;
Ceaseless broodings still, Jim,
Prove our deadly foes.
Fast and constant driving
Jades the strongest horse;
Endless still and striving
Numbs the vital force.

When the morning dawns, Jim,
And the lamp of day
Lights the way of life, Jim,
Then to toil away;
Honest care and scheming
Then deserves your might;
Seek for what is seeming,
Noble, pure, and right.

Day for care and toil, Jim,
Night for peace and rest;
Bid your sorrows fly, Jim,
Pass about the jest.
Everything in season,
Everything in place,
(Says the voice of reason)
Rights the human race.

BOAST NA' THE BAIRNIE.

Oh, boast na' the bairnie, sae oorit and cauld,
Sae helpless, sae hameless, sae freen'less an' lane,
But gather him hame to oor ain cosy fauld,
We ken na' what yet may be waitin' oor ain.

Let us aye, sonsie wife, sae lang as we're leevin',
Keep this ancient maxim fu' holy in view—
"Aye dae to yer neibor, be what may your grievin',
As ye'd hae your neibor be daein' to you."

A father's strong arm ance this bairnie could shield
Frae cauld an' frae hunger, an' laneliness tae;
But man to misfortune an' fate aye maun yield,
His life's but the glint o' a short winter day.

That dootfu' wee facie sae shilpit an' blae,
A mother ance tenderly clappit an' kissed ;
But death, greedy death, has ta'en her, and wae
Is left to her laddie, for sair is she missed.

Tho' mony mischances fu' early befa' him,
An' big tears o' laneliness blear his bit e'e,
Misfortune may yet cease to daud an' to thraw him ;
We ken na' the big man o' worth he may be.

Sae bring in the bairnie, an' rig him in cleedin',
To hide his wee banes frae the frost an' the snaw ;
We'll ne'er miss his dud nor his wee pick o' feedin',
His father aboon 'll reward us for a'.

Yes, bring in the bairnie, an' bring in the blessin',
O Him who's the father o' fatherless bairns ;
Frae duty's fair path let us ne'er be foun' missin',
For duty's performance prosperity earns.

A STRUGGLE IN THE DARK.

Must I, Misfortune, bow my head beneath thy crushing load?
And in thy agonies, oh death, curse parents, friends, and God?
Shall I, oh demon sire of Sin, to thee for refuge fly ?
And, in the bitterness of soul, curse Nature's God and die ?

Heave, swelling bosom, heave, and with thy wild convulsions burst
Under the floodgates of thy grief—the grief thou long has cursed ;
And, Nature, if thou can'st, permit those briny floods to swell,
And foaming lash to quench this fire—this fire within this hell !

Back, demon, back, and cease to tempt ; I've played the fool too long ;
I'll keep the paths of truth and right, and shun the base and wrong ;
No curse shall taint my troubled lips, no spirit tempt me more
To pluck from earth what human heart can ne'er again restore.

Back ! mock me not ; nor say the gods at my misfortune laugh,
Or brewed for me the bitter cup, which I in sorrow quaff ;
Your taunting, hell-born arguments are flimsy, weak, and vain ;
'Twas I alone who brewed the cup, and I alone shall drain.

'Tis true I sued for succour ere from honour's height I fell ;
But they to whom I pleaded most obeyed thy counsel well ;
They turned their backs upon me, and behold thy loathsome face
Uprises now to lure me to a mem'ry of disgrace.

Hell-born, begone ! I heed thee not, though all is dark as night,
Again I'll gird mine armour on, and battle for the right ;
And if I fall amid the strife and deaf'ning din of war,
No filthy stain of cowardice my humble name shall mar.

The tempter's gone, and lo! o'erhead a streak of light appears,
And kindly voices whisper thus—"Allay your doubts and fears;
Keep marching onward, upward, and tho' stumbling do your best
To keep the path of duty, and your God will do the rest."

JAMES FLEMING CANNON

WAS born at Whithorn, Wigtonshire, in 1844. He was educated principally in the parish school there, and remained in his native town (the once famous Candida Casa) till the summer of 1871, when he removed with his wife and family to Edinburgh, where they have since resided. Mr Cannon has contributed numerous poetical pieces to the press, and he is also the author of several sketches and short romances in prose, which have appeared in various publications. Several of his poems are imbued with much of the simplicity and pathos of the old ballad, while others exhibit a quiet beauty, which shows that he has an eye to the analogies of nature.

BALLAD.

Oh! pu' na' the bluidy-man's-finger, she said,
Oh! pu' na' the bluidy-man's-finger sae red,
The ool's on the scent, an' the craw's to his bed;
Then pu' na' the bluidy-man's-finger, she said.

I mind o' a carle, that wonn'd on the hauch,
Wha made it his brag—at sic freits he could lauch;
Weel—a bluidy-man's-finger he pluckit at nicht,
When the mune was begildin' the braes wi' her licht.

He made for his hame, but he ne'er gat the len'th,
For his feet wouldna' bear him, an' gane was his stren'th;
Sae he sat doon to rest him, an' drappit asleep,
An' his slumber, I trow, was baith langsome an' deep.

He was found i' the mornin', a' lifeless an' blae,
An' his face—weel I wat—was the picture o' wae;
Nane kent what cam' owre him, but close to his head
Lay a stalk o' the bluidy-man's-finger sea red.

Sae whether a *broonie* had met him alane,
Or the fushionless ghaist, by the muckle grey stane,
May ne'er come to licht, but 'twas kent to be true
That a bluidy-man's finger that nicht he did pu' !

An' that was the cause o' his dreadfu' mishap,
For in spite o' his boast, he was caught i' the trap
That is laid for the foolish and venturesome wicht,
Wha the bluidy-man's-finger would pu' when its nicht.

Then be caution'd in time, for nae risks we should rin,
By doin' what's waur than an or'nary sin :
If ye lo'e me, be wary, an' tak my advice,
In case, for your folly, ye pay a dear price.

Oh ! pu' na the bluidy-man's-finger, she said ;
Oh ! pu' na the bluidy-man's-finger, sae red ;
The ool's on the scent, an' the craw's to his bed,
Then pu' na the bluidy-man's-finger, she said.

THE LANGHILL FAIRY.

There ance was a wifie cam' to the Langhill
To seek a drap milk for a wean that was ill—
For a wean that was lyin' in bed sick an' sair—
A wean o' the elfin race, nacky an' fair.
Sing hey ! for the wee bodies oot on the lee,
An' the dance o' the fairies is cheery to see.

The mistress was washin' some puddin's ae nicht
At the burn doon-by, and there saw a strange sicht ;
A wife stood afore her—the size o' a hen,
Tho' itherwise just like the dochters o' men.
Sing hey ! etc.

Quo' the elf—"Could ye gie me twa fou's o' a wilk
In my can, gin ye please, o' a Kylie coo's milk."
"Atweel ye'se get that," said the kin'-hearted dame,
"But whaur do ye live, tell me, when ye're at hame."
Sing hey ! etc.

"I dwell," quo' the elf, "at the fit o' a knowe,
Amang the birk trees o' the bonny Gill-howe ;
An' there I hae bid' sin' we fell frae the mune
That shines owre oor heads in the blue lift abune."
Sing hey ! etc.

"For thousan's o' years on the earth I hae been,
An' mony's the ferlie in that time I hae seen ;
Baith on sea an' on shore, baith on mountain an' dale,
Tak my word, honest dame, I could tell you a tale."
Sing hey ! etc.

"I hae min' when the camp, owre at Rispin, that stude
Had its wa's an' its trenches bedaubit wi' bluid."
"I can recollect, too, in the aul' Druid's time,
O mony a battle, an' mony a crime."
Sing hey! etc.

"Come wi' me, an' ye'll get ye're sup milk," quo' the dame,
"To refuse it would e'en be a sin an' a shame;
Then, some ither time, ye may aiblins come back,
An' regale me wi' some o' your aul'-farrant crack."
Sing hey! etc.

"Mony thanks," quo' the wifie, sae gabbit an' sma',
"Ye're no like the feck o' the warlin's ava;
Sae ye'll aye hae eneuch and a knowin' to spare,
An' ye'll wash puddin's here—ay, for twenty years mair."
Sing hey! etc.

"O' a wee pickle snuff, ye shall ne'er be in want,
An' your crap o' potatoes shall never be scant;
Ye'll hae plenty o' butter, an' plenty o' eggs,
An' your kye shall be gude anes, as e'er gaed on legs."
Sing hey! etc.

Forty towmon's hae fled sin' the fairy was seen
On the broo o' the burn, whaur the docken grows green;
But its spaein' cam' true, tho' the creatur itsel'
Ne'er cam' back, ony mair o' its stories to tell.
Sing hey! etc.

DON KEITH,

GAMEKEEPER, Brechin Castle, is the writer of several pleasing little poems, describing with considerable feeling familiar scenes, and Nature in its varied aspects. He was born in the parish of Stracathro, near Brechin, in 1848. When eleven years of age he was sent out to farm work, and was engaged in agricultural labour until he was nineteen, when he emigrated to America, where he remained two years. On his return to Scotland, he became a gamekeeper, and at present he is in the employment

of the Right Honourable the Earl of Dalhousie. The following lines, "To a Brither Bard," will give the reader an idea of the home of his childhood:—

I think I see your native glen,
The burnie wimplin' doon the den,
The thackit hoose wi' but an' ben,
The hill-taps bleak an' bare,
Whaur duddie weans were reared to men—
Their mither's pride an' care.

It minds me o' my boyish days;
Barefit I ran, wi' torn claes,
Puin' the gowanies on the braes,
Richt fu' o' mirth an' fun;
An' watch'd the sun's departin' rays
Sink back ower Caterthun.

I ken my lear has been negleckit;
Hard times my father's purse disseckit;
Though puir he aye wis weel respeckit—
An honest countra carle;
Richt willingly he flang the jacket
To battle wi' the warl.

At times he was gey hard beset;
His grey hairs aft were weet wi' sweat;
But managed aye to pay his debt—
Kept beagles frae the door,
Until his auldest son had met
A year abune the score.

As time rolled on we grew up men,
And gladly paid him back again;
Kept ower his head a but an' ben—
He was our joy and pride,
Till when he reached three score an' ten,
He sailed oot wi' the tide.

He appears frequently in the "poet's corner," and at times his productions are strongly sarcastic—a vein we would recommend him to temper, although in the midst of unconcealed and severe "hits" we can find occasional flashes of fine moral truth, as witness the following:—

'Twere weel wi' folk they aft would think
Afore they daiker lang wi' drink,

For gen it come to form a link
In life's queer chain,
The auldest, bravest, e'en may sink
Wi' mony a stain.

. . . . . .

Now, friends, take the hint, if you've not yet begun,
And lay by a shilling or twa ;
At haymaking lose not a blink o' the sun,
For dull days may gie you a ca'.
For thirty lang years I hae had a hard fight
Wi' poortith, that vile, gruesome carle ;
Let us hope what's to come may be pleasant and bright ;
Wha kens? we may rise in the warl'.

He is seen to best advantage when he goes forth to Nature, which his calling affords him many opportunities of studying. With an eye open to the loveliness of familiar scenes, he sings of the beauties of the wild flowers of the glen, the tender green of spring, and the wanings of autumn. He loves with all a poet's love the the sheen of the leaf, and the sparkle of the stream, and draws his inspiration from the world of light, colour, and form.

CAULD WINTER'S COME AT LAST.

Mount Battock's donn'd her dress o' white,
The wind blaws cauld and snell ;
Nae mair we see the daisy bright,
Or purple heather-bell.

The furrow'd fields look bleak and drear,
The lowerin' sky's o'ercast,
And naked-like the trees appear ;
Cauld winter's come at last.

Nae mair we hear the mavis sing,
To greet the early morn ;
Nae mair we see the dew-draps hing
Upon the growing corn.

But blinding showers of sleet and snow
Drive onward wi' the blast,
Sweeping and whirling to and fro,
For winter's come at last.

But why should man sit down and mourn,
Though a' looks cauld and drear?
Wi' hollies green your roofs adorn,
To greet the coming year.

The spring will come wi' sunny showers,
And breezes from the wast,
And deck the plain wi' little flowers
When wintry days are past.

Then birds will sing on ilka bush,
And lambs loup on the lea;
The lark, the blackbird, and the thrush
Will mix their melody.

The sun will spread its smiling rays,
To cheer the labouring swain;
We'll pull the gowanies on the braes
When summer comes again.

ST ANDREW'S DAY.

November's blasts frae ilka tree
Has stripped the leafy bough,
An' hushed each melting melody
That thrilled the forest through.
Save where, frae 'mang the blackened slaes,
The robin pipes his lay,
Turning our hearts to love and peace,
To hail St Andrew's Day.

Roused by the storm-cloud's beacon blaze,
The torrents pale with rage,
Rush madly on to join the strife,
Where winds and waves engage.
Hurrying along triumphantly,
They shake their plumes of spray,
And hoarsely cheer exultingly,
To greet St Andrew's Day.

True types of Caledonia's sons
As varying moods inspire,
Tender as redbreasts in their love,
Fierce torrents in their ire.
But far we'll banish wrath this morn:
True friendship claims the sway,
As hand in hand and heart in heart
We hail St Andrew's Day.

Peace and goodwill on earth to man
This day be Scotia's prayer;
To aid the poor, relieve distress,
Be each true Scotchman's care.
Love, health, and joy be each chield's lot,
Baith here and far away,
Whase patriot heart throbs loud wi' pride
Upon St Andrew's Day.

GEORGE PIRIE,

FOR twenty-two years editor and proprietor of the *Guelph Herald* (Ontario), was born in Aberdeen in 1799, and died in America in 1870. He was a vigorous writer, an independent thinker, and the author of a number of songs possessing clear tokens of the true lyrical ring, and uniting in fitting form those thoughts and feelings which are the true themes of lyrical poetry.

Mr Pirie, without thoughts of literary labour, started early in life for himself, got some acquaintance with business in London, "went out to Canada," says the *Scottish American Journal*, "caught there the weary asthma which thereafter became his life-long companion; returned to his native city; made an almost boyish marriage; carried on business there with no great success; finally returned to Canada; settled and worked on a bush farm for ten years, then gave it up; married a second time; and for the last twenty-two years of his life conducted the *Guelph Herald* as editor and proprietor. In his capacity of secretary for twenty-one years of the Guelph St. Andrews Society, he had much opportunity to assist the friendless. As a member of the Grammar and Common School Board he also took a great interest and an active part in promoting the cause of education in the place of his abode. Mr Pirie was conservative in his politics, and an unwavering friend to his party. His patriotism more than once had ample room for marked expression, and his poetical vein for exercise, when the volunteer force of his adopted land had to be called out. We are told by one of the local journals which recorded his death that 'when he espoused a cause or took up a question he held to it firmly, because he judged it was right, and more than once sacrificed his own

interests in advocating what he considered was for the public good.'"

A small selection of his "Lyrics" was printed in 1874, but the publication was not so complete as could have been desired in consequence of the loss of a large number of his poetical writings. It contains the popular and widely-known song, entitled "John Alcohol."

BONNY MARY GRÆME.

"Now sit ye here, my sister dear,
And lay your cheek on mine,
And whisper in your Effie's ear
This waefu' grief o' thine.
A blight's come o'er our forest flower,
It droops baith leaf and stem;
There's something pu'in' at your heart,
My bonny Mary Græme."

"I feel nae pain, but only when
My Effie jeers me sae—
But tell me what gars a' the glen
Sae lightly Jamie Hay?
My mother glooms, and father fumes,
If they but hear his name—
But then,—he smiles so when he says
"My Bonny Mary Græme!"

"I asked yestreen auld aunty Jean,
'Do men mend when they wed?'
'I wat fu' weel that graceless chiel
Will never mend,' she said.
Ah, well-a-day! I tell him aye
We ne'er maun meet again:
But then he only laughs and says,
"My bonny Mary Græme!"

SONS OF ST. ANDREW.

Sons of St. Andrew stand
True to your native land,
Warm heart and ready hand,
Sure to defend her.
Land of the lake and glen,
Wild wood and lofty Ben,
Fair maids and gallant men,
Greetings we send her.

Hail to the banner blue,
Standard of the Alpin Dhu ;
Hail to the brave and true,
Round it that gather ;
Shoulder to shoulder stand,
Grasp we each brother's hand,
Now for our native land,
Shout for the heather.

Far from Clan Alpin Dhu,
Wanders the bonnet blue ;
Still to that magnet true,
Turns his heart thither.
Far though his fate may part,
Land of his love thou art,
Ever the Scottish heart
Warms to the heather.

Sages of peerless fame,
Heroes of deathless name,
Minstrels whose notes of flame,
Kindled the heather,
Such were our sires of old,
Guarding their mountain hold,
Peasant and Baron bold
Banded together.

Wooers to win her came,
Roman and rover Dane,
Saxon and Norman then
Thought to have bound her ;
Up went the cross of flame,
Ronald and Donald came,
Claymore !—and the foe in shame,
Left as he found her.

Ours is no summer flower,
Flaunting in lady's bower ;
Shrinking when tempests lour,
Blooming to wither ;
High on the mountain's crest,
Shrouding the eagle's nest,
Braving the tempest test,
Grows the red heather.

R. FLEMING

IS a native of Bathgate, having been born in that town in 1856. He lost both parents while he was quite a child—his father having died when he was only two years of age, and his mother departed this life while he was yet at school. He received a very fair education, and has a vivid recollection of reading the newspaper to his mother, whose sight was imperfect, on Saturday afternoons. The first portion perused was the "poet's corner." Deprived of the care of a mother, and the helping hand of a father, he went to live with a brother, and was sent to learn the printing profession in his native town. He served his apprenticeship in the office of the *West Lothian Courier*, published in Bathgate. At present he has the charge of a small printing office in Kirriemuir. He has written numerous poems, giving evidence of considerable facility of expression, and the following are favourable specimens of his muse.

THE BROOMY BRAES O' HAME.

When far frae kindred and frae hame,
Youth wanders at its will,
And views the scenes o' ither lands—
The mountain, lake, and rill;
Tho' beauteous be their every form,
Yet they appear but tame
Compared to scenes aye near the heart—
The broomy braes o' hame.

The sun may gild the mountain's brow,
In lands to us unknown;
The birds of other shores may sing
Wi' sweet an' richer tone;
But nought to me sae sweet could be,
As hear the thrush proclaim
His rousing songs of praise, upon
The broomy braes o' hame.

The daisy and the buttercup
Lie hidden 'mang the dew,
The heather aye is bloomin' whaur
The sweet blaeberries grew;

An' aye the burnie wimples on,
  An' ilka thing's the same
To me, as when I row'd about
  The broomy braes o' hame.

Dear haunts o' youth—the braes o' hame,
  What mem'ries linger there :
The merry laugh, the manly shout,
  O' hearts unkent to care ;
They rise still yet upon my ear,
  I ken them a' by name ;
Oh ! would that I could meet them on
  The broomy braes o' hame.

I KISSED THEM A' FOR YOU, MOTHER.

(Suggested by reading the telegrams sent by Robert Kennedy, son of the celebrated Scotch vocalist of that name, to his mother, regarding the sad death of his brother and two sisters, who lost their lives by the burning of the Opera House at Nice—in one of which he says—"It must be told—they are all dead ;" and in another—"I kissed them all for you, mother, and now they lie in the vault.")

I kissed them a' for you, mother,
  While tears stream'd down my cheek,
For my heart o' grief was noo, mother,
  Sae fu' I couldna speak ;
I gazed upon them a', mother,
  An' thocht o' hame an' you,
Syne turn'd my face awa, mother,
  An' sabb'd an' sigh'd adieu.

I kissed them a' for you, mother,
  My brither an' sisters twa,—
But I couldna think it true, mother,
  That their souls had flown awa :
I couldna think it true, mother—
  To me they were so dear,
An' when a' met, time flew mother,
  Sae cheerie aye while here.

I kissed them a' for you, mother,
  An' breath'd a fervent prayer
That God micht gie ye strength, mother,
  The awful blow to bear ;
For weel I kent 'twad be, mother,
  A sair, sair stoon to you,
The loss o' a' your three, mother,
  Wha aye were guid an' true.

I kissed them a' for you, mother
  (The tear still i' my e'e),
An' thocht it hard that they, mother,
  Sae far frae hame should dee ;

I grat richt sair, indeed, mother.
While viewin' Katie's face
I thocht a smile, tho' deid, mother,
Thereon I still could trace.

I kissed them a' for you, mother,—
An' noo they're sleepin' soun',
Awa frae mortal view, mother,
Frae frien's an' native toon;
An' tho' wi' grief your cup, mother,
Maun for a time o'erflow,
Faint not, but bear ye up, mother,
"There's a hope for every woe."

YE WISE OLD OWL.

An old owl sat on an old, old tower—
Tu-whit—tu-whoo,
And watch'd the fading twilight hour—
Tu-whit—tu-whoo.
With thoughtful look and glancing eye,
He view'd the stream go meand'ring by,
And joined its murmur with his cry—
Echo returning prompt reply,
Tu-whit—tu-whoo—tu-whoo.

Softly wail'd the balmy breeze—
Woe-ho—woe—woe,
Through the stately beechen trees—
Woe-ho—woe—woe.
The warbling tenants of the wood
Enjoyed repose in solitude,
Nor seem'd disturb'd by him so shrewd,
Who sang as in a mournful mood,
Tu-whit—tu-whoo—tu-whoo.

Beneath an old tree in the dell—
Woe-ho—woe—woe,
Two lovers met to say farewell—
Woe-ho—woe—woe.
And says the youth, "O love, will you
Remember me when far from view?"
The maiden sigh'd "I'll e'er be true;"
And the owl chimed-in as off he flew,
Tu-whit—tu-whoo—tu-whoo.

The bright youth sail'd to lands afar—
Woe-ho—woe—woe,
To aid the fiery god of war—
Woe-ho—woe—woe.

He fought our good old flag to save,
Which proudly o'er his head did wave;
But soon he fell amidst the brave;
And oft that wail went o'er his grave,
Tu-whit– tu-whoo—tu-whoo.

Adown the dell, sad, and alone—
Woe-ho—woe—woe,
A maiden sighed for him long gone—
Woe-ho—woe—woe.
Silent she stood, with drooping head,
Then stoop'd to pray for her soldier lad;
But rose not again; for pale and dead
She lay, while the old owl mourn'd o'erhead
Tu-whit—tu-whoo—tu-whoo.

And now within yon old church-yard—
Woe-ho—woe—woe,
She sleeps, whose heart was worn and tired—
Woe-ho—woe—woe.
And oft yet by that same old tower,
And near the ill-starr'd lovers' bower,
Toward the silent midnight hour
The owl sings with his wonted power,
Tu-whit—tu-whoo—tu-whoo.

CHARLES NEILL,

AUTHOR of several deservedly-admired Scottish songs, is schoolmaster of Dornoch, Sutherlandshire. He is a native of Edinburgh, and, in some respects, his life has been eventful. At the age of twelve, partly to gratify a strong desire for reading, he decided upon being a compositor, and was apprenticed as such in the University Printing Office, Edinburgh. While there he had ample means of supplementing an education which could not have been otherwise than imperfect, seeing that he had only been four years at school. He began to write rhymes when he was about fourteen. Some of these having come under the notice of Alexander

Smart, the well-known author of "Songs of Labour" and "Rambling Rhymes," and one of the principal contributors to "Whistle Binkie," who was then a pressman in the same office, and even at that time a recognised poet, gained for the young lad many a kind word and wise advice from this pure-minded, tender-hearted, but unfortunate son of song.

Mr Neill completed his apprenticeship in the office of the *Edinburgh Evening Post*, from which issued not only that, but sundry other newspapers, involving night and day work twice, and often thrice, a-week, of about twenty-four hours at a stretch. There he first experienced the hardships of life, under which many promising youths succumbed. As a journeyman he was afterwards employed in the office of Messrs Paton & Ritchie, Edinburgh, where, being relieved of night work, he soon regained strength. Before completing twelve months as journeyman, he met with a gun accident, by which he lost his right hand, and had a narrow escape with life. No longer fitted for manual labour, he had to begin life anew. He resolved on being a teacher, but the difficulty of learning to write under the circumstances seemed insurmountable. However, six months afterwards we find him entered as a student at the Normal School, Castle Terrace, Edinburgh. He was not long there when he was selected by the headmaster, who had been appointed parochial teacher of Corstorphine, to act for him as substitute until released from his engagement at the Normal School.

Mr Neill's first appointment as a teacher was to the Newton School, in the parish of Pencaitland. He afterwards taught in the school of Kincardine O'Neil for about three years, was appointed one of the staff at Milne's Institution, Fochabers, and subsequently headmaster of the North Parish School, Aberdeen, where he laboured successfully for five years. Desirous of a change to country life, he

determined to obtain a parochial school, and accordingly, in 1862, he was elected by the Commissioners of Supply for the county of Sutherland to the Parochial School of Dornoch, for which he was afterwards examined and found qualified by the Examining Board of the University of Aberdeen.

In 1856 Mr Neill published a volume entitled "Ellen of Ayr, or the Soldier's Wife," which was favourably reviewed by the press, and in a very short time was "out of print." He has for many years kept up connection with the newspaper press by contributions in prose and verse. Many, instead of rising, would have sunk under difficulties and misfortunes such as Mr Neill has encountered. He still sings cheerily, and several of his harmonious productions display fine quiet humour, which occasionally breaks out into broad fun, while others are touched with a natural sweetness and pathos which commend them irresistibly to the heart and the affections.

SONG OF SPRING.

Sweet in the birken the mavis is singing,
Canty wee robin chirps doon in the shaw,
Up to the blue lift the lavrock is springing,
Blythe its bit heartie—cauld winter's awa.

"Fare ye weel, winter," the cushats are crying,
"Dinna come back, wi' your frost, sleet, and snaw,"
"Fare ye weel, winter," the saft winds are sighing;
"Lang hae ye blustered, but noo ye're awa."

Skip ower the gowan lee lammies are playing,
Soon in the wild woods the primrose will blaw,
Heather bells wave, and the bumble bee straying,
Wile gowden treasures to store its wee ha.'

Saft through the dark dell the burnie is wimpling,—
Newly escaped winter's lang, icy thraw,—
Kissing the bonnie braes, whirling and dimpling,
Blythe in its freedom it loups ower the fa'.

The roe deer are bounding ower whin, broom and bracken;
The wee buds are keeking to cleed ilka tree;
Spring smiles on nature, a wooer to wauken
The beauties that fled Winter's cauld dowie e'e,

Nae mair roon the ingle we'll curr close thegither,
The hail skelpin' doun the lum, fill us wi' awe ;
But hie to the mountain, the glen and the river,
And swell the glad chorus—cauld winter's awa.

Puir lanely wanderers, thin-cleed and weary,
Born to adversity, puirtith and eild,
Life's winter here, though it's mirk, cauld and eerie,
A ne'er ending simmer o' glory may yield.

RESURGAM.

When clouds of sorrow dim thy faith,
And tears bedew thine eyes,
O, drooping soul, sing with the sun—
"*Resurgam* !" I shall rise.

The lark, though wet with dews of even,
At morn shall greet the skies,
On joyous wing its anthem sing—
"*Resurgam* !" I shall rise.

The flower that charms us with its bloom,
Although it fades and dies,
At breath of spring shall swell the hymn—
"*Resurgam* !" I shall rise.

When friends forsake and foes assail,
And all earth's comforts fly,
Borne up on wings of faith and hope,
"*Resurgam* !" be thy cry.

When tempest tossed thy fragile bark,
Now sinks, now mounts on high ;
Though thunders roll and lightnings flash,
"*Resurgam* !" be thy cry.

A faithful pilot steers the helm,
The port of peace is nigh ;
Though shattered be each spar and sail,
"*Resurgam* !" be thy cry.

When faint and worn with pain and grief,
Thy bosom heaves with sighs,
Be this the balm that gives relief—
"*Resurgam* !" I shall rise.

Though long and rugged be life's race,
Glorious and sure's the prize ;
Press on, and though thou sink exclaim—
"*Resurgam* !" I shall rise.

The battle o'er, the victory won,
In calmness close thine eyes ;
For death is vanquished in the cry—
"*Resurgam* !" I shall rise.

WEE LILY LOGIE.

O, wee Lily Logie, ye bother me sair ;
What gars ye speer questions that puzzle my lair ?
"Wha brak' the bonnie moon ? Whaur does it gang,
When winters are eerie, the nichts mirk and lang ?

Whaur comes the snaw frae ? What mak's the win' blow,
The fire burn my pinkie, the frost bite my toe ?"
Sit doun to your parritch, and tak up your spoon,
Ne'er fash your wee head wi' sic things as the moon.

Ye wee blawdit cratur', O whaur hae ye been ?
Wading the burnie in stockings and shoon ;
Your coaties are draigilt, and bluid's on your nose,
Wi' chasing the bumbee frae thistle to rose.

O, waefu' wee Lily, a' scartit and blae,
Through bramble and brier bush ye fell doun the brae ;
Your mou' it is purple, the tear's in your e'e,
Puir feckless wee lammie, ye're aye in some dree.

Come here, my ain dawtie, and sit on my knee,
Wi' your head in my bosie, your dool it will flee ;
Your heart blithely loups ; noo, a kiss, syne to bed,
My blessings, dear lammie, be on your wee head.

Noo, wee wand'rin' Lily, ye're soun'ly at rest,
Weel happit and cosie, wi' nocht to molest ;
May naething waur trouble ye up to life's close,
Then saftly, as noo, may ye sink to repose.

JOHN REID,

A PROMISING student and poet, was born in Edinburgh in 1857. After leaving school, he studied at the University of his native city, where he took the degree of M.A. in 1880. Mr Reid won the Edinburgh University prize given by Professor Blackie for a poem in 1874. The poem is entitled "Eila"—the subject being a Highland raid in revenge for a brother's murder. Mr Reid is studying for the Established Church of Scotland.

He composed verses at an early period, and already many of his songs have been set to music. Amongst these might be mentioned—"The Light that Lies in my Love's Eyes" (music by Allan Macbeth), "Love's Parting" (sung by the Christy Minstrels), and "The Song that Mary Sang" (music by W. C. Levey). These have the genuine ring of poetry, and show a heart full of candour and truth. To Mr Reid may be ascribed the qualities of smoothness of versification and deep-hearted earnestness. In his descriptive poems, we find a copious supply of apt illustration, and his love of Nature and the general qualities of his heart are equally to be remarked in his productions.

AN EVENING REVERIE.

Gentle summer evening linger,
Wherefore steal so quickly by?
Peace and love like dew are falling
From the shadows of the sky,
And thy violet wings are laden
With the secrets lovers tell,—
Gentle summer evening linger,
Here on earth forever dwell.

Beauteous, from the tints of evening,
Comes a once-loved face to me,
And methinks a soft voice falters,
"Let the past forgotten be."
Hushed I hear, but darkness falling
Veils the vision, breaks the spell –
Gentle summer evening linger,
Here on earth forever dwell.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

The voice of spring awoke the woods,
And sunshine warmed the fragrant breeze,
And burst in gladness thro' the trees,
And charmed the sylvan solitudes.
But winter came with bitter breath,
And shook again his hoary wing
Across the dewy lawns of spring,
And gave the opening buds to death.

Love woke, like April's warmest gleams,
And deep into my bosom stole,
And opened vistas in my soul
Of nobler thoughts and higher dreams.
But ah ! cold disappointment came,
And withered love's fond hopes and fears,
And cast a shadow down the years,
But left a heart that loved the same.

THE SONG OF THE WATERFALL.

Would'st thou, whom sun-browned pleasure
Wooes from this world of care,
Charm from thy soul life's shadows
Lingering ever there ?
Come where my silvery laughter
Echoes thro' gorges green,
As I dance in gladness after
Kissing the noon-day sheen.

Would'st thou with soul love-laden,
Sighing in shady dell,
Dream of a fairy arbour
Meet for thy love to dwell ?
Come when the moon's caresses
Soften the sylvan scene,
Come when my silver tresses
Brighten the dark ravine.

Would'st thou whom dewy flowerets
Lure to this glen of mine,
Bear from my bower a secret,
Sweet as the "lush woodbine ?"
Come when fond lips are meeting,
Just at the trysting time,
Come when fond hearts are beating
To my wild waters chime.

THE VIKING'S GRAVE.

An aged Viking dying lay,
A brave old chief was he ;
He thought of his comrades far away
On the ocean wild and free.
"Oh, bury me deep in the sea," he said,
"When the tempests rend the sky,
For a Viking's grave is the ocean's bed,
Where the ocean's heroes lie."

They told him of his father's grave
'Neath the castle's silent walls,
Whose soul was now with the mighty brave
In bright Valhalla's halls ;

But the dying chieftain shook his head,
And firm was his reply—
"Oh, a Viking's grave is the ocean's bed,
Where the ocean's heroes lie.

Dark was the night: the wind blew loud
Thro' the pine trees on the shore,
And they bore his bier thro' the mourning crowd,
Where the ocean's surges roar.
Far in its depths they sunk the dead,
While the tempest raged on high,
For a Viking's grave is the ocean's bed,
Where the ocean's heroes lie.

PETER BEGG.

THERE are plants, as every one knows, that early in the spring time bloom and shed their petals, yet continue to grow green and vigorous the remainder of the year. So is it in numerous cases with writers of poetry. "Heaven," in this sense, "lies about them" in their early years, and their exuberant youthful fancy overflows in numbers. Peter Begg, a name long familiar to newspaper readers in the east of Scotland, over forty years ago ceased to cultivate the muses to any extent, not so much owing to his want of success in that pursuit, as from being drawn through the force of circumstances into other and less congenial fields of study. He began early to arrange his thoughts into rhyme, and the desire to see himself in print was gratified by the insertion of many of his pieces in several publications both in the shires of Perth and Forfar. His life, were it given in detail, would be full of interest, but in these pages space can be afforded only for a mere outline.

He was born in Dundee in 1819, and removed with his parents when very young to Kirriemuir,

where he attended the parish school, then taught by the Rev. Thomas Reid, now minister of the parish of Airlie. Here he learned the trade of a shoemaker under his father, and here also all his early associations were formed. In company with his parents he returned to Dundee in 1840, where, with the exception of two years in Luthrie, Fifeshire, and another in Alyth, he has since resided. He was one of the founders of the Dundee Literary Institute, commemorated in the "Halls of Lamb," a parody of Byron's "Isles of Greece," by John Sime, which has been preserved by the late James Myles in his brochure "Foo Foozle." In August, 1865, he began and continued to carry on the movement which resulted in the adoption, on the 6th of September, 1866, of the Scotch Public Libraries' Acts by the electors of Dundee. In 1867 he drew up the Bill which became, with scarcely an alteration, the Public Libraries Act (Scotland), 1867, and which is still the principal Act. In September of the same year he was selected to catalogue the paintings and other works of art sent for exhibition on the occasion of the visit of the British Association to Dundee. The late Rev. Geo. Gilfillan called him "the father of the Free Library in Dundee;" and when he was unsuccessful in his application for the sub-librarianship of that Institution, Mr John Leng of the *Dundee Advertiser* appointed him to a place upon the literary staff of that paper, where he has continued during the last fifteen years.

Mr Begg's verses for the most part came under the general head of village sketches, and included character delineations, humorous and otherwise. Those of them that were printed formed detached portions of a more ambitious effort, which, however, never saw the light.

THE BONNIE WOODS OF LUTHRIE.

Ye bonnie woods of Luthrie, where often I did roam,
And found aneath your spreading trees a shelter and a home;
Where often, when the summer eve its mantle grey had spread,
I wandered in communion sweet with the illustrious dead;
Where names adorn th' historic page, as diamonds do the crown,
And shine as stars to lead mankind to honour and renown.
And, oh! how sweet at hours like these to hear the birdies sing,
To breath the fragrance of the flowers that from your bosom spring;
Or, with the lark, the morning hymn to the Creator raise,
Till your remotest echoes join in concert to his praise.

Ye bonnie woods where I have por'd o'er many a gladsome theme,
Till nature cried through all her realms Jehovah reigns supreme;
The tender plant, the stunted shrub, the dark, yet stately pine,
With all the life which they protect, protection have from him.
Proud Unbelief may hold its court in some polluted den,
Or from the haunts of lordly vice proclaim its victims—Men!
Yet, rebels, ye have ne'er inhaled God's breath from off the flowers,
Nor felt your hearts with gladness leap beneath the summer showers.

A stern and cold philosophy o'ershadows all your view;
But all is bright around me here, though all be dark to you.
Come, let us to yon summer bower beside the crystal spring,
A garland I shall weave to you of many a beauteous thing;
'Twill teach you many a glorious truth from bounteous Nature's store,
And waken feelings in your breasts ye never felt before;
But softly tread among the flowers, and o'er the grassy sod,
For every step you tread upon's a proof there is a God;
And silence proud philosophy, the heart must speak for you,
For he will taste the pleasure most that's most to Nature true.

The bonnie flowers that deck your paths, or blossom in your shade,
Though trod beneath the careless foot, and in the dust be laid,
Again resume their lovely forms, and all their beauties rare,
To man proclaiming as they spring, We're God's peculiar care;
So God protects the lowly plants among the sons of earth,
And throws around them every charm of goodness and of worth;
And though the proud may tread them down, or coldly pass them by,
Triumphant they will rise again, protected from on high.

Then fare ye well, ye bonnie woods, I'll ne'er forget the hours
That I hae spent wi' nature's book amang your shady bowers;

Nae mair I'll pu' the fragrant thyme frae aff your bosoms fair,
Nor rob you of the violet sweet that scents the e'enin' air,
The foxglove and the heather-bell, the brier, broom, and whin,
That busk sae braw in summer time the braes around Carphin;
And Nature's glorious feather'd choir, wi' sangs divinely sent
To wile me forth, and see how a' harmoniously are blent,
Nae mair will charm the ear or e'e o' him who lov'd to roam,
And found within your darkest nooks a shelter and a home.

Ye venerable, dark, pine woods, you'll long remember'd be,
For ye have been a source of life—of joy and hope to me;
And though my hopes are blighted now, though I'm deceived by man,
You're still the same to me as when our intercourse began.

DAME SCOTT.

O, heard you the tale o' our auld Dame Scott,
O, heard you the tale o' our auld Dame Scott;
For drinkin' you ne'er saw her marrow I wot,
I'd challenge the warld wi' auld Dame Scott.

Last nicht to the wars gaed auld Dame Scott,
Last nicht to the wars gaed auld Dame Scott;
But the wag o' a neive was the finishin' o't,
Sic a faint-hearted randy was auld Dame Scott.

She's a pest to the toon drucken auld Dame Scott,
She's a pest to the toon drucken auld Dame Scott;
An' ilka ane says that auld Nicky will trot
Fu' blythe awa hame wi' his ain—Dame Scott.

O, wad ye tak tent o' yer ways Dame Scott,
O, wad ye tak tent o' yer ways Dame Scott;
Then there wad be pleasure within yer ain cot,
An' the neebours wad welcome ye auld Dame Scott.

Syne there wad be peace wi' us a' Dame Scott,
Syne there wad be peace wi' us a' Dame Scott;
For aince ye hae scentit yer enemy's plot,
He'll scamper toom-handit awa—Dame Scott.

JOHN MACLEAY PEACOCK,

POPULARLY known as "the Birkenhead Poet," was born at Kincardine, Perthshire, in 1817, and died, of heart disease, in Glasgow in 1877. The

poet was left an orphan at an early age—his father, who was a mariner, having perished at sea. He was sent, when nine years of age, to a tobacco factory, where he earned 1s 2d per week, and a year or two afterwards, we are told, he worked as a "rivet laddie" in one of the shipbuilding yards on the Clyde. From this he in course of time emerged as a boiler maker, at which employment he continued a steady worker, except during times of trade depression.

In his early manhood he travelled a good deal in search of employment, and was at times engaged in shipbuilding yards throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland. He worked for several years in Spain, and he spent some of his happiest days in that romantic land, to which his Muse has paid a fervent tribute. After being married he settled in Birkenhead, where for some years he was engaged in a large shipbuilding yard, from which he was ultimately discharged on account of his prominent attitude in defence of the labour rights of his fellow men in their repeated struggles to attain higher wages and some mitigation in the hours of labour. Thrown out of employment when trade was in a stagnant state throughout the country, and in a delicate state of health, never very robust in his best years, he remained for a long time idle. During this gloomy period of inaction he published, with the aid of a few friends, a volume of poems entitled "Hours of Reverie, or Happy Reminiscences," which was well received, but brought "no grist to the mill," nor any amelioration of condition, beyond securing the admiration and sympathy of a few friends, who afterwards assisted the poet to open a small shop in Birkenhead for the sale of newspapers and periodicals. This venture succeeded remarkably well for a couple of years, when, strange fatuity of poetic unrest, he resolved to sell the business and

accept a situation as gate-keeper in a foundry in Glasgow, where he thought to end his days among a few remaining friends of his youth. His dream of pacific leisure did not last long when he was again thrown out of employment, which so depressed his mind that he gradually sank in debility and despair till death released his weary spirit.

In disposition Peacock was warm and confiding, and simple as a child in his character. Not a few of his misfortunes resulted from his outspoken eagerness to grapple error and confute sophistry. In 1880 Mr Walter Lewin, of Birkenhead, with whom the poet had consigned his MSS. before his death, commemorated the poet's career in a book brought out for the benefit of Mrs Peacock, who also received the kind attention of Mrs Robert Leighton, the respected widow of the well-known poet of that name. As a poet Peacock is entitled to rank with the minor bards of his country, being distinguished for shrewdness, deep earnestness, and an honest hatred of all shams. In many of his pieces there is a tenderness and pathos that speak to the heart.

In a lengthened review of his book in the *Cheshire Observer*, Mr Wm. Reid, one of our first series poets, wrote as follows:—"We learn from an extract which the author quotes from the preface of his first edition, that his lot in life has been a sadly chequered one, and most inauspicious to the cultivation of *belles lettres* and bardic lore. Indeed, we fail to recall any instance of similar disadvantages recorded in the life of any preceding poet of note that we are aware of, whose genius has been associated with such unfavourable obstacles to a successful flight in the region of poesy. While we venture so far in asserting this, we do not forget comparative assimilations in the lives of three poets of unequal fame—poor Bloomfield toiling in his garret for his daily bread in the humble capacity of a shoemaker; the high-

souled 'Minstrel Burns' driving the plough in a reverie of thought, or, in the hated pursuit of his excise duties, gauging auld wives' yeasty barrels; or in the instance of the collier poet, David Wingate, who, in the dark dripping passages and dusky chambers of the coal pit, conjured up in his lonely hours of gloom the beautiful and sublime associations of external nature, to blend them with the vital passions of the heart, where, enwreathed in song, they have become mirrored in memory. Taking the occupation of Wingate as one of the instances here adduced, as being less favourable to the development of poetical excellence, how shall we compare his condition while hewing the coal seam with his pick, to the tumultuous labour of our author amidst the deafening din and rattle of countless hammers battering away at red-hot iron rivets in the ringing boilers of a steamship, 'from early dawn to dusky eve?' How he has managed to 'woo the gentle Muse' amid such Cyclopean uproar we are at a loss to conjecture. The wonder then is, not how he has written so well, but rather how he has written at all under such adverse influences, which might have crushed the spirit of a Titan, and destroyed the imagination of an Ariel. . . . . Though a political spirit evidently pervades the book, yet it is happily blended with a genial flow of hopeful aspirations and earnest invigorating thought, which points by vivid reflections to a brighter future. . . . . True to the instinct of a generous nature, he is ever associating his sympathies with the labouring poor, among whom he has spent his brightest and his darkest days, and felt all their joys and sorrows as a brother, a poet, and a sage."

THE PUIR WEE BEGGAR WEAN.

Hae pity, oh, hae pity on the puir wee beggar wean,
Wha's faither is a ne'er-dae-weel, and mither's dead and gane,

Fu' waesomely she's toddlin' through the bitter bitin' sleet,
And Johnnie Frost is nippin' sair her wee bit han's and feet,
Her duddie frock is draigled a' and tatter'd, torn, and thin,
And piercin' through her breastie bare the wintry weet and win',
She's drooping like a daisy that's drookit wi' the rain,
Hae pity, oh, hae pity on the puir wee beggar wean.

She never kent a mither, nor a mither's kindly word,
But lanely left forsaken, was like some wee helpless bird,
A wilderness to wander, where there's mony a prickly thorn,
And poortiths a' she's kent o' since the hour that she was born ;
And yet there is a something in her twa wee bonnie een,
That says had she been guided weel, a pearl she wad hae been,
But let us tak and comfort her as couthie as our ain,
And she may grow a jewel yet, the puir wee beggar wean.

We saw her in the summer lead a blind, auld beggar man,
Wha play'd upon a fiddle, while she sang as weel's she can ;
Aye kindly was she to him, let the siller come or no,
And a' the neighbours ta'en her for the puir auld bodie's oe,
As mony a gait they wandered baith, as mony a tongue can tell,
Her scanty pauper's pittance aye, a bawbee to hersel',
And bits o' bread frae kindly folk wha felt nae greed o' gain,
But saftly soothed wi' cheerfu' words the puir wee beggar wean.

Oh, now it's dreary winter and a dark and drizzly day,
The fiddler's deed and buried, and the wee thing's dull and wae,
She's broodin' ower the absence o' her only earthly frien',
Nae won'er she is dowie and the tears are in her een,
Within his humble lodgings now she canna fen nor fare,
But aye maun pay her bed at e'en or sleep upon a stair ;
And dreary is the city wi' its solitude o' stane,
Whar few she kens hae pity on a puir wee beggar wean.

Oh, tent her in the innocence o' childhood's buddin' time,
Or scarcely will she blossom in the desert paths of crime,
The world is fou o' poison-weeds that rankle round the flowers,
And suck the sweets o' virtue in its lane and lowly hours,
And gowd wi' a' its glaumer, and its glitter and its glare,
Aft tempt the virgin bosoms o' the fairest o' the fair,
And potent is the spell o't ower a lassie left her lane,—
Oh, but I fear the future o' the puir wee beggar wean.

Oh, how unlike the bairnies wha are cuddled on the knee,
Beneath the love and guidance o' a mither's watchfu' e'e,
There's beauty in the blushes o' her bonnie dimpled cheeks,
And frae her een the feelin' o' a gentle spirit speaks ;
But left alane to bud among the wildest weeds o' woe,
The blight o' witherin' sorrow sits already on her brow :
Sae, gin ye wad frae ruin save the flower without a stain,
Oh, tak her in and cherish her, the puir wee beggar wean.

WHAN FAR AWA' FRAE HAME.

Whan far awa' frae hame, oh how fain the heart returns,
On the wanderin' fancy's wings, to its native braes and burns ;
But deeper far the feelin's are, we canna weel command,
Whan we hear the mellow music o' our ain native land.

'Mang gowden groves and valleys o' the orange and the vine,
I lilt me ower the bonnie sangs o' happy days langsyne ;
They touch my heart wi' sorrow aye, but dinna gie me pain,
For ever hae the thochts o' youth a sweetness o' their ain.

To spirits droopin' lowly, and a-weary thinkin' lang,
The sangs are aye the sweetest that in bairniehood we sang,
For saft as angel-voices aye, our dearest love they claim,
And touch the heart wi' love's fond tears when far awa' frae hame.

There's naething half sae cheery in this weary warld o' care,
As our country's aulden ballads and a sweet auld native air,
Sae like the spell o' love itsel', they set the heart in flame,
And soothe the lonely wanderer whan he's far awa' frae hame.

In dreary wilds and deserts, or in sunny summer climes,
What would the heart no gi'e to hear its aulden Sabbath chimes !
In toil and tug o' battle, or in tempests a' the same
A solace to the soul is aye the music o' sweet hame.

As auld familiar voices are the strains o' early years ;
When sweetly sang us far awa', they bring us balmy tears,
And mind us o' the lang ago, wi' joys we canna name,
Like a mither's kindly welcome to our dear native hame.

WE'RE A' AE MITHER'S BAIRNS.

There's freedom on the grey auld hills,
And joy amang the trees ;
The woods and rocks, and pebbly rills,
Are singin' wi' the breeze.
There's harmony in nature's law—
Though man but little learns—
And love, that lives and breathes through a',—
We're a' ae mither's bairns.

Oh, that the warld frae nature's book
Wad e'en but tak' a leaf,
A' men wad hae a blyther look,
And lichter loads o' grief ;
O' friendly help we a' hae need,
To clear life's crooks and cairns ;
Ne'er mind the country, or the creed,—
We're a' ae mither's bairns.

The chiel' that's doon, oh dinna scorn,
But help him if you can ;
Though aff the path o' virtue borne,
He's aye a brither man,—
Be't he wha pines in prison chains,
Or he wha toils and earns,
Or lord, or king o' wide domains—
We're a' ae mither's bairns.

Though poortith be a brither's lot,
Aye kindly be our turns ;
Fu' aft beneath a ragged coat
The noblest friendship burns.
E'en he wha bows, his bread to seek,
Some dear love-lesson learns,
And feels his kindred spirit speak—
We're a' ae mither's bairns.

This warld o' ours has fruits and flowers,
And weel we a' wad fend
Gin a' our intellectual powers
Were pointed to the end.
Yet though we a' may frown or fret,
We haena got our ser'ns,
We'll a' be better brithers yet,
And mair obedient bairns.

We're subjects a' to this and that,
Sae differs our degree,—
The baby-prince and beggar-brat
Were made like you and me.
Necessity's eternal law,
Our weal or woe concerns ;
Though born in hovel, hut, or ha',
We're a' ae mither's bairns.

The stamp o' man is in the deed
And principle within,
And no the country, class, or creed,
Or colour o' the skin.
From one eternal source we came,
As glorious truth descerns,
Then let's be brithers a' the same,
Ae mither's kindly bairns.

MY BONNIE WEE BAIRN.

My ain gentle floweret has faded awa',
The fairest, the sweetest, the pride o' them a',
An' gane to the grave whaur the green grass is growin',
To lie i' the mools like a pale wither'd gowan,
To bloom never mair, though my bosom may yearn
To kiss her and bliss her, my bonnie wee bairn.

A' hope's brightest fancies are surest to fa',
An' earth's fairest flowers are the first ta'en awa',
They come but to bloom for a wee and depart,
Just whan they hae twined a' their sweets roun' the heart,
An' a love-lesson breathed for the livin' to learn—
Oh chide nae my tears for my bonnie wee bairn.

Sae pure was the blink o' my Jessie's blue e'e,
'Twas like a bricht star in its love-licht to see,
An' cuist a sweet spell ower ilk bosom sae leal,
A spell that nae heart like a mither's can feel;
An' a' her wee wants were my deepest concern,
For the flower o' the flock was my bonnie wee bairn.

I doatit upon her, sae gentle was she,
An' dreamt she was born for a blessin' to me;
But dootit me aye she was oot o' her place,
A wee cherub sent but to gie us some grace,
An' to saften some hearts that were growin' like airn,
For an angel on earth was my bonnie wee bairn.

She cam' i' the summer, her bloomin' was brief,
For she faded an' fell i' the fa' o' the leaf,
Just like a wee rose o' the woodlands hersel',
Or ane o' the daisies that grow in the dell,
Ower fair to bide wi' us, as a' could discern,
Nae wonner I greet for my bonnie wee bairn.

Oh gin there's a hame whar we a' meet again,
Ilk kindred departed, an' kind wi' their ain,
I'll soothe an' console me wi' hope on the way,
To meet wi' my ain darlin' Jessie some day,
In the land o' the leal, whar the virtuous earn
The blessin's o' love like my bonnie wee bairn.

THOMAS DUNLOP.

MOST of our readers will be familiar with the sacred lyrics in the collections of various religious denominations bearing the name of Thomas Dunlop. They are instinct with a beautiful, devout spirit, a richly poetical and highly cultured mind. Such hymns as "I will not let Thee go," and "When

Heart and Flesh are Failing," appeal to the holiest emotions, and have comforted many hearts in their life-pilgrimage.

The Rev. Thomas Dunlop was born at Kilmarnock in 1839. He studied at Edinburgh University, and was minister of the United Presbyterian Church, Balfron, Stirlingshire, for three or four years. For about the same space he acted as co-pastor with Dr Peddie, of Bristo Church, Edinburgh, and at present he is the minister of Emmanuel Congregational Church, Bootle, near Liverpool. Mr Dunlop is a man of high culture and many accomplishments, and his sermons give evidence of scholarship, literary culture, and a mind essentially of a poetic type. He has been a frequent contributor in prose and verse to various magazines and newspapers, and several of his productions have appeared in the *Christian Leader* (Glasgow), one of the best conducted and most successful of our weekly records of "religious thought and work." Amongst his longer poems of special merit we might mention "Little Nelly Nobody," "Ourisk's Awa," and "John Tamson's Bairns." These have on several occasions been printed separately, and are deservedly popular.

As a poet, his productions teem with beauty, gracefulness, and rich imagery. While the devout reader finds much that will correspond with the fondest aspirations of the heart, those of the nature of character-sketches and of a domestic turn show a keen appreciation of homely enjoyments, and a thorough knowledge of the "hamely Doric." They are so choice and perfect as to be worthy of a permanent place in poetic literature.

He was highly appreciated by the late Dr John Brown, and we quote the following verses from a beautiful and tender "In Memoriam," by Mr Dunlop, in the *U.P. Magazine*:—

Every bright day doth hasten to its ending,
And every blessing to its Source on high ;
For a brief while upon our steps attending,
The wise men hurry on and pass us by.
We know not what the good are till they die,
Nor know the benediction God is sending,
Till the soul-slumber and the waking dream are o'er,
And we behold the servant's radiant face no more.

Brightest of all the goodly race before him,
Of all his worthy sires most worthy he,
Whom Genius loved, and cast her mantle o'er him,
Whom from a child Faith nurtured on her knee.
Pure Wisdom, Wit, and (richest of the three)
Kind Humour, everywhere on earth deplore him—
Gentle, devout John Brown, droll wizard of the pen,
The son of mirth and tears, the friend of dogs and men !

He walked life's way like shadow softly stealing,
With the glad Muses ever hovering by,
Who could not help their secret things revealing
Whilst he, their loved interpreter, was nigh,
With mystic pen and seer's far-piercing eye ;
Deep in his heart the subtle craft concealing
Of serving sacred Truth with Fancy's drollest wiles,
Melting the soul to tears, and turning these to smiles.

THE WEE BURN.

Bonnie wee bit wimplin' burnie,
Warstlin' thro' amang the stanes,
Whumlin' owre at ilka turnie,
Nane the waur for a' thy pains ;
Like a' young things fu' o' daffin',
Loupin', rowin' doun the brae,—
Bouncin' brawly, greetin', laughin',
Changefu' like sae mony mae.

How my heart rins doun beside thee,
Brisk like thine, and fu' o' glee !
A' that ever may betide thee
Like a trusty freen' to pree,—
Whiles wi' ready tongue gib-gabbin',
Rantin' rowdily alang ;
Whiles in secret slowly sabbin'
Sorrow's langsyne lanely sang.

Braes a' white wi' saintly gowan,
Lace o' bonnie birken tree,
Broom wi' yellow fire a' lowin',
Haud their charms for thee and me,—

Linties wi' their rustic rhymin'
Lead thee doun the hawthorn dell,
Fairy-like the'while are chimin'
Hyacinth and heather-bell.

Whaur the buttercup sae glossy
Keps the dew's fresh-fallen tears,—
Whaur on dreepin' banks and mossy
Grasses rise like swords and spears ;—
Whaur wee minnows, unco happy,
On thy sunny bosom shine,—
And the laverock drinks its drappie
O' the best o' heaven-brewn wine.

Ower the linn I see thee linkin'
Like an arrow frae the bow,—
Yonder sits an auld man thinkin',
On a whin stane doun below ;—
And a hare frae hunter fleein',
'Mang the bracken hirples thro',
Stains thee wi' its bluid, and deein',
For the last time weets its mou'.

Whan the slow wings o' the gloamin'
Spread their saftness roun' an' roun',
Up the glen twa lovers roamin'
Hear thy sang an' settle doun ;—
On a tree stump sit thegither—
He is strong, and she is fair ;
O how fain wi' ane anither,—
And it may be nevermair !

Blythe wee burnie ! auld creation
May nae aulder be than thou ;
And the latest generation
Still may see thee on this knowe !
Mony queer auld-fashioned bodies,
Worshippin' the sun and mune,
Here hae met to wash their duddies,
Or to paint their freckled skin.

Mony Hielan' raids for thievin'
Back an' fore hae passed thee by ;
Thou their mou's and cloots relievin —
Puir wee lambs and muckle kye.
Aft the clans hae made thee muddy
Wi' their fechtin' micht an' main ;
Aften ran thy waters ruddy
Wi' the life's bluid o' the slain !

Thou hast lang since left behind thee
Thae unhappy graceless days,
And in thankfu' peace we find thee
Bubblin' doun the same auld braes ;—

Bairn o' some heath-covered fountain,
Nursling o' the cloud and breeze,
Fondled by the mist-clad mountain,
Dandled on its rocky knees!

See! how sturdy now thou boundest
On by yonder mossy wheel,
Whaur wi' groanin' mill thou soundest
Like a very thunder-peal,—
While the miller's deft wee doggie
Rows upon the bank sae green,
And his wean wi' parritch coggie
Keps thy jaups, wi' glowerin' een.

On thou flow'st, for gentle, simple,
Close by mony a hoose an' ha',—
By the clachan inn dost wimple,
By the kirkyard's broken wa';—
On till in the silent river
(Death's cauld flood we a' maun feel)
Thy sweet sang is hushed forever,—
Blythe wee burnie, fare-thee-weel!

MAMMA'S APOSTROPHE TO BABY.

Ah! my blue-eyed baby-boy!
Tiny fount of tears and joy,
Whither art thou tending?
Whither go thy dainty feet?
Here thy heart began to beat—
Where will it be ending?

Oft my foolish heart will quake
Lest the world should thee forsake
Or forget to love thee;—
Peace, O peace! for this I know,
Still thou hast, where'er thou go,
God and heaven above thee!

Come, my ruby cup of wine!
Put thy pretty lips to mine,
Feast me with thy kisses!
Ne'er were they so sweet before;
Now I know, yea, know far more
What an angel's bliss is!

Sheltered from a thousand harms,
In the silk of thy soft arms
Sweetly, safely folden,—
Better shielded then am I
Though ten legions from the sky
Round me were beholden!

Merry stars are in thine eyes,
Music in thy sorrow's cries,
Piercing me like lances,—
Agony all full of joy!
O my brightest baby-boy,
Kill me with thy glances!

Happy, happy little thing!
All a cherub save the wing,
What hast thou with sorrow?
Trusting God will ever be
Kind each day to thee and me,
Kinder each to-morrow!

I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

Jesus, I cannot, will not let Thee go,
I love Thee so;
Far less Thy love will ever suffer Thee
To part with me.

I know Thou lovest me, but cannot tell
How long, how well;
And all the love that fills this heart of mine
Is drawn from Thine.

I feel no sorrow, and I fear no fear
When Thou art near;
And all my sinful feelings droop and die
Beneath Thine eye.

O let my weary head sink down to rest
Upon thy breast;
And let me drink in flowing words my fill
Of Thy sweet will.

Thou hast Thy dear self of the pain I bear
The largest share;
My sorest agony is very bliss
When I think of this.

When my weak spirit cannot rise in song,
O make me strong!
And when uneasy murmurings will not cease,
O whisper peace!

Upon Thy bosom leaning, let me there
Lose all my care;
And gazing on Thy glory let me be
Made like to Thee.

O love of Christ! that I can never know,
Nor yet let go;
With thee all sorrow from my life is driven,
And death is heaven!

A REVERIE OF THE BEREAVED.*

It was soon told, the child's own simple story—
'Twas hardly yet begun till it was ended;
And from this gloomy vale to heights of glory
The softly-falling footsteps had ascended;
What wondrous power with weakness here was blended!
No sainted prophet, heaven-inspired and hoary,
Laden with some deep secret from the Lord to tell,
E'er had so much to say, or said it half so well!

Panting, we press the little feet before us,
Led by a way we never should have taken—
Light from the better country breaking o'er us,
And the old world we seem to have forsaken;
The meanwhile in our weary hearts awaken
Strange echoes of the old angelic chorus,
When from the Father came a Child of peace to men,
As if it had revived when one returned again.

Yet for our child how can we cease repining?
More than he brought he took when he was dying—
From the bright sun he took the golden shining
And beauty from the green earth underlying,
And freshness where the open breeze was flying;
Wherever light and love were intertwining
There came o'er all earth's blessed things a cold eclipse
When the soul passed the marble portals of his lips.

We could believe, in one so frail and tender,
A true Omnipotence was calmly sleeping,
The universal Maker and Defender
Who holds all creatures in his all-wise keeping;
He dwelt in one scarce old enough for weeping,
And when we tried our poor vain help to render,
The sweet child-eye gave answer, and it seemed to be:
Ye do it unto "one of these," and unto Me!

Oft of the future we were fondly dreaming,—
All trials—we, for his dear sake could bear them;
And when he rose where Fame's high goal is gleaming,
His honours, too—we humbly hoped to share them:—
The dreams are past and gone, and we can spare them;
There is a land where life needs no redeeming
From errors of the child, and from the parent's pain,
And where the hope of loving hearts doth never wane.

But oh! we could have kept him still beside us,
A happy angel at our fireside playing;
We recked not what the future might betide us
While he his soft cheek close to ours was laying,
With babbling lips some kindly thing was saying,
Or stretched his hand to fondle or to guide us!
O God! he made us know how loving Thou must be,
And now we find and follow him in seeking Thee!

GEORGE PATERSON.

THE truth of the saying that intellectual work, like virtue, is its own reward is shown in the stream of anonymous poetry and prose that is constantly issuing from the periodical press. Without attempting to

> "Climb the steep
> Where Fame's proud temple shines afar,"

such fugitive writers find their efforts at literary composition profitable, if not in a material sense, in the more ennobling one of intellectual riches. The subject of these lines has been a frequent contributor to magazines and newspapers for over twenty years, and yet, if we except a poem which gained the first prize in the *People's Journal* competition of 1868, we are not aware of his ever appending his name to one of his productions.

George Paterson was born in the village of Meigle, Perthshire, in 1843, whence he early removed to Dundee. He was for a number of years a teacher under the late well-known Mr Hamilton, but afterwards gave up the teaching profession and entered a merchant's office, where he has steadily risen until he now occupies the position of confidential clerk to an important firm in Dundee. His earliest poetical productions appeared in the *Dundee Telegraph*, under the signature of "Naportes," which he shortly afterwards changed to the letters long familiar to many readers of the *People's Journal* and *People's Friend*, namely, "G. P. D." Shortly after the commencement of the *People's Friend*, he wrote for that magazine a short series of papers entitled "Sermons from Shakespeare," which showed the writer's capacity in other than poetical compositions. His writings to the *Friend*, which have been continued at intervals up to a recent date, have consisted of poetry, and critical and biographical essays, all of them display-

ing a mind of high intellectual cultivation, and were they collected would of themselves fill a goodly volume. Besides appearing in the publications named, Mr Paterson's poetry has found insertion in the pages of *Chambers's Journal* and also in *Cassell's Magazine*, the latter, in one instance, bestowing upon him the honour of a full-page engraving, illustrative of his poem.

Although of a retiring disposition he has had the good fortune to number among his friends several gentlemen distinguished in literature, among whom we may mention Thomas Aird and George Gilfillan. At the house of the latter he was for years a frequent and welcome visitor, and with Mr Gilfillan he spent many a memorable evening, both as a listener to and a participator in the rich and overflowing vein of conversation which emanated from the eloquent lips of the author of the "Literary Portraits." In a letter before us Thomas Aird thus writes of Paterson to a literary friend:—"With that loyal enthusiasm which is one of the great dynamics he has a peculiar insight and discrimination of his own. It is really very pleasant to me to find myself *en rapport* with another fresh young head and heart coming up above the horizon as I am westering down."

Mr Paterson's poetry may be compared to Gray's or Parnell's, rather than to that of Burns and his his followers, and appeals perhaps as much to the intellectual as the sentimental. Yet, while Nature in her varying moods has found in him a responsive voice, the crystalisation of "common thought," so far as relates to social life, has ever received at his hand beautiful expression. Assiduity in the discharge of his business duties of late absorbed so much of his time and attention as to restrict the outcome of his pen. What he has done in the past, however, entitles him to an honourable place in the Valhalla of poets.

OUR MARY.

When October ruled the year,
Cloudy skies and forests sere ;
All the forest singers fled,
All the summer roses dead,
Came a little stranger then,
Brought our sunshine back again ;
Came our chastened hearts to cheer,
Making summer all the year.

To our hearts her presence brings,
Rustling as of angel wings,
Singing songs before unsung,
Music in an unknown tongue ;
Sweeter than all flowers of Spring,
In her tender blossoming ;
Bright as dawn on Summer's brow—
What were home without her now ?

Home was never half so fair,
Till our maiden nestled there ;
Love is stronger for her sake,
Threefold cord that cannot break ;
And though quick tears oft surprise
Rosy cheeks and hazel eyes,
Mild the April mood and brief—
What can childhood know of grief ?

Laughing loudly, clapping hands,
At the doorway there she stands,
Peering out into the street,
First my homeward way to greet,
Patter, patter, little feet ;
Chatter, chatter, lips so sweet ;
Flitting like a little fairy—
What were home without thee, Mary ?

Much I ponder, fain to know
Unto what thy life shall grow ;
Hoping, fearing, day by day
What shall hap thee by the way.
This I know, whatever fate,
On thy future steps shall wait,
He will keep thee best who can—
God will keep thee, little one.

BY A POET'S GRAVE.

The Spring has come and gone,
Yet silent sleeps he on,
His poet heart unstirr'd
By leaf or song of bird.

Though daisies dot the lea,
And blossoms crowd the tree ;
Though earth, responsive all
Awakes from Winter's thrall
To find restored what Autumn had decay'd
No Spring-tide reaches where the dead are laid.

The Summer calls in vain,
Not here he wakes again ;
The South wind's balmy breath
Woos not the ear of Death.
Not all the wealth of flowers,
Not all the sunlit hours,
Making earth glorious,
Can bring him back to us.
And for his sake but half is ours, I ween,
Of Summer's gladness and its golden sheen,

Then, pensive, Autumn come
With woodlands bleak and dumb,
When garnered are thy sheaves,
And shed thy flowers and leaves—
Come vailed his grave to greet,
Who, laid at Nature's feet,
Had listened rapt and long
To learn her matchless song.
Come wail him Autumn winds ; and weeping skies
Moisten the sod where our dead darling lies.

Yet let him sleep, nor rave,
The boon we idly crave
That he might live again
In mortal strife and pain,
Though joy to us it brought,
For him were dearly bought.—
Then let him sleep, great heart,
Since but the grosser part
To dust is given, and where his spirit wakes
The dawn of Heaven's eternal Summer breaks.

And though his sun be set
For us, a glory yet
Beams on us through our tears
That—all the after-years
A light and guide will be—
A hallowed memory.
He liveth still—above,
And lives he in our love ;
And though, alas, the cold grave lies between,
That love will keep his grave for ever green.

TWILIGHT.

The twilight reigns, but not such eve serene
That summer gives to grateful solitude—
Twilight that is of day, divinest mood,
Voiceful of things eternal and unseen—
Ah, not this eve, cheerless as day hath been
—And only than the coming night, less dark.
No voice I hear but restive house-dog's bark,
And from the woods no song of bird, I ween
Save fitful dove's, its parted mate that grieves.
I seek in vain for star that never shines
To guide my darkening path across the lea;
While raindrops patter on the withering leaves,
And wild winds moan amid the neighbouring pines
Like inland echoes of the fretful sea.

THE SWALLOWS.

The swallows twitter in the crowded eaves
And fill the twilight with a quiet glee
Which best befits the hour—dearer to me
Than song of lark as heaven he proudly cleaves,
Or blackbird, lost in summer's wealth of leaves—
Each is a winged thought—glad memories
Bringing of sunny lands and halcyon seas:
My spirit listens, rapt, yet inly grieves
How brief the pleasure that their presence brings.
Since summer-given with summer they depart;
And such as these are all earth's pleasant things—
Fame, riches, friends—the swallows of the heart;
Yet pleased I listen on, though pensive still,
And of the present gladness drink my fill.

PETER CARMICHAEL.

THE forefathers of the subject of the present sketch were the owners of an estate called "The Wicks of Beglay," parish of Dron, near Perth, which was confiscated after the defeat of Prince Charlie, for the Laird's adherence to the Jacobite cause. The owner, James Carmichael, had to flee to France, where his descendants still remain. Our

poet's grandfather being a mere boy when the property was reft from the family, he was left alone to his own resources, and was apprenticed to a shoemaker at Perth. In after life he went to Kirkfieldbank, on the Clyde, and built a property there. The author of the following verses was born at the latter place in 1807. His father was a shoemaker, and when ten years of age Peter was working during the day at the "last," and attending school at night. This he continued to do for many years. He has ever had a passionate fondness for music and flowers, which he has studied deeply, and in 1861 he published a book entitled "The Principles of Music Simplified." This work is still sold by the publisher, Mr Hamilton, Bath Street, Glasgow.

At the opening of the Caledonian Railway, Mr Carmichael was appointed stationmaster at Braidwood. He has been in the employment of the Company for more than thirty-six years. During the last sixteen of these years he has acted as stationmaster at Douglas. It is interesting to be able to add that a large gathering of relatives met at the residence of Mr and Mrs Carmichael in 1879, and celebrated their golden wedding. Both are still hale and hearty, and we learn that our poet is preparing a selection of his numerous poems for publication in book form. He is not only esteemed as a railway official and for his private worth, but he is widely known as a thoughtful unpretending poet. His verses give evidence of ripe judgment, an amicable heart, and expansive sympathies.

LAMENT ON THE DESECRATION OF SCOTTISH ANTIQUITIES.

Scotland ! famed in martial story,
Where are now thy ancient towers?
Landmarks of departed glory,
Blaz'ning forth thy pristine powers :
Once, alas ! by foes o'erthrown,
Now by ivy overgrown.

Yet these crumbling mounds will chime,
With old Scotia's deathless story,
Down the corridors of time,
Telling of her battles gory;
When our sires, with sword and shield,
Triumphed on her battle field.

Still I love these crumbling walls—
Scenes of many a valiant fray,
When on towers and castle halls
Waved old Scotia's banners gay;
Though in ruins, still they tell
Where our heroes fought or fell.

Ancient bards, long, long ago,
Sang of forts o'er hill and glen,
Watchtowers high in sunset glow—
Now erased from mortal ken—
Ere those Gothic piles were torn,
Modern mansions to adorn.

Bigotry, thy barb'rous brand
Has laid many a relic low—
Monuments, cathedrals grand—
Now beneath the sceptre bow;
Yet such vile delusions prove
Their contempt to peace and love.

Scotland, wake thy ancient lyre,
Bid these rude despoilers stay;
Curb that sacrilegious ire,
Spare, oh spare, our ruins gray;
Yet no frantic foe shall ever
Scotia's name and fame dissever.

POESY.

O, what would earth be without music and flowers,
And where life's great drama without light and shade,
But slow its pulsations, and languid its powers,
Had heaven-born poesy not lent her aid.
See Virgil and Dante, and Milton's rapt lays,
Pourtraying the life-thoughts of ages now gone,
While Shakespeare the dark deeds of envy displays,
Which but for his lyre would to us be unknown.

But the muse never dies—see our Hogg, Scott, and Burns,
While our modern poets their echoes prolong,
Extolling the patriots whom old Scotia mourns,
Enshrined in the depths of our national song.
True poesy lives in sincere grateful love,
The essence of thought smiles reflecting o'er earth,
Which thrills every true heart with ardour to prove,
By dignified lives, their proud lineage and worth.

Now, in fancy, we view, like a speck o'er the wave,
The barques of our sires as they sped to our shore,
Impulsive for freedom, strong, gallant, and brave,
To plant on our mountains the standard they bore.
But where are the minstrels who sang with devotion,
Their struggles for freedom with kilt and claymore?
They live on our hearts and inspire with emotion
The songs which gave birth to our old Scottish lore.

And now, though the banner of peace flutters o'er us,
Let no false illusions our fond bosoms daunt;
For, though all seems calm, there's a mission before us—
To banish hypocrisy, falsehood, and cant.
Ah, then, let the poets of Scotland unite,
Inspired with that zeal which no power can remove,
To crush every faction which hinders the light,
And burst every barrier to freedom and love.

REV. JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS, M.A.,

WAS born at Edinburgh in 1823, and in virtue of his father being a burgess of the city he was educated in George Heriot's Hospital. He was a very quiet, studious boy, and by the time he was about twelve years of age had reached the highest class, in which he stood *third*. He and the two boys above him having, long before the usual period, reached the limits of education prescribed by the rules, were sent by the Governors to attend the Rector's Class at the High School. He was very proficient in English, Latin, Greek, and Mathematics—always more fond of reading and study than of play. He early manifested a deep, earnest piety, and his thoughts and feelings were soon turned towards the Christian ministry.

In 1837 he was sent to college as a bursar from Heriot's Hospital, and attended the lectures of Professor Wilson. Under the powerful teaching of "Christopher North," there was awakened in him

that deep thought and poetic feeling which shone throughout the rest of his life. In 1841 he entered the Theological Hall, where he enjoyed the teachings of those two eminent men—Dr Welsh and Dr Chalmers. He became an object of special regard to Dr Chalmers during his course at the Hall, in consequence of an essay he wrote on "The Relations between Geology and Religion," which obtained the Doctor's warmest admiration.

When the Disruption took place Mr Burns cast in his lot with the Free Church. Towards the end of his final session, in 1845, he was greatly surprised by being sent for one Saturday morning by Dr Chalmers, who told him that the congregation at Dunblane, being unable to meet with a minister, had applied for some one to supply their pulpit, and that he had fixed upon him. As he was to officiate next day, he had to leave immediately. The result was that he so commended himself to the congregation that he was soon settled among them. He was ordained in August of that year, "and from the time of his ordination his spirit arose buoyant, as with his whole heart he entered into his work." He laboured with much acceptance. Mr Burns had only been little more than twelve months in Dunblane, however, when those symptoms manifested themselves which had so powerful an influence over his future career. He found that unless his labours were lightened he would soon be laid aside altogether. In 1847 he spent a few weeks at the English lakes to recruit himself—revelling in the scenery and associations of Grassmere, the former residence of Wordsworth and De Quincey. About this time he was invited by the Colonial Committee of the Free Church to take charge of the congregation at Madeira. On the urgent recommendation of his medical advisers he accepted the invitation. Soon after his arrival he found he was able to preach

twice every Sabbath without feeling any injurious effects. During his residence here he had many opportunities of ministering to the comfort and consolation of poor invalids who, like himself, had been forced to seek temporary relief from suffering in that warm and genial climate. He returned home next summer, but only to resign his much-loved charge at Dunblane — the state of his health not permitting him to continue in Scotland. He was appointed to the charge of the Presbyterian Church at Funchal, Madeira, and carried on his ministrations there, almost without interruption, for the next five years. Before returning to Britain in 1853, he made a tour through Spain and Italy, the records of which were expanded into a goodly-sized MS. volume, which, however, was not published. After a few months' ministration at Brighton and at Jersey, he accepted the call presented to him by the Presbyterian Church of Hampstead, near London. In this quiet sphere he laboured for eight years, with much acceptance to a devoted flock. In 1864 his rapidly failing health compelled him once more to seek a milder climate, and he proceded to Mentone on the Mediterranean, where, after a short sojourn in Switzerland, he returned, but it was evident that he was dying. On the night of Sabbath, 27th Nov., 1864, he gently breathed his last.

Mr Burns seemed to live and breathe in an atmosphere of poetry. He looked with a true poet's heart and eye upon all nature, and none of his poems are more characteristic of his genius than those in which some beautiful aspect of nature is delineated.

In 1854 he published a volume of poems, "The Vision of Prophecy, and other Poems" (Nisbet & Co.). He afterwards published two small volumes of meditations and devotional poetry entitled "The Heavenly Jerusalem, or Glimpses within the Gate," and "The Evening Hymn" (Nelson). Several of

his hymns are also to be found among those in use in our churches, all breathing the deepest spirituality of thought and feeling.

THE DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

Acts xii.

The Apostle slept,—a light shone in the prison,—
An angel touched his side,
"Arise," he said, and quickly he hath risen,
His fettered arms untied.

The watchers saw no light at midnight gleaming,—
They heard no sound of feet;
The gates fly open, and the saint, still dreaming,
Stands free upon the street.

So when the Christian's eyelid droops and closes
In Nature's parting strife,
A friendly angel stands where he reposes
To wake him up to life.

He gives a gentle blow, and so releases
The spirit from its clay;
From sin's temptations, and from life's distresses,
He bids it come away.

It rises up, and from its darksome mansion
It takes its silent flight,
And feels its freedom in the large expansion
Of heavenly air and light.

Behind, it hears Time's iron gates close faintly,—
It is now far from them,
For it has reached the city of the saintly,
The New Jerusalem.

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he is gone where the redeemed are keeping
A festival above.

The mourners throng the ways, and from the steeple
The funeral bell tolls slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro;

And saying as they meet, "Rejoice! another
Long waited for is come;
The Saviour's heart is glad; a younger brother
Hath reached the Father's home!"

HUMILITY.

O ! learn that it is only by the lowly
The path of peace is trod :
If thou would'st keep thy garments white and holy,
Walk humbly with thy God.

The man with earthly wisdom high uplifted
Is in God's sight a fool ;
But he in heavenly truth most deeply gifted,
Sits lowest in Christ's school.

The lowly spirit God hath consecrated
As his abiding rest ;
And angels by some patriarch's tent have waited,
When kings had no such guest.

The dew that never wets the flinty mountain
Falls in the valleys free ;
Bright verdure fringes the small desert fountain,
But barren sand the sea.

Not in the stately oak the fragrance dwelleth,
Which charms the general wood ;
But in the violet low, whose sweetness telleth
Its unseen neighbourhood.

The Censer, swung by the proud hand of merit,
Fumes with a fire abhorred ;
But Faith's two mites, dropped covertly, inherit
A blessing from the Lord.

Round lowliness a gentle radiance hovers,
A sweet unconscious grace,
Which even in shrinking, evermore discovers
The brightness on its face.

Where God abides, contentment is and honour,
Such guerdon meekness knows ;
His peace within her, and His smile upon her,
Her saintly way she goes,

Through the straight gate of life she passes stooping,
With sandals on her feet ;
And pure-eyed graces, hand-in-hand, come trooping,
Their sister fair to greet.

The angels bind their eyes upon her goings,
And guard her from annoy :
Heaven fills her heart with silent overflowings
Of its perennial joy.

The Savious loves her, for she wears the vesture
With which He walked on earth ;
And through her child-like glance, and step, and gesture,
He knows her heavenly birth.

He now beholds this seal of glory graven
On all whom He redeems,
And in his own bright city, crystal-paven,
On every brow it gleams.

The white-robbed saints, the throne-steps singing under,
Their state all meekly wear ;
Their praise wells up from hidden springs of wonder
That grace has brought them there.

THE BIRD AND THE BEE.

The Bird is your true Poet. I have seen him
When the snow wrapped his seeds, and not a crumb
Was in his larder, perch upon a branch,
And sing from his brave heart a song of trust
In Providence, who feeds him though he sows not,
Nor gathers into barns. Whate'er his fears
Or sorrows be, his spirit bears him up.
Cares ne'er o'ermaster him, for 'tis his wont
To stifle them with music. Out of sight
He buries them in the depth of his sweet song,
And gives them a melodious sepulture.
He teaches me philosophy,—yea, more,
He leads me up to Faith.

Your busy Bee
No favourite is of mine. There is no music
In that monotonous hum. To me it seems
A trumpet, which the little Pharisee
Sounds, that the common people of the field
May well regard his industry, and mark
How he improves the sunshine. Even the song
Dies with the flowers ; for when the dreary days
Of winter come, he folds his wing to lie
In his luxurious halls, and there amidst
His magazines of daintiest food, and vaults
Brimming with luscious amber-coloured wine,
The spiritless sluggard dreams away his hours ;
Or if he wake, 'tis but to gorge himself
In solitude with the rich cloying fare
Of an exclusive feast. His hospitality
No stranger ever shares. Heedless he sees
His mates of summer droop and starve before
His frozen gates. He revels deep within ;
Without they die ; yet the small misanthrope
Shall guard his treasures with a surly sting !

THE JARDIM DA SERRA, MADEIRA.

(GARDEN OF THE MOUNTAIN.)

Sweet fold of the mountains ! when first from the height,
I saw thy deep forests all flooded with light,
So bright and so sudden thy loveliness smiled
That it seemed by enchantment to bloom in the wild.

Thy clouds of soft umbrage lay witchingly fair
In the clear mellow depth of that crystalline air ;
And through trees interlacing stretched many a glade,
Where the sunlight fell chequered by masses of shade.

From the rich flush of garden and woodland, the eye
Roamed up to blue ridges cut sharp in the sky,
And a brook flowed deep sunken through thickets of green
With a murmur that pensively blent with the scene.

I lingered till sunset bathed all in its glow,
And the soft stealing shadow crept up from below,
And a lone bird was warbling its latest farewell
As the star of the gloaming rose over the dell.

Fair valley ! sleep on in the mountains' embrace,—
Thine image no time from the heart will efface ;
For I hang the bright picture on Memory's wall,
And the sweet fleeting vision a wish can recall.

Yet not amid softness and peace such as thine,
Would I dream that true happiness e'er could be mine—
Not here could the choice on myself be bestowed,
Not on earth's fairest spot would I fix my abode.

The grace and the beauty which round him may smile,
The heart of the pilgrim may sometimes beguile,—
He may linger a moment, may say it is fair,
But it is not his home—his rest is not there !

JAMES DODDS.

WE are indebted for the following particulars of the career of this poet to the "Memoir" published in his "Lays of the Covenanters," edited by his cousin, the Rev. James Dodds, of Dunbar,

and also to a "Memoir" written by one of his oldest friends, Mr William Brockie.

James Dodds was born in 1813, at Softlaw, parish of Sproustan, near Kelso. Losing his father when he was a mere child, he was reared under the care of his mother. But the person who exercised most influence on his youth, and whom he always regarded with unbounded veneration, was his grandfather, under whose roof he and his mother lived during his earliest years. Although only a ploughman he had had a good education, and was remarkably intelligent and thoughtful—a man of decided piety—one of the finest specimens of a class of worthies in humble life for which Scotland was famous. James often spoke of him in after years as "a grand old man, a veritable patriarch, an Abraham among his people." Trained under such influences, James early began to show an intelligence of a high order. He went, when about eight years of age, to reside near Mertoun with an uncle—the village blacksmith, a shrewd sensible man. James was sent to the parish school of Mertoun, and there showed his aptitude for learning in an eminent degree. He had a very retentive memory, and was soon able to compete in the Latin class with boys many years his senior. Here an extraordinary episode in his life occurred, which caused no little anxiety to his friends. He ran away from school when only eleven years of age, and walked to Edinburgh—a distance of about forty miles. He had some grand ideas of his own abilities as a writer, and thought to make his way as an author! He was found by a young woman wandering about the streets in a forlorn and starving condition. She had compassion on him, and took him to her abode, where she kept him some days, when he was accidentally met by a school-fellow, and duly restored to his family. In 1828 he went to Edinburgh to prosecute his studies at the University. He was far

advanced in his knowledge of Greek and Latin, and his literary information was surprising for one so young. But he was deficient in other things. Method and system were unknown to him, and he was impulsive. At the same time he was essentially kind and good-natured, and there was a child-like simplicity about him that gave a peculiar charm to his character. He became a member of a debating society composed chiefly of students from Dumfries and Galloway, and soon took a leading part in the debates. His acuteness and reasoning powers were as remarkable as his fluency and vigour. His oratorical power was admired by all who heard him. It was remarked of him that "his eloquence was quite unique, and far surpassed that of any other student of his day."

Unfortunately about this time he "differed" with his chief patron, the late Jas. Innes, Esq. of Broomlands, factor to the Duke of Roxburgh. This was the beginning of a sad chapter in his career. Thrown on his own resources, he sought in vain for employment as a tutor in Edinburgh, and poverty in its direst form stared him in the face. He left Edinburgh, resolved on going to England. With only three shillings in his pocket he began his journey on foot, and arrived at Newcastle in a state of great destitution and misery. Having imbibed a strong taste for the stage he joined a company of strolling players. He became the low comedian of the company, remaining with them about nine months. But their gains were so small during this period that it was with the greatest difficulty he obtained even the common necessaries of life. In the midst of his misery he was taken in hand by the Rev. Mr Kell, of Kelso, and his wife, who were in Newcastle at the time. Mrs Kell fairly melted him by her kindness, and persuaded him to give up at once the miserable line of life he had been following. She took him

home to her own house, and treated him like a mother. For some time after this he kept a school in the parish of Smailholm, near Kelso.

In 1831, though only eighteen years of age, such was his reputation that he was employed to edit a volume of sermons by the Rev. Robert Hall, of Kelso, and to prefix a biographical sketch of the author—a task he accomplished with considerable taste. After spending some time at Smailholm, he made up his mind to follow the profession of the law as best suited to his talents and aims in life. He accordingly, in 1836, bound himself for five years to Mr Scott, solicitor at Abbotsmeadow, near Melrose. Long before his engagement had expired he was employed to draw out important documents for the courts. Shortly after the expiry of his apprenticeship he went to Edinburgh, where he soon obtained employment.

About the year 1844 he began to study the history of the Scottish covenanters, and from that time up to 1847 the "Lays of the Covenanters," all possessing high merit, were contributed by Mr Dodds to the *Free Church Magazine* and to *Lowe's Edinburgh Magazine*. These, though published anonymously, attracted a good deal of attention. They breathe a fine spirit of poetry, piety, and patriotism.

Towards the close of 1846 he removed to London, where he commenced practice as a parliamentary agent. At this period he contributed a series of remarkable letters to the *Dumfries Courier*, under the title of "London Echoes," the editor, John M'Diarmid, being one of his most esteemed friends. He was chiefly instrumental in carrying to a successful issue "The Great Morgan Will Case," by which the inhabitants of Dundee succeeded in obtaining the "Boys' Hospital" which now adorns that town.

From the time he was about eight years of age, he exhibited a poetic mind, and frequently gave vent

to his feelings in deep poetic strains. His lectures and speeches were always stirring and eloquent. In 1861 he published "The Fifty Years' Struggle of the Scottish Covenanters—1638-1688," which was very favourably received. In 1870 he published "Thomas Chalmers, a Biographical Study." Failing health beginning to tell upon him, he sought rest in a visit to Scotland. In the summer of 1874 his friend, Mr Thornton, solicitor, Dundee, invited him to pay him a visit to try the effect of perfect rest. He appeared to derive benefit from the change. On the afternoon of the 12th September, Mrs Dodds requiring to go to Edinburgh, he accompanied her to the station, and, after seeing her off, went to call upon the Rev. A. B. Connell, to whom he had a letter of introduction. He had almost reached the door, when he was seen to fall heavily, and expired before he could be carried into the house. He was a stranger to Mr Connell, and it was not until the latter observed the name on his watch, a presentation one, that he discovered who he was.

COLBRAND'S TOWER.

Cospatrick was the boldest knight
That ever weilded brand;
And he has left the Southern side
To dwell in Scottish land.
And in Dunbar he long has wonned,
In his castle on the sea,
With his bowmen sheen, and his lancemen keen,
A gallant companie!

Then tidings to Cospatrick came,
In his castle where he lay,
That an outlaw derned in Lammermoor
Kept the marches in dismay.

And many a careful husbandman
Awoke to an empty byre;
And many a merchant warmed his hands
By the blaze of his goods on fire!
And many a wailing mother cried—
"Had my daughter ne'er been born!"

And many a home made fatherless
Between the night and morn !

Cospatrick drew his mailed glove on—
"By Him who died on tree,
'Tis a shameful thing that we lie thus
And hear such miserie !
Saddle your horses, my gallant men,
And bring my stalwart brown—
We'll ride every inch of the Lammermoor,
But we'll ride these reivers down ! "

They rode away in the morning gray—
The cliffs with their coursers rang ;
And Bill and Bob and Dick and Hob
Their lances poised—and sang,—
"The lark he is a proper bird,
And sings the morning mass ;
But the raven sings the last lyke-wake,
When we are stretched on grass !
Then tol-de-rol,
Push round the bowl,
And each man toast his lass !"

And as they sang they better rode
By oak, by rock, and den ;
They rode every inch of the Lammermoor
Till they came to Colbrand's Glen !

And they were aware of a darksome tower,
Stood beetling o'er the steep ;
Then "by my sooth" Cospatrick cried,
"Tis here the robbers keep,
Yield up to me this darksome tower
And yield without delay,
And I will grant unto the band
Such mercy as I may !"

The outlaw looked from a turret high,
And a scornful laugh laughed he ;
"The keys of the tower at my girdle hang,—
Do your best for them and me !"

"What boots grace to a harden'd race,
Who know not mercy's call !
This is no fight, but a chase of blood,
And the doom's pronounced—*kill all !* "

The truest archers of all the south
Were of Cospatrick's train ;
And not a head through a hole could peep,
But an arrow licked the brain ;
The sharpest spearmen in Scottish land
Were of Cospatrick's host ;

And when a sally was made from the gates,
It was swept like leaves in frost,
Engines of force like levin smote,
Till bolts and lintels broke;
And kindled piles shot up in flames
And blew a sulph'rous smoke.

"Rather than die like scornfish'd gnats,
And not like foresters free
We'll fight it out, both stark and stout,
From rock, and pool, and tree."
And out they rushed by the postern gate,
To die like foresters free;
And they fought it out both stark and stout,
From rock, and pool, and tree.

Six hundred of the robbers there
Were slaughtered every one,
Eighty were hang'd on their own ash trees,
Looking ghastly in the sun.
They cut off the head of the outlaw chief,
To the king they brought the same;—
"Tis an eagle's feast, this bloody gift—
I love Cospatrick's game."

The king has written a broad decree,
Has sealed it with his seal,
That all the realm might understand
How he prized Cospatrick's zeal.

"I give to thee all Colbrand's land,
With the tower in the dark-wood glen,—
To keep the Merse and Lothian clear
Of thieves and lawless men,
Likewise a robber's bloody head,
Shall on thy arms be placed,
In terror to that serpent brood
Which lay my borders waste."

And he struck the table with his hand,
As he laid down the pen;—
"I'll be an axe to every rogue,
But a shield to honest men."

LOCH TROOL.

September winds are sighing
Through the loosening forest leaves;
And farmers home rejoicing,
Bear their latest golden sheaves;
With Autumn's gathered odours
Heaven's breath is honey-full;

And tho' but for a moment
Let me gaze on thee, Loch Trool.

Thou nursling of the mountains,
How their wrinkled faces bend
O'er the cradle of thy beauty,
Which with watchful looks they tend—
Through their folds of granite armour
How their mighty pulses beat—
To see a thing so lovely
Thus reposing at their feet.

As the fierce and battered warrior
Feels his sterner thoughts beguiled,
Whilst bending o'er his daughter,
She, his lovely, only child—
Whose youthful grace sheds splendour
On his rugged castle-walls,
And in his gloomy chamber
Like evening sunshine falls.

Thou nursling of the mountains—
What is human pomp to thine?
How far the gifts of Nature
All princely dowers outshine.
On the deep unfathomed caverns
Has thy lofty couch been hung;
By the winds in fitful accents
Has thy lullaby been sung.—
From the swelling breasts of Buchan—
From the strong spring of the Earth—
From the cloud-replenished fountains—
Has thou fed thee from thy birth;—
And the streams—thy maids of honour,
From the hills, so bold and free,
Rush dancing with the echoes,
In the madness of their glee.

In the bowers of sweet Eschonchan,
Where the fairies hide at noon,
And frisk in glade and islet
When merrily shines the moon.
In the bowers of sweet Eschonchan
Has thy magic robe been woven
Of silken birch and hawthorn,
And oak leaves finely cloven,
And sward of glossy velvet
And soft embroiding rose—
Where every fairest floweret,
To deck thy beauty grows.

Thus Galloway's Lord adorns thee;
And by his fond regard,

Pays homage to earth's sovereign,
Who made Loch Trool his ward.

Thou nursling of the mountains,
Far removed from haunt of men,—
Thou lead'st thy bright existence,
In the lone untrodden glen,
Where the eagle finds an eyry—
Where the bittern hymns at even,—
Where thy dark eye holds communion
With the circling host of heaven,—
In majesty thou liest,
And the outer world but knows
The fertilising river
Which from thy cradle flows ;
If I may mix my fancies
With thy waters as they roll,—
To me thou art an emblem
Of a pure and beauteous soul,
Which lives like peaceful hermit,
In nature's fulness blest ;
And seeks the outer world but when
By truth and duty pressed :—
Which keeps its eye exalted,
And dwells on noblest themes ;—
In whose great light life's pageants
Melt into idle dreams ;—
And when with—Nunc Dimittas,
To God's own presence brought,
Its outward sphere it changes,
But not its inward thought !

MA-OONA.

Verses written on the death, (on 27th Dec. 1858) of a most interesting child at the age of two years and three months. Her name, Margaret Susan, she pronounced "Ma-Oona." Having been born at Bridport—she was called the "Bridport Maid."

And can it be—thou darling child !
On whom two summers fondly smiled—
All our tender hopes beguiled—
Ma-Oona !

But lately how I danced and played
With thee—the laughing 'Bridport Maid'—
So young a flower, so soon to fade !—
Ma-Oona !

That morn when first I woke and heard
Thy voice ring like the mocking bird,
How were my inmost feelings stirred—
Ma-Oona !

With more than stranger's love I hung
Upon the prattle of that tongue—
So wise, so quaint in one so young—
Ma-Oona !

And each new day new charms bestowed—
Thy cheek with warmer radience glowed—
Thy words in fuller current flowed—
Ma-Oona !

Thy foot tripp'd lighter o'er the lawn,
All graceful as the sportive fawn ;
And golden was thy early dawn—
Ma-Oona !

A New Year's gift I promised thee—
Some merry childish melody,—
And still the burden was to be—
Ma-Oona !

Ah ! little dreamt I that instead,
The wail should rise above the dead
O'er childhood, beauty, sweetness fled !
Ma-Oona !

What faery visions round me fly—
The bounding form—the sparkling eye—
The pretty speech, the quick reply—
Ma-Oona !

Thy little spirit bloomed so fast,
In this cold clime it could not last,
Swift to its native sphere it passed—
Ma-Oona !

Then hush the sad complaining moan ;
How bright she looks where she has gone—
A cherub of the Saviour's throne !—
Ma-Oona !

O there, where saints and angels shine—
There, 'mid the blaze of light divine—
I know that small sweet face of thine—
Ma-Oona !

HELEN WILSON HARPER.

MISS HARPER has hitherto been known as the writer of a work entitled "A Mediæval Scribe, and other Poems" (Paisley: J. & R. Parlane), giving evidence of a highly cultured mind, a fluent gift of rhyme, and true touches of poetic fire. Many will also be familiar with a work of rare historic interest—"Lichens from an Old Abbey"—showing that the author is as much at home in matters historical as in the flowery regions of poetical description, but few will have thought that the writer of these works is the lady now before us.

Helen Wilson Harper was born near Greenock in 1842, but spent most of her life in Glasgow till 1870, when, with her family, she removed to the neighbourhood of Manchester. Miss Harper has contributed for several years to magazines, both prose and verse, but her productions have all been anonymous, and, as she wished to live still in the same "shelter of namelessness," it was only after earnest and repeated solicitation that we received her consent to allow her name to be revealed.

In Miss Harper's delightful and beautifully got-up work on the Abbey of Paisley ("Lichens from an Old Abbey," Paisely: J. & R. Parlane, 1876) we have proofs of her literary talent and descriptive ability. She is an instructive and interesting antiquarian—terse, yet racy, and knows how to paint a fine picture without many words. She depicts many of the scenes of historic interest with the touch of a real artist, and finds in the old Abbey a spiritual poem. Her purpose in writing was to "gather some scanty lichens—antique, yellow or grey—encrusted through seven centuries, in the Gothic mouldings of the Abbey; to preserve some fragmentary leaves,

too obscure for the general historian, yet precious, because history is a mosaic, and composed, in its finest pictures, of infinitesimal details which are apt to be overlooked; to diverge where divergence is useful; to linger where delay is sweet;—this, and no more, do these pages propose; no more do they offer to the reader." . . Again, she says:—"There is in the spring woods a moment of ecstatic beauty;—catkins white on the birches; tender, pale seedlings of beech newly cleft through their shiny heart; the chestnuts, in great rosy knobs, enfolding the fan-shaped leaves, their embryo stately flowers; through the forest, a faint purple glow,—a premonition of summer. All who love the spring-time know it,—that flush of waiting on the landscape, that hour not of fulfilment, but desire. Then bursts forth a sunshiny day; and, suddenly, in the night, comes, in exuberance of strength, and with queenly gait the longed-for summer, bringing that gladness and peace which hitherto had only been heralded. Some such joyous florescence awoke late in the twelfth century; only, as it happened here, the blossoming was not of brown boughs into leaf. The quarried stone had its summer; and in a strange fusion of loveliness, rose those religious thoughts, high aspirations, offerings of faith, and all that beauty, till now but forecast, as the spring-time prophesies of summer. Paisley was happy that in this space her ecclesiastical life began. The Clugniensian monks crossed the border to build on the Whit Cart, in the busiest, and perhaps the sweetest period of English architectural history. It was in the rich transition time, from late Norman to early Gothic, when the Orientalism, brought back by the Crusaders, and grafted on the Romanesque, stirred conceptions of the graceful, solemn loveliness which developed into Gothic architecture. At Carcassone, one hundred and fifty years earlier, the symbolical palm leaves had been wreathed with all

reverence in the consecrated stone. And slowly but surely would the builders learn how the leaves of their own woodland (twice tender, because they grew round castle bowers and lowlier homes, and made the green gladsome twilight of their English forrest chase) might wreath their churches as devoutly as the Crusader's palm. Besides, about this period, was discoved the use of the chisel, and with it great possibilities in effects of shadow and light. The rich, rude, shallow Norman mouldings, the axe had fairly rendered. But all those delicate darknesses of rolls and leaves and flowers; those exquisite under-shadowings; those veins of paleness; those local twilights, which showed the joyfulness of light, —these the axe was impotent to render."

Delicate fancy, accurate historical knowledge, keen insight, and a responsive sympathy that enables her to convey to the reader vivid and true impressions of past ages is characteristic both of her prose and poetry.

SYMPATHY.

Through all triumphs and all calms
Bring your thanks, yes softly bring them,
There are minors in the psalms
Trembling on some lips that sing them,

O'er the day that closes down,
Their's are sobs and yours are praises;
Their sharp cross and your bright crown
Lie among the same white daisies.

'Tis the same sky on your field
Sheddeth dews and gentle raining,
And to them hath but revealed
Through the torn clouds sunlight waning.

That new sound that on your ear
Falls with such Æolian singing,
They among the shadows hear
Discord through their life-wail bringing.

Therefore, O so softly raise
Thanks for each God-gifted treasure,

Mingle pleading with your praise,
While you lift your cup's full measure.

Plead, beneath each thankful song,
When keen joys your pulses quicken,
For the hearts that only long—
For the lives which God has stricken.

A MEMORY.

I.

O green and wavy grass! how often feet
That were so dear and gentle made a track
Up to the church, where summer shadows meet
The little church so olden and so sweet:
And once he went, and once he ne'er came back!

The rustic bell on every Sabbath noon
Rings loud and solemn through the elm and oak,
The ancient psalm in old and solemn tune,
The low prayer, breathing thanks and craving boon,
Hath from the deep needs of the people broke.

The swallow with the sunshine on its breast,
And pure and buoyant from the summer air,
With many a circle leaves its eave-built nest,
And darts and flickers through the place of rest,
And blends one small note with the people's prayer.

And the white sunshine, thwart the tall elm trees,
Slants warm and praiseful 'cross the rustic floor,
Where meadow sweet and clover on the breeze,
With some faint odour of the far-off seas,
Come in like worship through the open door.

Or strays some yellowing leaf, that Autumn time
Has loosened early from the nearest bough,
And toned to fine light with the first clear rime,
A vagrant leaf of chestnut or of lime,
With cool kiss touching a bent dreamer's brow.

Dear olden church! and memories that wait
And stand, white-robed, like angels in the aisle!
Here Love walks softly, Love would keep some state,
For if the dead lie low, the dead is great:
O Death makes kings, Death lights a deathless smile!

II.

High up across the hills one went at noon,
So strong was he that every gentle thing,
And every little thing that was forlorn,

And every weak thing touched and bent with scorn,
  Would come as young birds cower beneath the wing.

The little children looked with guileless eyes,
  And felt a nestling safety on his knees,
And brought their wreaths of daisy-chains, and dyes
Of all the happy things that summer buys
  With sunshine, for the butterflies and bees.

Along the sheep walks, o'er the windy hills,
  Where purple thyme was making pleasant scent,
And by the greenness of the little rills,
Whose tiny tinkle all the silence fills,
  His tranquil presence like a blessing went.

It seemed the low serenities of peace
  He gathered all the years from all the hours:
It seemed that pain and discord too must cease
Near him, that thinking had a brief release,
  That Love went happy Maying with the flowers.

The bleating of the tender little lambs,
  The sheep-folds in the green and sheltered gare,
The sunsets fading into purple calms,
The wind among the tree-tops singing psalms—
  O Love was glad, and Love was everywhere!

III.

The purple of the hills is blent with him:—
  The olden purple that we see no more;
To Love's faint eye the purple has grown dim;
Love sees it not, nor any golden rim
  Of dark long cloudlet barring Heaven's high door.

The music has been wailed from out the reed,
  The green long reed; and where the cresses grow
One sees but many a rank and windy weed,
And little long-loved pathways strangely lead
  To places one saw never long ago.

And winding up the wood-walk with slow feet,
  Through the wild roses and the trailing briar,
One scarcely now can hear the swaying, sweet,
Of wind among the branches, scarce can meet
  The same far vista as one rises higher.

One finds no more, through duskiness of green,
  The crimson fungi in the Autumn noon,
So petal-like with brilliance, nor between
The trembling of the larches e'er is seen
  Such glitter of the golden broom in June.

One presses deep among the purple heath,
  One climbs the hillside with its ancient scar,
And from the windy height looks far beneath,
Yet sees no silver mist as finely wreath,
  Sees ne'er the glory of the early star.

And when the corn in golden sheaves is bound,
  And lies on its own shadow on the field,
And, in the stubble grass, small hands have found
The first red pimpernel which warms the ground,
  The treasure that the wavy corn concealed :

Lost from the sunny wayside of one's day
  The joyful vision, the glad sense afar !
One, lonely finds the beauty fled away,
The glad, rich loveliness which surely lay
  Round things that were—not round the things that are.

Nay ! human Love, which plays on Nature's strings
  And brings forth long and wailing melody,
Hath touched the landscape as with seraph's wings,
That, rising into higher brightness, flings
  A parting glory on the joys that be.

That *be*, not only *were :* a finer light
  Hath wrapped the hills, hath wrapped the twilight wood ;
The eye that sees not, takes a second sight,
And wins more splendid glory from the night,
  With some diviner vision late imbued.

And if the loved that walked among the corn
  Of earthly mornings, on the hills of God
Hath rent the mystery, hath the earth-veil torn,
Hath drank the glory of the mystic morn,
  On God's own mountain hath already trod :

Then cease, O Sorrow ! this is sweetest rest
  And gladdest peace, to walk in that far land ;
The fields of heaven are sunniest and the best,
The waters flowing by God's throne most blest,
  Where *one* is led by Christ's most gentle hand.

WAIT.

Songs that are dearest,
    Songs that are clearest,
Songs that are dying
    At Heaven's own gate :
Songs that are sweetest,
Songs the completest,
  Have echoes replying,
    The wistfulest—'wait.'

So it was told Earth,
Dark storied old Earth :
Whatever strain from her lip should thrill
Of Love worn or wasted,
Of pale Sorrow tasted,
Of strong Labour hasted,
Of Joy or of Ill,—
Yet should the song-amen,
Yet should the last refrain,
Ever wind back again,
'Wait,' silv'rier still.

All the warm winds should tell
This, down each listening dell,
Down secret places of sunniest brooks ;
And in the deep-dewed grass,
Hid where the shadows pass,
Hid in the lonely, wild bee-haunted nooks,
Hid in fern covers,
Hid for bird-lovers,
All the sweet spring flowers shall breathe the low 'wait' ;
All the dear fledgling things
Chirp it on new-found wings,
Each bird should sing it that sings to his mate.

Mystic, faint, far away,
Where the dim shadows play,
Where the Night meets the Day,
Meets without whisper :—
Who shall divine or say,
In that faint far-away—
Who grey in lore or the babiest lisper—
How shall it chance her,
What the deep answer
That shall be rung forth to Hope's trembling tone,
When the immortal,
There at Life's portal,
Looseth her sandal, and standeth alone ?

SONNETS.

I.

The little cherished flowers, like baby eyes,
Plead, 'love us, love us'—plead, like human things ;
'O love us, love us, every rosebud sings,
Each little rosebud dropped from Paradise.
And we make answer (sometimes through hushed sighs),
'Yea, sweet God-tokens, as a baby brings
To nestling breast the warmth with which it clings,
And takes sweet kisses for its wayward cries.

Ye bring the love ye ask ; our human love
O'er flows on you. How often, unaware,
Ye have been as the souls of our most dear,
And touched our lips, till, trembling into prayer,
Our burden past, the flowery way grew clear,
And tracked by dearest feet to light above.'

II.

We are but little children :—it is best.
To feel like little children is most sweet ;
To let the cool waves kiss our childish feet,
And never ask the meaning of such rest,
And never ask why this white foamy crest
Of curled brook-wavelets, whispering as they greet,
Has song and silence for us ; it is meet
To *feel* and never question its behest.
It is so sweet to keep our childish wonder !
Heaven and the Future will have many things
To open for us, and Love's vocal lip
Has ever been the sweetest of all strings
To wake the hidden music ; shall we dip
In any holier joy where time doth sunder ?

REV. JAMES G. SMALL.

Author of the widely-known and beautiful poem on "The Highlands," regarding which Wordsworth said that he found in it, both in sentiment and expression, "much, very much to admire," while Professor Wilson said of his "Scottish Martyrs" that it "displayed extraordinary talents and accomplishments," was born in Edinburgh in 1817. His father, George Small, after spending some time abroad as a military officer, had settled in Edinburgh, where he was afterwards well known as an active magistrate and an energetic promoter of all good works, especially at the time when the city was threatened with a visitation of cholera. On this occasion he was entrusted by the Board of Health with the organization

of Soup Kitchens and Clothing Stores, and established the House of Refuge for the destitute, which has ever since continued to be one of the most useful institutions in Edinburgh.

It should be here noted that the Rev. George Small, M.A., formerly of the B.M.S. at Calcutta in Benares, now missionary to the Laskars, &c., in London, in connection with the Asiatic Strangers' Home, Limehouse, is a brother of the subject of our sketch, and the author of several learned works. These include "A Handbook of Sanskrit Literature, with Appendices Descriptive of the Mythology, Castles, and Religious Sects of the Hindoos." He has also edited several important "enlarged editions" and written translations of works of a similar nature, all showing ripe scholarship and taste. From his volume of poetry, "Versions in Verse—Scriptural, Classical, and Oriental—with Miscellaneous Effusions," (London: Yates, Alexander, & Shepherd, 1882), we give the following:—

MEMENTO MORI.

Children full of youthful glee!
Counting on long life before ye;
Length of days ye may not see;
Early learn—"Memento Mori!"

Young men—full of hopes and schemes,
Full of strength—in which ye glory—
Waste not time with empty dreams;
Wiser be!—"Memento Mori!"

Maidens fair—and full of grace,
Though fond lovers may adore ye—
Death may soon those looks deface,
Therefore learn—"Memento Mori!"

Men and women—who have reached
Later chapters in life's story;
As its term has thus been stretched—
All the more—"Memento Mori!"

Men and women—full of cares,
Sad'ning much life's chequered story;
Cast on Him your griefs who bears
All your care!—"Memento Mori!"

Sires and matrons—full of years,
Tho' your locks are waxing hoary—
Yet how short your life appears,
Looking back,—"Memento Mori!"

James received his early education at the High School, Edinburgh; and, having resolved to study for the ministry in connection with the Church of Scotland, he entered the University, where, during his literary course, he obtained four prizes for poetry. Two of these were awarded by Professor Wilson, in whose prize-list for essays he also held one of the highest places. In the Divinity Hall he likewise obtained honours.

After having been licensed as a probationer by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, Mr Small published a volume of poems, including "The Highlands," "The Scottish Martyrs," "The Liberation of Greece," "Imagination," &c. In the preface to that volume he said that "one of his principal inducements to publication at that time was that he might remove all temptation to the further prosecution of that fascinating art, which indeed he could never regret having pursued thus far—whatever might have been his success in it—but for which he could have little expectation of finding leisure amidst those more important avocations to which he looked forward with the hope that they might occupy all his thoughts." To this he alluded in some verses which he wrote in Galloway, whither he proceeded immediately after the Disruption as a probationer of the Free Church of Scotland. (See "The Land of the Martyrs," given in our selections.) These lines, having been published, attracted some attention, and he was induced to follow them up by several pieces which appeared in various periodicals. Meanwhile the volume obtained the most favourable reception from the press, and commendatory letters were addressed to the author by several of the most eminent writers of the day,

including Wordsworth, Lord Macaulay, &c. A second edition was published in London the year after its first appearance, in "Clarke's Cabinet Series of New and Popular Works." This edition included the more recent pieces, and an excellent and instructive appendix in prose to "The Highlands," which was intended to render that poem a fit companion for tourists. A third edition appeared in 1852, with a few additions. Three smaller publications were also issued in 1846, 1859 and 1866 respectively, entitled "Songs of the Vineyard in Days of Gloom and Sunshine," "Hymns for Youthful Voices," and "Psalms and Sacred Songs." Several hymns, too, with melodies by the author, were inserted in the "Revival Tune Book;" and these, with others of a similar character, were got up in a collected form by the London Music Publishing Company, who also published five other songs separately. It may also be pointed out that the hymn in Sankey's "Sacred Songs and Solos," "My Beloved and my Friend," is taken from Mr Small's little collection of "Psalms and Sacred Songs."

After occupying several preaching stations as a probationer, Mr Small went to Bervie, near Montrose, in 1846, and was settled there shortly afterwards as minister of the Free Church. With an attached flock, and widely esteemed, not only for his strong and keen intellect, but his warm, kindly manner, he has during a long ministry preferred to literary distinction the delight of enforcing the plain story of the love of Christ for men in this remote district. He enters the pulpit with his message prepared with as much conscientious care as if he were addressing a large city congregation, where his gifts would find full scope, and his discourses are treated with a grasp, strength, and assurance which make such sermons dear to Scotchmen. Mr Small having had occasion, as retiring Moderator, to preach before

the Free Synod of Angus and Mearns in October, 1858, when the revival movement was commencing in Scotland, his sermon was so much commended that Mr Walker, bookseller, Montrose, offered to publish it in the form of a small volume. To this the author consented; but, while passing through the press, it grew in his hands so as to acquire dimensions which he had little anticipated. It appears under the title of "Restoration and Revival," and called forth a large number of highly favourable reviews. As may be inferred from his writings, Mr Small has a keen relish for the beauties of nature, and many parts of the poem on the Highlands were literally "pencillings by the way," while enjoying holiday rambles among the scenes described, or others of a similar nature in Wales, or the Lake districts of England and Ireland. He has also had the pleasure of twice visiting Switzerland and the Rhine country. The infrequency of his appearance during latter years as a writer of verse is to be explained chiefly by the reason already given. Without undervaluing the function of the lyrist, he has devoted himself to the more important and not less congenial work of the pastor and preacher. All his poems furnish abundant evidence that he is endowed with genuine poetic sensibility. He has that power of description which enables the reader to follow him with delight. In all his wanderings — his descriptions of mountain and glen, barren heath and fertile vale are truthful, patriotic, and richly graphic. He never fails to display a high and exalted religious feeling. In the words of one of his reviewers:—"His mind is enriched with the stores of a varied scholarship, and that both in theory and practice, he is conversant with that metaphysique, the existence of which is indispensable to any poetry at all, and the formal or intuitive knowledge of which is essential to all poetry of the highest order. 'The

Highlands' is an eminently beautiful piece of composition, exhibiting evident signs of that vivifying spirit which makes all nature 'beauty to the eye and music to the ear.'"

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

But now my wandering thoughts I must recall
To the dark scene around me, for I go
To tread that vale the most sublime of all
That Scotia's bossom shows,—the dread Glencoe,
Where, frowning dismal o'er the pass below,
Towers each black cliff, one huge, unshapen block,
Crowned evermore with wreaths of purest snow,
As if some mountain range of boundless rock
Had here been rent in twain by some great earthquake's shock.

O'er the wild hills the shades of eve are falling,
And thick and boding clouds begin to brood,
Those deeds of darkness to my mind recalling
Which dyed with crimson Cona's roaring flood,
And made this rugged vale a "field of blood,"—
A scene of twofold horror. Nor doth aught
That speaks of gladness or of peace intrude
To charm away one melancholy thought
By fancy conjured up, or by dark memory brought.

Amid these desert scenes stern Winter's voice
Was heard, and oft his pipe was sounded shrill,
And with wild glee here seemed he to rejoice
Again to visit each familiar hill,
Whose gloomy brow, whereon to look might chill
The heart, seemed so congenial to his own;
And here he roamed and rioted at will;
And from these cliffs, where he had reared his throne,
Looked on the desolate realm, before his feet laid prone.

Such was the scene when to this rugged glen
A warrior band in friendly seeming came;
And, though in them Glencoe's devoted men
Beheld the foes of all who bore their name,
Yet simple faith allowed the stranger's claim
To hospitable cheer and welcome kind,—
Undreaming that a Highland hand could shame
The ancient faith—the sacred ties that bind
The guest to him beside whose hearth he hath reclined.

Insidious as the serpent creeps and lies
Close to the bird it destines for its prey,
And by the fascination of its eyes
Charms all its spell-bound victim's fears away

And, like the serpent in man's darkest day,
Most subtle and most full of fiendish guile,
The treacherous band maintained a fair display
Of courteous kindness and conversed awhile
In bland and friendly tone, with hypocritic smile.

Within the opened door of every cot
The brimming cup of peace and joy went round;
Long cherished feuds awhile were all forgot,
The memory of past strife in mirth was drowned.
And 'mid the revellers could there one be found
By the foul spirits of darkness so possessed,—
So sunk in dastard baseness,—who could wound
With treacherous hand one unsuspicious breast
Where generous faith had laid all watchful fears to rest?

Would that the blush of shame from history's page
Could blot the horrors of that night of woes!
Dark are her tales of war's tumultuous rage,
And the hot strife of fierce encountering foes;
But nought like this her annals can disclose;
Methinks these rocks still echo with the dread
And piercing cry that in deep midnight rose,
As when, among the homes o'er Egypt spread,
There was not one but there the first-born child lay dead.

Nor fell the warriors of the tribe alone
Beneath the ruthless murderer's reeking knife,
Nor rose alone the agonizing groan
From the rent breast of mother, sister, wife,
When sunk their guardians in the short vain strife;
In earnest supplication while they knelt
Pleading with tears for husband's, brother's life,
Themselves the base assassin's vengeance felt,
Whose heart nor youth nor age nor innocence could melt.

THE LAND OF THE MARTYRS.

I said my harp should sleep for aye—flung by—a useless thing:
I said that thou, my joyous muse, must curb thine eager wing;
I said that I must onward press, my pilgrim path along,
Nor cheer me, as in days gone by, with the glad voice of song.

Vain thought for him who strays alone o'er this wild martyr land!
I feel a spell upon me here I may not dare withstand.
If on these scenes that stretch around mine eye unmoved should look,
The murmuring streams would speak to me with sadly mild rebuke.

For still they seem to whisper, as they sweep their pebbled bed,
The names of those who here, of old, for Jesus lived and bled;

And still they seem to image, in their pure and peaceful flow,
The holy lives of those who dwelt beside them long ago.

Each rock and cave, each woody holm, preserves their memory still;—
There stands for them a monument in every rugged hill;
And yet along the mountain side a lingering echo floats
Where oft of old their song of praise sent up its joyful notes.

The old familiar voices upon the breezes come,
And while all Nature speaks aloud, shall man alone be dumb?
Ah! no; nor is his voice unheard—the same rejoicing strain
That gladdened once the wilderness, is thrilling there again.

'Tis heard by Renwick's simple tomb, amid the green Glencairn;
'Tis heard amid the heathy wilds of long and drear Carsphairn;
'Tis heard beside the silvery Ken, and by the banks of Ayr,
Where Welsh and Guthrie raised of old the voice of praise and prayer.

'Tis heard where lie the bones of him* who lived to preach and pray,
And died with prayer upon his lips amid the bloody fray;
'Tis heard where pours the winding Nith, and sweeps the placid Dee;
It mingles with the voice of streams, and with the sounding sea.

'Tis heard beside the rude gray stones,† where oft, in days of old,
The holy convocation met, the sacred feast to hold:
Green Anwoth's ‡ heights have heard afar the same triumphant song,
And all the echoing rocks around the hallowed strain prolong.

'Tis heard where'er the memory lives of those whose blood was shed
Like water in the glorious cause of Christ, their living Head,—
Where'er a fearless heart shakes off the world's debasing bonds,
And to the known, the thrilling voice of Christ, the King, responds.

'Tis heard from thousand voices now of steadfast men and true,
Where once the scattered remnant met—the faithful but the few.
And still more loud that strain shall swell, though hand should join in hand,
From moor to hill, from hill to shore, to drive the dauntless band.

* Cameron, of whom it was said that he "lived preaching and praying, and died praying and fighting."

† The Communion Stones at Irongray.

‡ Where Rutherford was for some time minister.

Vain thought, that they whose breasts are warmed with blood
of martyred sires
Whose song of praise, unsilenced rose, 'mid tortures, chains, and
fires,
Should shrink because the tempest-gloom hangs louring o'er
their path,
Or quail before the ruder storm of man's relentless wrath!

Vain thought that they whose eyes are fixed in confidence and
love
On Him who deigned to leave for them his glorious home above,
And for the joy before Him set, such bitter anguish bore,
Should fear to tread the roughest way which He has trod before!

Ah! no; where'er the Shepherd leads, the trusting sheep will
go—
Rejoicing still to follow Him, because His voice they know;
And pleasant is the path to them, though rugged oft it be,
Where yet the footsteps of the flock are traced along the lea.

SKY AND OCEAN.

Calm is the face of Ocean—not a breath
Of wind disturbs its quiet; and it lies
Now like some lovely saint just hushed in death;—
Now, as the varying aspect of the skies
Is shed on the responding scene beneath,
Like some fair being wrapt in sleep it seems
While we may almost trace her varied dreams
In her mild features,—smiling now in love,
Now sunk in pleasing sadness, calm and deep;
And each sweet change that from on high is given
Seems kindly ordered by a Power above.
"Thus giveth He to His beloved sleep,"
Thus dreams of bliss, and chastening griefs, and even
The shades of Death, fall light on the pure soul from Heaven.

VOICES OF NATURE.

When the morn is glowing
And the sun is throwing
Floods of golden light abroad, o'er earth
And ocean flowing;
Where the Day-spring gleameth,
Thus it speaks, meseemeth,
"Rise and shine, thy light is come, and
Glory on thee beameth."

When the woods are ringing
With the voice of singing,
And the birds from tree to tree their joyous
Flight are winging;

Then I think that meetly
I might speed as fleetly
On the race before me set, and sing the
While as sweetly.

When the lark is soaring
High aloft, and pouring
Songs of praise throughout the sky, the
God of love adoring;
From the welkin falling
Thus its notes seem calling,
"Rise with me and burst the bands, thine
Earth-bound soul enthralling."

When the day is fading,
And a sombre shading
Softly falls on earth and sky, the silent air
Pervading;
Darkness all-concealing,
Wakes the solemn feeling
That the night when none can work is on
Me swiftly stealing.

PETER McNAUGHTON.

BAIL 'AN EAS.

THERE can be no doubt that beautiful scenery has a powerful influence on the development of poetic genius, yet, while the finest scenery in the world will not *make* a poet, there is a potent spell about it which, if not *creative*, is at least nourishing to the inner life of the poet. Perthshire, with its noble Tay, its woods and wilds, its mountains and its floods, its hills and dales, all producing scenery of the loveliest description, has given birth to not a few poets—from the lowly toiler on the moorland farm, to the gentle dame in the aristocratic mansion. To the former class belonged Peter McNaughton. Born on the farm of Middleton of Tulliepowrie, in 1814, his lot in his younger days was a hard one.

His father, John McNaughton, was a man of great intelligence and energy. He required to exercise these. With a family of eight children to support, he found considerable difficulty, with the very limited means at his disposal to give each of them little more than the mere rudiments of education. Peter fared no better than the rest. What he missed, however, of school learning was perhaps more than compensated by his diligent study of nature's great book, of which he was in his early years, as he still is, a close observer. But the school time of the family was necessarily brief, for the rent was high, and the labour of the children had to be substituted for that of servants, in order to economise. His mother was deeply religious, as well as industrious and frugal, thus setting a beautiful example before the young family. The father was fond of reading, and, though his library was not extensive, it was well chosen, and carefully used. It must have been an interesting sight of a winter evening to see the family ranged round the kitchen fireside—the mother and daughters spinning, the boys knitting their stockings, while the father read aloud from the "Arabian Nights," Blind Harry's "Wallace," "The Gentle Shepherd," "The Scottish Martyrs," and the like. It is to these readings, and to the singing of his mother and sisters of Dugal Buchanan's Gaelic Hymns, that Peter attributes the bias for literature given to his mind. The Scripture lessons were always in Gaelic—the only instruction in that language the family ever had —though Peter has now the reputation of being one of the best Gaelic scholars in the Highlands. In these youthful days he read with avidity every book he could lay his hands on, and, being gifted with a most retentive memory, he stored his mind with literary gems in prose and verse, many of which he can still recite.

His brother Alexander, who had hitherto, though

still very young, done the work of ploughman on the farm, was apprenticed to the factor of Inver of Tullipowrie, and Peter now, as principal ploughman, reigned in his stead. For eight years he toiled on at this, all the time prosecuting his studies with undiminished ardour. Finding farm work to be hard and unremunerative, he, being now in his twenty-fourth year, made up his mind to emigrate to America; but his brother Alexander, who was by this time agent of the Commercial Bank at Pitlochrie, persuaded him to start shopkeeping at the village of Inver. He acted on this advice. Without knowledge of the business, and with a very limited capital, the undertaking proved an ardous one. He worked diligently however, employing his after business hours in pursuing his studies.

His first literary essay was a translation of Dugal Buchanan's "Day of Judgment," which passed through several editions, and is still in demand. He also translated into Gaelic Toplady's beautiful hymn "Rock of Ages," "Glengarry's Farewell," and "Auld Lang Syne," which latter by some is pronounced superior to the original in tenderness and pathos. But his great forte lies in translating from Gaelic into English. Sinclair's "Book of Translations" contains several of his translations, so exquisitely rendered that he was warmly complimented thereon by the Duchess of Argyle.

The great literary work of his life, however, is a metrical translation of Ossian in the peculiar measure of the original, which will soon be in the hands of the printer. Of the work an authority says:—"With a strong Celtic nationality and fervent poetical sensibilities, it was to be expected that Peter McNaughton would take the side in favour of the authenticity of Ossian's poems. He is full of faith in the affirmative of all that concerns the mystic bard of the Gaelic language, and he has

appeared in public on more than one occasion on the subject. As to ~~his~~ idea of McPherson forging Ossian's poems, Mr McNaughton maintains that he was not even capable of interpreting their meaning, far less fabricating them. Peter McNaughton has for some time been engaged on a new work of this kind, which, it is to be hoped, he will bring to maturity. Lord Derby and Mr Gladstone have sat down, amid many state cares, to embody into new form and more visible life the spirit and meaning of Homeric literature, and the field is open to do the same for the great Celtic bard by our most accomplished Celtic student of the Perthshire Highlands. To feel that the Ossian poems are something other than a dreamy myth, the doubter would need to climb the moors of the base of Feragon with the poet of Tulliepowrie. In the freedom of the scene he breaks away into the sonorous wail and melancholy recitals of the Ossian epics. His voice sounds deep-toned, and with rapturous utterance of the bards of old. The listener begins to feel the spell of old times and of communion with the past,—the mist sits upon the hills, and the spirits of the warriors of old are heard upon the wind, the forms of the long departed come again, the clang of battle, the deeds of the valiant heroes of the impassioned stories of the traditions of the Gael, by the illusion of the enchanter crowd before the soul till it confesses, as it gives ear to that heaving emotional tale, that there must be something else than fable or modern invention in traditions which admit of such heart-felt animation. Listen:

> All conquering Severen went on,
> Like a cold swollen stream of the hills,
> When the banks with suddenness fall,
> And the wreck is borne through the glen,
> Strong against Cuchullen stood
> Like a great rock that parts the clouds;
> When the winds battle round its cliffs
> And the firs on its sides are swayed
> And the hail stones rattle as crags

The rock stands aloft in its strength,
Sheltering the sweet glen of Cona.

Or this pictured ideal of female grace—

She drew near in her loveliness
Like a young moon from clouds on the sea,
Her beauty arrayed her like light,
Her steps were the music of song.

It is to listen to Peter McNaughton reciting such fragments on the heathery plateau, or within sight of the mountain wood, that a conception of how the genius and charm of Ossian have come to tincture modern times is possible, and is a critical fact."

But Mr McNaughton has been no mere literary dreamer. Practical in every thing, he threw himself with characteristic ardour into all the great movements of his time. In 1874 he was driven by his proprietor out of his beloved Tulliepowrie. He then crossed the river to Grandtully, where he built a house and business premises, and where, with the assistance of two of his sons, he carries on the business of general merchant.

In all ages the Highlanders have been brave in arms. In the great tugs of war of the last one hundred and fity years—from Fontenay to Waterloo, from Waterloo to the Crimea, from the Crimea to Cawnpore, and from Cawnpore to Coomassie, the Highlanders have acted a glorious part. Only the other day in Egypt the Highland Brigade rushed on the rebel lines with the greatest bravery, every man doing his duty "like a hero." They have made "elbow room" for themselves in the great centres of commercial and mercantile competition. There is no peasantry in the world from which has arisen a greater number of successful men in proportion to population than from that of the Highlands. They, too, can boast of their literary men. In a speech delivered by the subject of our sketch at a dinner given to the Hon. Alexander M'Kenzie, prime minister of

Canada, at Logierait in 1875, he said:—"In the olden time we had Oran and Ullin, and above all the tender, the pathetic Ossian, the greatest and truest painter of nature perhaps that ever lived in any land. In modern times we have had Rob Donn, and Alexander M'Donald, and Duncan M'Intyre, and Dugal Buchanan, and Thomas Campbell, though he wrote in the English language. We have artists of distinction too, for M'Leay and other Celtic names figure from year to year in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Livingstone the great, the lion-hearted traveller was ours, and Dr. Duff, the distinguished missionary, is ours. Then we have had historians of note, M'Aulay was ours, and so was Professor Adam Ferguson the historian of the Roman Republic, who was a native of this village. Geological science had her distinguished Savant in the late Sir Roderick Murchison, 'who,' says a recent writer, 'was a true-souled Gael, and as such is worthy of the honour, and let us add, the emulation of every Highlander.' And now, last though not least, we have produced a distinguished legislator in the person of our honourable guest, also a native of this village. Several years ago, with no advantages of birth, fortune, or education, Mr M'Kenzie went forth from our shores a nameless young man, unrecognised by the rich, unregretted, unmissed by the poor. To-day he returns enobled by fame and enriched by fortune, a nobleman of nature's own making, the practice of all the virtues, superadded to great natural talents, being implied in the process by which he has attained such distinction, and conferred such honour on his native place. May his example prove infectious, and may it henceforth be the ambition of every son of the Highlands to do something for his country and race."

After this lengthy introductory sketch we do not require to add much in the way of critical comment. The flow and cadence of his rhythm is remarkable.

He has the painter's eye for nature, and he describes vividly, and with a deep feeling of enthusiasm, historical and traditional events, for which he cherishes a warm veneration. We give the following from a long poem, entitled "Nemesis," in which he refers to the great clearing out in Sutherland in 1829 :—

The heavens with sackcloth were not o'erspread ;
The sun shone with wonted light
In the sky—and myraids of stars
Bespangled the vault of night.

And old nature wore her accustomed look,
In rivers and sparkling rills,
The broom yellow-tinged the slopes, and the heath
With blossoms purpled the hills.

And the sky-lark trilled its ethereal lay,
Away in the summer cloud ;
While the blackbird down in the leafy copse
Its song whistled clear and loud.

And the wind, as of yore, blew o'er the land,
Though ruin lay in the glen,
Where the owl and the ~~stork~~ had built their nests,
In the fallen abodes of men.

There, on hearths where the fires burned warm and bright,
The nettle was waving green,
While the bourdock and thistle flourished rank
Where sweet garden flowers had been.

. . . . .

Straggling and motley the exodus moved,
Old men with their silver hair,
And children content to go anywhere,
If only their kin were there.

And maidens who sang in shieling and byre,
The milking songs of their race,
And stalwart youths who had laboured the soil,
The pride of their native place.

Sad was the scene as they stood on the deck
With faces turned to the shore,
To look their last on the dear native land,
Whose soil they would tread no more

A PLEA FOR LITTLE POETS.

Condemn us not, although our paltry rhymes
Be to the minstrelsy of mighty bard,
As poor street singers' harsh discordant chimes
To the full organ, in Cathedral heard.
Would you possess the pearl, you must endure
The wreck of sea-shells strewed upon the shore;
The quartz and gritty substances impure,
If you would find the glittering golden ore.
In nooks that have not heard of Shakespeare's muse,
Or Milton's epic, soaring bold and free,
Our tiny lays the bardic art diffuse,
And fan the smouldering fires of poesy,
Whence yet the new Thocritus may rise,
Whom England looks for with expectant eyes.*

THE DYING FATHER.

The summer will come with its sunshine, again
The garden and field to renew,
And flow'rets will grow in the nooks of the glen,
Where erst in their beauty they grew.

With the skylark to lead the gay choir of the morn,
And carol its song o'er the lea,
With the linnet to warble low down in the thorn,
How gladsome the summer will be!

But long ere the peony opens its bloom,
With garish display, to the day,
My heart will be mouldering low in the tomb,
My name shall have faded away.

Yet from these I can part, for the ploughshare of years,
Its furrows hath traced on my brow;
And the visits of grief, with their anguish and tears,
Have whitened my locks like the snow.

Misplaced would I be, thus decrepit and sere,
'Mid objects all youthful and fair—
A bough of the past, by the rude winter blast
Left sapless, and rifted, and bare.

But the children I love—to a father so dear—
To manhood and worth will they rise?
To the bright goal of honour will be their career,
Nor I in their welfare rejoice?

* Burns acknowledged his earliest attempt at rhyming to have been with the view of eclipsing a versifying author, whose local popularity maddened him.

Or, yielding to passion's intemperate sway,
Poor victims to vice will they fall,
Nor I be remaining, their ills to allay,
When outcasts abandoned by all?

For them would I live on in weakness and pain,
For them are my yearnings to stay—
Forgive, O my God! even the wish all profane,
Thy will that would thus disobey!

THE HOMELESS ORPHAN MAID.

Wherever her wandering footsteps may roam,
O, treat her with kindness—she once had a home:
Though its dark tale of ruin no story unfolds,
Yet her bosom's recesses the sad record holds.
Read it, ye that would soothe, in each deep broken sigh,
In her grief-clouded brow, and her red-streaming eye,
As she ponders on joys that have perished for aye—
The joys of that home in her life's early day.

No wonder her cheek is so care-worn and pale,
Or that youth's buoyant spirits so early should fail—
When her heart should be bounding with young hope and glee
She was fated the wreck of her loved ones to see.
By the deathbed of sisters, and mother, and sire,
She watched through all seasons, and saw them expire,
Yet she wept not when thus every strong tie was riven,
For through faith she beheld them transplanted to heaven.

But the out-burst of grief, long restrained, came at last;
On a wide, friendless world, when she saw herself cast,
Then the pent-up afflictions and sorrows of years
Overflowed in a full-gushing torrent of tears.
In anguish of soul for each lost one she yearned,
But the tomb, cold and sullen, no yearnings returned:
Her steps might be lonely to life's farthest shore,
But their kind looks of love would rejoice her no more.

As the turtle, with breast wildly heaving with pain,
Oft revisits the spot where its mate has been slain;
As a young, timid bird to its nest fondly clings,
On the ambient air ere it ventures its wings;
So, 'mid objects that served but to cherish regret,
But whose hallowing presence she trembled to quit,
Round the home of her childhood she lingered a day,
Then sped from its precincts for ever away!

Ye servants of Him, the great healer of woe,
Convince her His Spirit stills lingers below—
Prove the taunt of the worldling and sceptic untrue,
That mankind owe no debt but your tithes unto you.

Befriend her, ye good, for earth's mourners who feel—
Ye Howards, who toil to advance human weal—
With kind actions greet her alike young and old,
And show her some hearts are not selfish or cold!

Wherever her wandering footsteps may roam,
O, treat her with kindness—she once had a home:
Though its dark tale of ruin no story unfolds,
Yet her bosom's recesses the sad record holds:
Read it, ye that would soothe, in each deep broken sigh,
In her grief-clouded brow, and her red-streaming eye,
As she ponders on joys that have perished for aye—
The joys of that home in her life's early day.

JOSEPH WRIGHT

IS widely known as one of the first movers in the scheme for getting up a memorial to the late Janet Hamilton, regarding whom John Bright, in a recent speech at Birmingham, said that her "story surprises me beyond anything I have read for a long time, and I doubt if we have a record of a more remarkable person than my old friend Janet Hamilton." On the occasion of the unveiling of the memorial Dr Ferguson, of Glasgow, congratulated the committee on having a gentleman like Mr Wright, who was forward in every good work. "If Janet Hamilton was a poet," he added, "Mr Wright was a good prosaic worker. The leading spirit in awakening the public to the works and merits of the poetess, and the mainspring of the Committee was Mr Wright, for to him we are principally indebted for leading us to perform this appropriate act of homage to womanly worth and poetic genius." We now bring forward Mr Wright, not only as an energetic worker, but as a true poet.

Joseph Wright was born at Airdrie in 1848, was educated in the Free West Academy, and removed

in early life to Coatbridge, where he still resides, and follows the occupation of an umbrella manufacturer. Mr Wright has been for many years a leader in Christian work and philanthropic effort, and is an energetic temperance reformer. Mr Wright also takes a special interest in the welfare of the young of the working classes. He generally writes in magazines and newspapers under the *nom-de-plume* of "Flora Shearer," and he is one of the sweet singers of *The Christian Leader*. In his poetry he teaches lessons which cannot be taught too often. He is a pure and melodious singer, and writes with a felicity of expression much superior to the crowd of ephemeral productions constantly put forth for the public benefit. He has written a number of religious ballads, displaying delicate perception of character, and giving evidence of a mind deeply observant of life's experiences. His songs show much pathos and tenderness, and he has employed his muse in every instance to worthy purposes.

Mr Wright knew Janet Hamilton from his boyhood, and she encouraged his juvenile "rhyming propensities," criticising his verses in her own kindly way. He visited her frequently, and read the productions of the Scottish Bards to her after she was afflicted with blindness.

Little did the aged poetess think that the same lad would be the prime mover in raising a public fountain to her memory. He succeeded in getting Tom Taylor (of Punch) to interest himself in the movement, and supplied him with the necessary materials for writing the article entitled "The Grand Old Woman." At the unveiling ceremony Mr Wright, in referring to the demonstration being a unique one, said:—"I am not aware that there has ever been a demonstration in this country for the purpose of taking steps towards the inauguration of a memorial to a woman of letters. Scotland can boast of numerous monu-

ments to Robert Burns and Walter Scott, and while our great bards are being honoured, our minor ones, such as Campbell and Tannahill, are not, however, forgotton, and we have assembled here to-day to unveil this fountain to Janet Hamilton's memory. Like many of our prominent characters, Janet Hamilton was born and reared amid the "lights and shadows" of the lowly walk—her father was a humble shoemaker in a clachan amid the bleak moorland of the Shotts. . . . While others sung of the Rhine and scenes of far off climes, Janet sung of the woods and streams at her own doors. Like all true poets her soul was easily stirred by sights and sounds of nature, and she loved her varied moods as intensely as did Thomson. We are not assembled to do honour to a Shakspeare or a Milton, but to one who, though not occupying so lofty a niche in the literary world, yet one of those who has won a closer place in the popular heart. There are authors such as Shakspeare and Milton who tower high above their fellows, but they are too lofty for the people in general. It is authors like John Bunyan, Robert Burns, Allan Ramsay, Robert Tannahill, and Janet Hamilton that speak to the hearts of the people and exert an influence that never dies.

JOHN BROWN.

A laich theekit biggin' stood on the lone muir,
An' in that lone dwallin' a man bided there;
Awa frae the din an' the steer o' the toon
Wi' his wife an' his weans bided godly John Brown.

Nae soun' e'er was heard save the sough o' the win,
Or the gush o' the burnie as by it wad rin;
An' the sang o' the laverock, high up on the wing,
'Mang the white fleecy clouds he wad wantonly sing.

An' whiles troops o' craws wad flee yáumnerin' by,
An' whiles the lood baa-in o' broun an' white kye,
Or the scream o' the pee-wit flittin' hameward on hie,
An' amang the wild heather the hum o' the bee.

The sun was westerin' i' the lift,
An' the craws were fleein' hame,
When a troop o' sodgers owre the muir
Cam' fleein' wi' micht an' main.

The troop was pairtit intil twa,
An' some gaed east an' wast,
An' syne cam' roun' wi' muckle speed
A cottar that moss peats cast.

Like bees a' bummin' roun' a byke,
They hovered roun' the chiel,
But ne'er a foot he stirred aboot,
As roun' him they did wheel.

Na, na! he didna seek to rin,
But like a lion stood,
An' e'ed them ilka ane aroun',
Syne asked them what they would.

Fu' weel he kent what brocht them there—
They cam to shed his bluid;
But like his Maister i' the thrang,
He quate an' calmly stood.

Then ane spak oot wi' buir'ly voice,
An' tell't him what was wrang—
"He read the Bible i' the hoose,
An' sang the holy sang.

"He wadna join the English kirk,
Nor sign their Southern creed,
But look'd asklent at ane and a',
The priests frae owre the Tweed.

"An taught the weans a' roun' aboot
To read the holy book,
An' bade them aye to look abune,
But ne'er the parsons brook.

"An' whiles in shady glens an' howes
He preached the Christ of God,
An' tell't the muirlan' folk hoo He
Had borne the sinner's load."

"A' this," cried Claverhoose in wrath,
"An' mair ye maun gie up,
Or faith this vera nicht, John Brown,
Ye'll dreg the bitter cup.

"See, sign this paper for King Charles;
Sign—sign it!" lood cried he;
"Or else, by England's Kirk an' King,
My certes, Brown, ye'll dee."

The noble Christian stood erect
An' said, "Ye needna think
That a' yer threats will ever mak'
Me frae my duty shrink.

"Thae sodger lads at your command
May soon this body kill,
But that is a' that ye can dae—
Sae ye maun hae yer will.

"There's ane abune I maun obey,
A greater than yer king;
The holy ane, the king owre a',
I'll aye his praises sing.

"I'm no my ain, but wi' a price
Hae I been dearly bocht;
My life is hid wi' Christ in God;
For him alane I've focht."

"John Brown! yer cant I winna thole;
Hoo daur ye preach to me?
Say aff ye'r prayers just enoo,
An' after that ye'll dee."

He knelt him doon an' prayed alood,
Like Stephen, for his foes,
An' prayed for Scotland's faithfu' band,
Then meekly up he rose.

John's wife cam' rinnin' frae the hoose
As soon's she heard the din,
A bonny bairn upon her breast—
The lassock she cou'd rin.

Bauld Claverhoose then ca'd on John
To tak' fareweel wi' Bell,
An' wi' a fond embrace he said
Tae wife an' weans farewell!

That vera instant lood an' bauld,
The bluidy Graham cried oot,
But ne'er a ane o' his dragoons
Wad lift a gun to shoot.

Their hearts were melted at the sicht,
An' tears stood in their een,
An' ilka mither's son o' them
Was vexed for John, I wean.

But like a demon in despair,
He did the deed himsel'—
He laid the Christian carrier low
Before his weans an' Bell.

"What think ye noo o' yer godly man?"
Cried the villain to Brown's wife.
"I think that his kin's gey thin sawn,
But your kin's far owre rife.

"I aye thocht muckle o' my ain;
Aye dear he was to me;
But ye'll yet answer for this wark,
An' sair's the dool ye'll dree."

Graham spurr'd his steed an' aff he sped
To thin Christ's chosen few;
And muckle wae he spread aroun',
An' muckle bluid he drew.

The name o' Claverhoose was aye
A hated name sin' syne;
It's link'd wi' Judas an' Menteith,
An' will be till doom's dine.

A HEART CRY.

Help me, Lord, from day to day;
Be my Guardian, Guide, and Stay;
Keep me in the narrow way,
My God, My King.

Courage, Lord, to me impart,
Courage for my fainting heart,
Courage for the better part,
My God, my King.

Give me strength to do the right,
Trusting only in Thy might;
Foes will then be put to flight,
My God, my King.

Grace from Thee will nerve me on;
If Thou lead me I am strong
For the battle loud and long,
My God, my King.

AYE WORK AWA'.

Help yoursel' whaure'er ye gang—Aye work awa'!
'Mang the simmer's sunshine an' the cheerless winter's snaw,
Never lippen to yer freens tho' they may loudly blaw—
Help yoursel' whaure'er ye gang—Aye work awa'!

Fortune favours them wha work aye wi' a busy haun';
Folk'll ne'er win forrit if they at the fire-en' staun';
Look before ye loup baith in meikle things an' sma';
Tak' a' things in a canny way, an' aye work awa'.

If ye canna speak a kindly word aboot the folk ye ken,
Oh ! never let a bitter ane anither's ear gae ben ;
For they're lifeless that are fau'tless, there's nane without a flaw ;
Speak kindly o' yer neebors, then, an' aye work awa'.

Keep ye aye a ca'm sough, as ye dauner up an' doun—
Empty barrels are aye sure to gi'e the loodest soun' ;
An' when ye hear o' ithers' quarrels, while they scrape and craw,
Let your word be, "Amang them be't !"—aye work awa'.

This life o' oors is just a fecht, frae the cradle to the grave,
But the promise o' a better ane is gi'en to the brave ;
So let us fecht wi' faithfu' hearts, an' we'll win ower't a' ;
Help yoursel' whaure'er ye gang—aye work awa'.

A HAMELY ADVICE.

Flee laigh, my friends, ye'll fin' it's best
To keep a lowly mind,
An' like the loving Maister,
Aye to ilka ane be kind.

It's no a sign o' muckle wit
To lift yer heid ower high ;
An' min', it's to the lowly
That the Saviour draweth nigh.

When speelin up the brae o' life,
O' trials ye'll meet wi' some ;
But tak my word an' warsel on,
Thole weel an' ye'll owercome.

The road ye'll whiles think unco dreigh,
An' parts o't rough an' stee ;
But patience worketh wonders
An' ye've aye a help on hie.

Ye mauna gie ower muckle heed
To envy's callous voice ;
For gin ye were as white as snaw
Or chaste as purest ice—

They'll hae their crack, an' throw their glaur,
An' try to smear yer name—
For this is what they did to Him,
An' ye maun thole the same.

JOHN HYSLOP.

NATURE, as we have before observed, has no class favourites, but showers her poetic and her intellectual gifts with equal liberality among the people of all ranks and professions. Very specially has this been the case in the bestowal of the poetic faculty; for, from the earliest times, her poets have been found among the herdmen of the wilderness, as well as in the ranks of the priests and the princes of the people. Homer, at the dawn of history, though the sublimest of bards, was but a beggar; nearly three thousand years before Burns followed the plough upon the fields of Mossgiel, Elisha was directing the ploughshare upon the plains of Abel-Meholah. William Drummond of Hawthornden was a landed gentlemen, and Allan Ramsay was a wigmaker.

John Hyslop is sprung from the ranks of the peasantry, and was born at Little Kirkland, among "the howes of Auld Glencairn," Dumfriesshire, in 1837. His father was then a labourer on the estate of Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwellton, whose fair ancestress, "Bonnie Annie Laurie," has been celebrated in a song which is still widely popular. Like several other sweet singers, our poet received the first rudiments of his education at a dame's school; and at the age of eleven was put to work, his first employment being to keep crows and birds off the nursery in seed-time. His father's health failing, the family removed, first to Thornhill, and then to Kilmarnock, in which latter place the future poet was first employed in a grocer's shop, and afterwards learned the engineering trade. Not liking the occupation, however, and sighing for the summer breezes and the bracing winter wind, he obtained a situation in the Post Office, and afterwards as letter-carrier in the

country; latterly he has been employed as one in the town. Mr Hyslop has been twice married. His second wife being a ready and a gifted singer, with fine literary tastes, their aspirations and feelings are therefore identical.

Although Mr Hyslop had been composing verses for more than a quarter of a century, yet it was not till the present year that he ventured on issuing a volume, and it has not disappointed his friends and admirers, for it has been favourably received by the press, and merits no small amount of praise. That the true poetic afflatus breathes through his verses is felt at once by the reader. It is a pity, however, that he has not given a little more attention to the Scottish vernacular, and studied more fully the best writers of that most copious and expressive language. Had he done so, he would not, as too many of our modern bards have done, have used the vile modern and local colloquialism "tae" as a preposition. We never find Burns, Ramsay, Scott, the Ettrick Shepherd, or John Galt so using this word. It is only properly used as a noun—thus, the tae (prong) of a fork, or the tae (toe) of the foot. In these days, when the pure English tongue is so generally spoken in Scotland, and when, lament it as we may, the Scottish speech is threatening to die out, as the Gaelic tongue will ere long do over the remote parts of the Highlands, many of those who now attempt to write it do not give us the genuine Scotch, but only English wretchedly spelled. Dr Johnson said that those who would write elegant English "must give their days and their nights to Addison;" and we may say that those who would now write correct and true Scotch must give all their spare hours to John Galt, a novelist little inferior to Scott in genius and fertility of invention. With his attention given to this matter, or by writing only in the English tongue, Mr Hyslop is sure yet to

gain for himself a lasting and an honourable place among the poets of Scotland. Many of his poems are tenderly pathetic, and are pervaded by earnestness, and a warm love of Nature.

THE WAUNERT WEAN.

Oh ! hap him up kindly, an' carry him hame,
The wee laddie lies soun' in a slumber sae deep ;
For Death's hard, bany fingers have closed his een,
An' sealed them up firm in a cauld icy sleep.
Wee Willie gaed oot ae sweet mornin' in Spring,
As his fond mither thought, just to sport an' to play ;
But a dark clud fell down on her sad yearning heart,
When he didna come hame at the close o' the day.

An' for twa lang days an' three cauld weary nichts,
They sought far an' near for the puir waunert wean ;
But to feed the deep gloom the sad hope deferred,
For nae word could they get o' the road he had gane.
Oh ! fresh, clear, and bonnie the third morning broke
To a' save the watchers, sad, weary, and worn,
Then a score o' their freens cam' to join in the search,
In the calm, holy hush o' the sweet Sabbath morn.

An' scarcely sax miles frae his ain faither's door—
Oh ! sad was the sicht that the searchers did see—
Wee Willie had crept to the heart o' the wud,
An' lain doun in the depth o' its darkness to dee.
Wi' his jacket cuist aff, as if gaun to his bed,
An' his feet in his bonnet, the puir bairnie did creep
As far ben as he could in a wee rabbit's hole,
Then he just had faun owre in the lang dreamless sleep.

An' his faither an' mither need mourn him nae mair,
Nor think their wee bairnie greets baith hungry an' lane,
For the angels cam' doon i' the howe o' the nicht,
An' they bore him awa to a heavenly hame.
An' though lang years may pass ere they travel alane
Through the mists an' the shadows, down death's dreary road,
If they keep their lives pure, they will meet him again,
In the peace an' the rest o' the glory of God.

FEVER-STRICKEN.

Deep the dreary winter folded tower and hamlet, wood and wold,
In a web of frozen snow-flakes, till they dream'd amid the cold,
Of the coming spring-time glory, of the beauty that would be,
When the south wind kiss'd to blushing, hilly slop and sunny lea.

Then a fever caught and chain'd me moaning on my bed of pain,
With a breath of Etna blowing, scorching up my blood and brain,
Till I sigh'd for cooling snow-drifts, with a river at my lips,
And the world around grew darkened in a strange and drear eclipse.

Then my barque of life went drifting, out into a tumbling sea,
Where the stormiest winds of heav'n beat and buffeted at me ;
With no guide, nor chart, nor compass, in deep waters all alone—
By the breath of fierce tornadoes, like a feather I was blown ;
Then a calm came, and some angel, pitying, gazed into my face
For a moment, till the tempest drove me from my halting place,
And the storm-fiends and the demons from the caverns where they dwell
Clutch'd and suck'd me through some maelstrom down the sulph'rus jaws of hell.

Swift the scene changed : now I wandered in some old cathedral town,
Black with smoke and dust of ages, from the centuries looking down ;
Long since from this ancient city, life and strength had taken wings,
And the spider webs were rotting in the palaces of Kings.
Nought disturbed the awful silence, save my footfalls stumbling on ;
Ghosts of dwellers long since moulder'd underneath their burial-stone,
Watch'd me in the deep'ning twilight search for what I could find :
Webs of darkness hung before me, thicker darkness lay behind.

Cold and bleak the night was falling, when this marvel I did see,
All the quaint house-tops were bending slowly down to cover me,
While my hair with horror stiffen'd, and I strove to leave the place—
Like a smile flash'd out from heaven, came once more the haunting face—
Came and left me vainly cleaving denser darkness than before,
Like a soul that pants for pardon, hurled back from Eden's door ;
Then strange voices groaned and muttered through the thick and lurid gloom,
And the city reeled and stagger'd, crumbling in its crash of doom.

Next 'mid floods of blinding sunshine, somewhere in the torrid zone,
Through dense jungles, dread Saharas, I was madly speeding on,

For, behind, I heard the howling of a fierce and hungry pack
Of tawny lions, speckled tigers, hounding down upon my track,
While the sharp spears of the cactus tore the flesh from off my bones,
Snakes and lizards hissed and wheetled at me from their hiding stones;
Then I felt, when foil'd and beaten in this weird and fearful race,
That the arms of love were round me, and I knew my mother's face.

Slowly back to health I rallied, from these weeks of fever-pain,
But its horrid scenes and visions burned themselves into my brain,
And will haunt the halls of memory, till I mingle with the dead,
And these eyes are closed for ever, underneath the coffin-lid.
Noise of storms and crumbling cities, and the wild and awful race,
When the meek and pitying angel took my own dear mother's face,
Past life's latter scenes of pleasure, rainbow'd hopes and mist of tears,
They have come to-night to haunt me, from the grave of twenty years.

WEE ROBIE'S GRAVE.

They have hidden ye frae my sicht, Robie,
Whaur I canna kiss ye noo,
Nor shed backward the bonnie glossy hair,
Frae aboot my baby's broo;
But I ken ye're gane wi' angels, Robie,
To heaven, up Jacob's stair,
An' have only left me ye're wee bit toys,
An' a lock o' ye're silken hair.

Oh! yer father's guiding as good a ship
As ever sail'd the sea,
An he's comin' noo on his hameward trip,
To meet wi' his bairn an' me,
Wi' mony a present to please us baith
Frae strange lands far owre the deep,
But he dis'na dream his wee Robie lies
In sicken a lang soun' sleep.

An' I only can point him, when he speirs
For his bonnie boy sae brave,
To the new-made mound i' the auld kirkyard
That happeth oor baby's grave.
Oh! my angel Robie, my darling, gane
Sae far ayont oor care,
We will strive to meet ye in heaven yet,
Whaur sic pairtings come nae mair.

THOMAS BYERS

WAS born in 1850 at Kirtlebridge, a small village in Dumfriesshire, in close proximity to the romantic border stream of the Kirtle. He was sent to school at an early age, which he continued to attend till entering the Free Church Training College in Edinburgh. After completing the usual course of training there, Mr Byers was appointed to the mastership of Portmoak Free Church School, Kinross, subsequently receiving appointments to Hottsbridge Public School, Dumfriesshire, and Plashett's British School, Newcastle-on-Tyne, of which last-named school he is at present teacher.

Mr Byers commenced to write verses at the age of fifteen. His early productions appeared in several local newspapers. Since then he has contributed at intervals to the *Scotsman*, *Glasgow Herald*, *Dumfries Standard*, *Annandale Observer*, *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, and other papers. He possesses a subtle eye to read the symbolism of Nature, and he gives evidence of the quick instincts and spontaneous felicities of language which distinguish the man of natural power from the man of mere cultivation.

SUNSET ON THE CHEVIOTS.

The autumn sun in glory has draped the west with gold,
The lonely fells are swathed in mist ; the hills, serene and bold,
Stand proudly sheathed in evening fire, and now thy seem ablaze
And melt beneath the glory of the sun's refulgent rays ;
The wild and dreamy moorland with crimsoned lustre glows,
The purple heath puts on and wears the redness of the rose ;
The mountain breeze has sunk to sleep ; the muirfowls' distant call
Breaks on the dreamy stillness as shades of evening fall ;
Along the slumbering valley the Tyne's fair waters glide,
The neighbouring hills in beauty are mirrored in its tide ;
And flashing in the sunlight, adown the craggy fell,
The laughing burn comes leaping, its rippling tide to swell ;
The dark clumps of the sombre firs that skirt the lone hillside
Stand flooded with celestial light, with rainbow colours dyed.

But see! the blazing sun has set, and upward from the vale
The lazy mist is creeping, obscuring hill and dale;
The bee that's wooed the heather blooms from early morn till night,
With honey laden homeward flies with hasty murmuring flight;
The hills in rugged grandeur fade one by one from view,
As o'er them rolls the sluggish mist in curling lines of blue;
The mournful bleating of the lambs re-echoes on the hill,
The moorcock "risps his clamorous throat," and all again is still.

But now the glowing scene has changed, and from the purpling east
The full-orbed moon in loveliness streams on the mountain's breast;
The wide expanse of heaven once more's aglow with light,
As one by one the myriad stars come slowly into sight;
The hills in silent majesty unbroken stillness keep,
And 'neath the holy calm of night the peaceful valleys sleep.

MY LADDIE'S COME HAME.

The wild win's sough eerie, the day's dark an' dreary,
The snaw-drift lies thick on the cauld frozen trees;
The wee birds ance cheery sit dowie an' weary
Amang the cauld birks on Bonshaw's stey braes.
The cleedin' o' simmer upon the braw timmer
Is a' hidden deep 'neath the wild drifting snaw;
On the strippit haw-tree, sad an' waefu' to see,
The plaintive wee robin mourns simmer awa'.

But I heed na the drift frae the dark sleety lift,
Nor the sough o' the blast o'er the snaw-covered lea:
My laddie's come hame wi' a braw honoured name,
An' his heart's aye the same—leal an' lovin' to me.
The wars are a' o'er on a far distant shore,
Kind Heaven has brocht him safe back o'er the sea;
Now amid simmer's braws, or in cauld winter's snaws,
Swift-winged flee the hours o'er my laddie an' me.

An' cheerie he wanders where Kirtle meanders,
Tho' its woods are a' bare an' the flowers deid an' gane,
An' he tells me ere simmer cleeds again the sweet timmer,
A bonnie braw bride I shall be o' his ain.
When mirk fa's the nicht, by the ingle lowe bricht,
He cracks an' he tells me o' sichts he has seen;
But when wearily roamin', aye mint was the gloamin'
When we parted lang syne 'neath the birk tree sae green.

Frae my laddie leal-hearted nae mair I'll be parted;
Love smiles on his face an' it glows in his e'e;
Frae morning till e'ening my heart is aye dreaming
Of the bricht days in store for my Jamie an' me;

An' waukin' or sleepin', sweet watch I am keepin'
O'er the heart that has lo'ed me sin' days o' langsyne,
An' I'll never ask mair when the bliss ance I share
O' being my laddie's, an' him being mine.

MARY'S SANG.

'Twas gloamin', an' the hawthorn buds
Were sweetly scenting a' the air;
The curling mist rolled up the hill,
The dewy flo'ers were bricht an' fair;
The burn was croonin' to itsel'
In low sweet tones, a merry tune;
The birds were wooin' i' the woods,
An' bonnie was the siller mune.

Wi' heart as licht as April birds
When Nature ushers in the Spring,
Amang the glistening dewy woods
I heard sweet Mary blythely sing;
An' as she sang the woods grew still,
The balmy west win's ceased to sigh;
The wild birds drapped their e'ening sangs
An' listened as she passed them by.

An' thus she said an' thus she sang:
"O' wooers I love only ane;
An' for my heart mae needna try,
For only ane my heart can win;
His love is pure as yon bricht flowers
That blink sae sweetly by the burn;
His e'e aye dwells wi' love on me,
An' frae him nane my heart can turn.

An' aft we've met at gloamin's hour,
When streamin' brichtly thro' the trees
The rising mune blinked on us twa',
An' love tales floated on the breeze;
An' Jamie, lad, I lo'e thee yet,
As weary watchers lo'e the licht,
An' to my heart thou'rt dearer still
As morning star to mirkest nicht."

I listened, an' the echoing woods
Rang sweetly wi' the merry strain;
When thro' the woodland's winding path
We twa did chance to meet again;
The hours swift wing'd did flo'er us flee,
Till hooting frae the castle wa'
The lanely owl did eerie skreigh,
An' silent was the birken shaw.

MUSINGS IN A GRAVEYARD.

The twilight fades, the starlights gleam,
No sound is heard save yonder stream
Whose waters seaward glide ;
And eve's first star, with ruddy light
Sheds beauty on the silent night—
The calm, sweet eventide.

Among the dead, who softly sleep
In dreamless slumbers lone and deep
That know no waking here,
I sat me down, while full and bright
The rising moon came forth in sight,
Effulgent, calm, and clear.

How weirdly o'er this hallowed spot
The silent moonbeams trembling float
Like pale ghosts of the dead ;
And waving shadows solemn fall,
Like some far-stretching funeral pall,
From tall dark trees o'erhead.

The fitful breeze around me sighs
Through the long grass, then fades and dies,
As lullabies are sung
To soothe the weary child to sleep ;
So o'er the dead in slumber deep
Sweet melodies are flung.

But can they wake the slumbering dead
Whose mouldering ashes earth has hid
For ages long gone by ?
The scowling tempest's midnight sweep
No more disturbs the grave's long sleep
Than soft wind's gentle sigh.

What mystic sleep is thine, O grave ?
Though breezes sigh or tempests rave,
The dead sleep on and on ;
No dreams enrapture or affright
Through death's cold, dark, oblivious night,
Where dreamland is unknown.

Each had his suffering, toil, and strife
Along the desert march of life,
But here the weary rest ;
Life's struggles o'er, their race is run,
Life's conflicts past, their work is done,
For ever low at last.

Amid the solemn stillness round,
From every grave and grassy mound
A pale form seems to rise,
And weird-like tell with keen delight
What dawn shall chase the grave's long night,
And burst its ancient ties.

Bright, glorious dawn! beneath whose powers
From dust and death shall burst sweet flowers
In snow-white robes, 'mid emerald bowers,
To bloom in Paradise;
Insatiate grave, no more shalt thou
Stern Victory wear around thy brow—
The dead at last shall rise.

JOHN ANDREW.

A DETAILED narrative of the career of Mr Andrew would prove very interesting and instructive. Here we can only give a sketchy outline. John Andrew, known poetically as "Werdna," was born in the town of Ayr in 1801. His father was a handloom weaver, but removed his family to Catrine about the year 1809, having got a charge in the mills there. "Werdna" was apprenticed as a weaver to a William Mitchell, a Methodist preacher in Kilmarnock; but, before his apprenticeship expired, owing to the decline in handloom weaving, he returned to Catrine.

In his twenty-first year he took to himself a wife from Catrine, and settled down, in a very humble way, as a weaver in Ochiltree. Some years after, he commenced bookbinding, and soon became a proficient thereat, commanding work from all the surrounding district. In the earlier years of his life, he had had an opportunity of seeing something of the upholsterer trade; and to weaving and bookbinding he hesitated not to add upholstery and painting and paperhang-

ing—thus making himself a most useful man in the parish, and keeping his hands full of remunerative employment.

Ultimately he became shopman and clerk to Thos. Cuthbert, Esq. of Burnock Holm, but only gave up weaving then—continuing still to practise those other crafts to a greater extent than most people would have thought it possible: many a morning seeing a good bit of an ordinary day's work done before the hour for *opening the shop* arrived. Thus, by his industry, ingenuity, and economy, he so improved his position as to be able, after giving his boys a sound elementary education himself, to assist them in their efforts to gain positions in the professional world; and he had the satisfaction of seeing one become a minister of the gospel, one a surgeon, and two schoolmasters. Of these four, two appear with himself in the present series.

"Werdna" was a man of more than average ability, as the educational foundation he laid for his boys to work upon shows. He was for many years correspondent to the Ayr papers; and at the time of the Disruption, when a large portion of the Ochiltree congregation "came out" and formed a vigorous Free Church congregation, he was the author of a somewhat famous "Address" which they sent to their late pastor, the Rev. James Boyd, the father of "A.K.H.B."

Through "Werdna's" nature ran the true poetic vein; and though the constant thought and toil and care necessary, in his humble sphere, to the upbringing of a large family discouraged the exercise and cultivation of it, yet nothing "froze the genial current of his soul," and ofttimes he would break out into strains at once chaste and true. He died in his seventieth year at Renton, Dumbartonshire, where he was residing with his son David who thus sings of him:—

. . . . My father was a man
Of independent soul, of kindly heart,
Of meek and quiet spirit. His right hand
And God's o'erarching grace,—by these alone
He and my mother reared their family.
The doorposts of their house were Industry
And Temperance; the lintel Piety;
Frugality the threshold; Love and Peace
The atmosphere around their humble hearth."
. . . . . .

Within two years of his death, "Werdna" wrote the following lines. The occasion may be given in his own words:—"It was early morning. I lay half asleep, half awake, when I either heard, or dreamed I heard a voice calling to me—Come away."

COME AWAY.

I am coming, Father! coming,
I am coming to Thy throne;—
Soft whispers I am hearing,
As I sit and muse alone;—
Soft whispers I am hearing,
And they bid me come away;
I am coming, Father! coming,
For Thy call I would obey.

'Tis not that I am weary
Of the life Thou giv'st me here;
I scarce have had a pain to feel,
And scarce a frown to fear;
And in my lowly dwelling
Joy reigns both night and day;
But yet I'm coming, Father!
For Thy call I would obey.

Thou giv'st me sons and daughters,
And they cling around my heart;
Thou gav'st me one yet dearer still,
From whom I'm loath to part;
Thou gav'st me many truthful friends
To cheer life's joyous way;—
But if it be Thy will, I come,
Or if Thy will, I stay.

O no!—I am not weary
Of the life Thou giv'st me here,
For there be many joyous things
All round the rolling year:

But is it not Thy call I hear?
It bids me come away :—
A voiceless call it is, and yet
I hear it night and day.

I hear it in the streamlet
As it passes to the sea ;
I hear it in the withered leaf
That rustles o'er the lea ;
I hear it in the chime of bells
That greet the Sabbath day—
To me they ever seem to call
"Arise and come away."

And oh! why should I linger
My house to re-arrange,
To set it more in order
Before the awful change?
Oh! let my soul but cleansed be
From every stain of sin,
That to my Father's house I may
Arise and enter in.

And Father! I beseech Thee
That Thou wouldst, of Thy grace,
Give me the spotless righteous robe
In which to take my place.
For how can I approach Thee,
Or sit beside Thy throne,
With garments such as mine are—
All soiled, and sin bestrewn?

Oh! how can I approach Thee—
How in thy sight appear?
Thou who alone art holy!
I tremble to draw near.
My Father! Oh my Father!
Behold my soul's distress,
Look on Thine own Anointed—
The Lord my Righteousness.

TO A LAMB.

Sweet little woolly, playful thing,
O'er the meadow wantoning,
To my memory thou dost bring
Joys departed ever.

Days have been, when on the lea
I have frolicked just like thee,—
Just as innocent and free,—
Golden days of pleasure.

Yes, oh yes, I mind them well,
Still upon my heart they tell,
Round it cling with magic spell,
And my glowing bosom swell ;
Care !—they knew it never.

. . . . . .

There now, only as I thought,
Thou amongst the briers art caught ;
Providence thee help hath brought
In my wanderings hither.

Vainly hadst thou sought to be
From these bramble withes set free ;
But thy help is found in me,
And I thee deliver.

Oh, how like myself thou art !
Cares have warped around my heart,—
Cares from which I cannot part,—
Cares I cannot sever.

See, my youth-day joys are fled,
Withered are the flowers and dead,
Wrinkles o'er my brow are spread ;
But repine I'll never.

When I labour to be free
Oh, how I resemble thee !
Then my care more firmly be
Warped around than ever.

. . . . . .

Go then, and enjoy again,
On the gowan spangled plain,
Freedom thou hadst sought in vain,
Had not I come hither.

Now thy liberty's complete,
Once again thou'rt on thy feet,
Hear thy dam doth mournful bleat,—
Yet leave at thy leisure.

And hear me once, and mark me well,
To other lambs thy story tell ;
Ne'er come to feed in briery dell,
But keep among the heather.

MORAL.

And this lesson let me learn,
"My real interest to discern" ;
And still to be in reason's bounds,
Nor travel on forbidden grounds ;
For when my passion wildly fires,
I'm like a lamb among the briers.

A HEBREW MELODY.

Harp of David, wake ! O wake !
Son of Judah, strike the chord !
For thy friends' and brethrens' sake,
Let Messiah be adored.

Israel ! now thy wandering's o'er,
From the yoke thy neck is free ;
Judah's daughter, weep no more,
Soon thy Father's land thou'lt see.

For a voice is heard on high,
"Sons of Jacob, gather, come ;
"For my wrath is past, and I
Soon shall lead my children home.

"See the leopard and the lamb
Peaceful on the mountain's brow :—
Lions wild and oxen tame
Resting in the vales below.

"There, by Judah's darkling streams,
Bloom the olive and the vine ;
While they from the noontide beams,
Safe beneath the shade recline.

"Zion yet more glorious far,
And, Jerus'lem thou shalt see
When the bright and morning star
Shines a sun and shield to thee."

Harp of David, wake ! O wake !
Son of Judah, strike the chord !
And your sweetest anthems make,
David's son—Messiah Lord,
Who, though once on Calv'ry slain,
Rose to live, and lives to reign.

REV. JOHN ANDREW.

SEVERAL sons of the subject of the previous sketch have felt the spray of the Castalian fount which Scottish hills and homes can furnish as well as Parnassus. John Andrew was born in the

village of Ochiltree, Ayrshire, in 1826, and from his boyhood had a passionate love of flowers. Cooper Greig, a village worthy of the time, used to say that "if ever Johnnie Andrew's ghost is seen it will be sure to hae a bunch o' flo'ers in its hand." He early made himself master of the botanical system of Linnaeus, and this while he was passing through two apprenticeships—for he first learned muslin weaving and then the tailor trade, at which he continued working till, his spirit being stirred to preach the gospel, he placed himself under the theological training of the Rev. James Morison, D.D., and the Rev. John Guthrie, D.D. (referred to at page 92 of our second series), the then professors in the Evangelical Union Theological Academy. In addition to these studies, and the preaching appointments that accompanied them, he studied at the Andersonian University, and also Latin, Greek, and Hebrew at the University of Glasgow.

After the ordinary curriculum, he was ordained to the pastorate of the Independent Church, Tradeston, Glasgow; and subsequently he was pastor of the Evangelical Union Churches in Tillicoultry, Barrhead, and Dundee. When in Barrhead he published a prophetic work, entitled "The Ages and the Purpose of God;" and, when in Dundee, he published, as a sequel, "The Parables of the Kingdom," both of which were highly spoken of and prized. Some twelve years ago, sympathy with the teaching and government of the Catholic Apostolic Church led to his severance from the Evangelical Union. When this change took place he was pastor of the E.U. Church, Dundee. He then became The Angel's Help in the Catholic Apostolic Church, Dundee, and he is now The Angel of the Church in Belfast.

In 1881 Mr Andrew published "The Pendulograph," a work at once artistic, scientific, and musical; and in 1882, "Thoughts on the Evolution

Theory of Creation," the first work showing great constructive genius, and also, like the second, profound philosophical knowledge. Although Mr Andrew has been cast in a tuneful poetical mould, and although his friends have long known that he possessed "the gift divine," it is but rarely he appears in that way. As far back, however, as 1868-69, when elected President of the Dundee Microscopical Society, his inaugural address, though dealing with stubborn scientific facts, found easy and graceful flow in polished verse:

. . . . . .

Fain would my willing pen have spoken
Of tiny microscopic token
That life's great chain is nowhere broken;
But on does run
Adown the silence all unwoken
Of sight outdone.

These green Desmidiaceae
And Diatoms of pearly grey,
The small dust of Life's balance they,
Which turn the scale
So gently that we scarce can say
Where that does fail;
And where this other life gives way
To that's curtail.

Fain had I shown that farther still
Adown the far invisible
There is a life whose pulses fill
All nature's veins,
And cause a quickening sense to thrill
Even death's domains

Than Diatoms minuter yet
Are Atoms in each substance set;
Hidden away from gaze or get
Of man's keen eye,
Which microscopes even fail to whet
Sufficiently.

When atoms still are living free,
And feeling their affinity,
To come together two or three
In combination;

And with minute Atomic glee
And palpitation,
Do seek each other out to the
Affiliation ;

Then as with Chemic forces driven,
A kind of atom life is liven,
Until each to the other's given
In chemic love ;
But when this wooing strife is striven,
They cease to move.

"They are dynamically dead,"
Once and again hath Tyndall said,
"Their force hath ceased, their part is played,
And they at rest"—
This doctrine should be fully weighed,
Ere it be pressed.

'Tis true the motive-force hath ceased
When in Atomic love embraced,
One Atom with its mate is placed
In still repose.
But does the force now go to waste,
And nature lose ?

Does it not need the force to hold
The Atoms thus together rolled,
As much as when with movement bold
And strange commotion,
They sought each other in the wold
Or in the ocean ?

What is it makes a beam, or bar,
Or carriage thill or mainsail spar
So strong for use in peace or war,
Save force at rest ?
In wooden less, in iron more,
All for the best !

All for the best ? for Nature measures
The force to hold in all our treasures,
As best will suit our use and pleasures ;
This to do duty,
And bear utilitarian pressures ;
While that for beauty.

Some things, as beams, in strains are strong ;
Some things a twist will not put wrong ;
Some pillars, you may crush as long
As generations ;
To some strength in a pull belong
Strength for all stations !

Fain had I proved that life is there
Sublimely silent ; holding where,
In strength to pull, or strength to bear
Or strength at all,
You find cohesion everywhere,
In great and small.

And fain would I from that beginning
Of life in strength, my course kept winning
Along the widening path, not shunning
Life's any fashion,
Till we had reached its pulses running
In thought and passion.

. . . . . .

Mr Andrew is engaged on "A Fasciculus of Mystical Song," and also on a translation into English verse of "The Phenomena" of Aratus, from which St Paul quotes (Acts xvii., 28) in his address to the Athenians. Aratus being, like Paul himself, a native of a city of Cilicia (Soli), and his works having had for interpreters many of the most learned men of Greece, would be quite familiar to Paul and the audience whom he addressed; indeed, the wonder is that he should have had so long to wait for translation into our English tongue. We give the opening lines of Mr Andrew's graceful rendering, containing the quotation referred to, and trust that he may be spared to finish what he has so well begun:

From God we must originate,
Not any time we break the spell
That binds us to the ineffable.
Yea full of God the highways are ;
And full the City thoroughfare !
And full the sea ; and full the shore ;
Indeed we all are evermore
Having to do with God ; for we
His very kind and offspring be,
And to His offspring the benign
Fails not to give benignant sign.

THE TWOFOLD MOVEMENT OF GOD.

In the earth God does no work
Out of Zion not forespoken :
What the "Wheels" shall go to do,
The "Cherubim" foretoken—
All the destiny of nations,
All this rest and perturbations ;
This shall not be broken.

From Zion where Jehovah rests,
Where he still delights to dwell,
He shall his testimony send,
And the nations tell
How they may expect their end ;
Breaking who will not attend ;
Blessing all who will.

The world's affairs are not apart
From the fortunes of the altar ;
In all its work, and war, and art,
One purpose shall not falter ;
In the "Four" and in the "Wheels,"
The same all-moving Spirit dwells,
Accomplishing His purpose.

In the Four with diverse faces—
In the Church's heavenly places—
All who carefully do scan
Will see "the likeness of a Man."
List ! a noise is in their going ;
Like the noise of waters flowing ;
Like the tumult of the ocean ;
Like an host in martial motion.
Oh mankind, consider Him
Inhabiting the Cherubim.

By and bye this work is past,
And they enter into rest ;
What unutterable things,
When the Four let down their wings.
Then His judgments forth shall thunder
And the world shall gaze and wonder.

DAVID ANDREW.

DAVID ANDREW was born nine years later than his brother John, in a strae-theekit biggin', wi' a but an' a ben, an' a garret. The *but* was the kitchen, and served his father as bookbinder's establishment; the *ben* was a two-loomed weaver's shop; and the garret constituted bed-room, &c. Like his elder brother, David was early set on the loom, and received all his elementary education at home from his father—reading his lesson while his father was "dressin' his wab," and in winter nights in the kitchen when his father was "bindin'." At odd times he acquired Mathematics, Latin, Greek, &c., from the Parochial and Free Church teachers. With the latter (Mr Young) he received lessons in the school in the mornings along with the two pupil teachers. One of these is the Rev. J. M. Sloan, of Anderston Free Church, Glasgow.

In 1854 Mr Andrew removed to Glasgow as a student in the F.C. Normal Seminary. In his first session he was a bursar, in his second a Queen's scholar (one of the first to be so ranked without having been previously a pupil teacher). At the end of his curriculum, he was appointed Free Church teacher in Old Kilpatrick, where, in August, 1856, he opened the Free Church School. In 1858 he was offered and accepted the mastership of the public school in Renton, Dumbartonshire, which position he held to the great satisfaction of the inhabitants until 1877, when he was appointed headmaster of the public school in Duntocher, where he still remains, admired and beloved by all who know him.

The subject of our notice we might, in some respects, describe as a teacher of the old school, who has no faith in the new fashion of cramming up for

a pass or a spurt to attain certain present results: but rather in laying, though it should be by slower degrees, a sure and solid foundation for after attainments. Indeed, it has often been remarked that Mr Andrew's scholars are known among others by their *thoroughness and readiness*. Mr Andrew is naturally fond of children, and music, and flowers. He is able to elevate his teaching and ennoble his scholars by an intimate knowledge and love of "the true, the beautiful, and the good." It might thus be expected that Mr Andrew should be a poet; poetry and music are as natural in him as is sunshine and air in the garden. The Messrs Parlane, of Paisley, have just published a finely-conceived and ably-executed little work by Mr Andrew, entitled "P. P. Bliss: his Life and Song," with musical illustrations; while not a few of his poems have appeared in local magazines and newspapers. His poetry, like the man himself, beams with touches of tenderness and truth. We are told, by those who know him well, that his most ardent desire is to be to the young as an under-shepherd of Him who says, "Feed my Lambs."

ROBIN'S RETURN.

There's a chill i' the air, but a sang at my door;
For a wee bird has come,—as cam Robins afore
In the Autumns o' yore,—
An' he wants to recite his wee birdie life lore,
An' implore.

. . . . . .

"O! the Simmer was bricht, an' my mate she was dear:
Frae the mornin' sae licht to the e'enin' sae clear,
Naither sorrow nor fear.
But the Winter, that brings me nae life-love nor cheer,
Is noo near.

"O! we biggit oor nest i' the lug o' a linn,
Amang tangle an' flo'ers, at the root o' a whin;
Hoo the sun shone abune!
Hoo I whistled my tune! hoo the water made din!
An' the win'!

. . . . . .

"O! my hennie chirped love as she sat on her nest;
There was licht in her e'e frae the joy in her breast;
I was blest, I was blest!
I was sure 'twad be sae, naething mair had I wiss'd
'Twas *the best*.

"O! the time flew fu' fast, an' our birdies appeared;—
Through the lang Simmer day we're a foe to be feared:
Frae the nest they soon steired,
An' we flitter'd an' fed them, till aff they careered,
Nor leave speir'd.

"Syne, we back to the same cosie nook slippit then:
An' a bonnie wee nestie we biggit again:
Ay, an' doon sat my hen!
Is this ocht like the way that their simmers they spen'
Amang men?

"O! I ken na, an' care na; sae be't as it may:
But the Simmer wi' a' its bird joys is away;
An' noo, Sirs, if we may,
We wad spen' near your shielin' the cauld Winter day:—
Will ye say?"

. . . . . .

Ho! ho! Robin, ye're welcome, we like ye fu' weel:
Ye're a cantie,—though cock-fechtin'—comical chiel:
Just mak' free wi' our biel';
Let your Matins and Vespers, sae hearty an' leal,
Scare the deil.

OOR WEE LAMBS.

Twa are ta'en in frae the hills an' the glens—
In to the lea o' the fold:
The win' was ower snell for the lammies, wha kens,—
Oh! had they deid in the wold.

But in to the lown o' his heavenly bield
The Shepherd has ta'en them awa'—
Himsel' there the lammies to tend and to shield:
Then why let your tears doon fa'?

Ay, weel ye may ask why we sae sab an' weep;
I kenna, but this—it's nae sham:
The Shepherd himsel' ance grat sair for a sheep,
An' why mayna we for a lamb?

Sae blame na oor sorrow, and chide na oor tears,
Tho' deep, an' tho' fast they fa',
For the joy an' the love o' their innocent years
Is the purest the earth ever saw.

But the twa that are ta'en are nae a' that were gi'en,
The rest we maun cosie an' feed ;
For the cauld may bite sairer than ever, I ween,—
To the lown, to the lown let us lead.

Oh ! Thou wha art Shepherd, an' shelter, an' shield,
In the fold, and on fells thou hast flocks ;
Oh ! timeously take to the heavenly field
Wha cower 'mang the cliffs o' the rocks.

A REVERIE.

ABOVE.

When I look to the lovely and limitless sky,
That seems distant here, but yonder nigh ;
When I think of the sun—the glorious sun,
Whose task of blessing is never done ;
When I gaze on the moon with its silvery light,
Changing to beauty the gloom of the night ;
When I muse on the stars, so sprightly and gay,
That flit into being as dieth the day ;
And the clouds—when I see their fantastic forms
Now heaving and rolling amid the storms,
And anon in the calm lying far and wide,
Like ripples at play on the murmuring tide ;
And the rainbow's hues, and the rainbow's arch ;
And the stranger comet pursuing his march ;
When I raise my eyes to the heavens above,
With all their display of wisdom and love,
Adoring, I cry to the Maker Divine,
"'Tis a marvellous world, this world of Thine !"

BELOW.

When I turn to the oft-changing face of the earth,
And muse on its myriad beauties—their birth,
And their life, and their dying—'tis ever to me
An abode, by design, of felicity.
'Tis Spring, the great birthtime, and sapling and tree
Feel the rushing of energy full and free ;
And soon they are robed in a garment of green,
And life abounds where death had been.
'Tis Summer's exuberance ; earth, sea, and sky
Are joined in competitive revelry ;
And Nature walks forth in her majesty now
With a coronal rare on her radiant brow.
'Tis Autumn's maturity ; laden with fruit,
With abundance of blessing for man and for brute,
What a season for confidence, thanksgiving, mirth,
For the great ripe crops of the great green earth !
'Tis winter's repose, and a curtain of grey
Envelopes the sleeper by night and by day,
And she rests, and prepares for another birth :
So circle the seasons, as circles the earth.

And I look abroad as they circle on
In their order and harmony one by one,
And exclaim, as I worship my Father above,
And muse on His might, and His wisdom, and love,—
"Let the white snow drift, or the hot sun shine,
It ever is lovely, this world of Thine!"

AROUND.

When I think of the creatures, the great and the small,
That people this mighty and beautiful ball,
And ponder that *Man*, the controller of all;—
When I think of their wants trooping in with the hours,
Of the plentiful blessings the great Father showers
From the treasury whence cometh every good,
From the storehouse of infinite plentitude,—
How happy and peaceful methinks should they be
With life, with abundance, with liberty!
But far is it other: I hurriedly trace
The various kinds, and each different race;
One spirit pervades all—the mean and the high,
And filleth the world with misery.
When I think of the ignorance floating around
Like a gathering mist on the sin-curs't ground:
Of the selfishness raging in man from his youth,
Blasting each noble feeling of kindness and truth,—
When I see so little of truth and of love,
So few of the graces which come from above,
So much of unkindness, so much of disdain,
Such cruel oppression, such sorrow and pain,
Sick at heart, I confess, as the dark clouds lowers,
"'Tis an unworthy world, this world of ours!"

BEYOND.

O heart! mope no longer on errors below;
Set thine eye on that land where the good only go;
And let truth's blessed telescope bring to thy view
What is great that is good, what is fair that is true.
Far away in the glorious mansions of God
The holy and sanctified have their abode;
Sin and sorrow have fled from the dwellers away;
Peace and gladness shall ravish each bosom alway;
And holiness spread like an atmosphere round;
And happiness heave like an ocean profound;
What a beautiful world will that new world be!
Lord, allot a place in it to mine and to me.

REV. MATTHEW DICKIE.

MATTHEW DICKIE was born at East Raws, in the parish of Kilmarnock, in 1815—exactly a month before the great and memorable battle of Waterloo. His parents were sprung from that peasant farmer class who have done so much for, and have long been such an honour to Scotland. The first school he attended was that of Paikshole. The master, John Brown, was a remarkable man (as so many men of the same name have been), rough and rather uncouth in his manners, but a rare scholar, although he had at one time held the plough. He had a fine literary taste, and could repeat the whole of Blair's great and inimitable poem, "The Grave," from memory. Often would the grand but peculiar old dominie wax eloquent and expatiate about the grandeur and the beauty of the poetry which was being read from Barry's Collection (the highest English class-book in his school, though Mr Brown was an excellent Latin scholar also), and in graphic and enthusiastic language he would point out to his scholars the sublimities of Milton, the loftiness and perfection of Shakespeare, the impressiveness of Young, the rugged grandeur of Blair, the classic beauty of Beattie, and the rich melody and the melting pathos of "The Emigrant" of the Hon. Henry Erskine, the author of which he did not, however, know, it being given anonymously in the class book. As this had been Mr Brown's habit throughout all the years he taught, it doubtless had the effect of kindling the first poetic sparks which, even then, were lying latent in Mr Dickie's youthful bosom.

Having suffered a sad reverse of fortune, Mr Dickie's father had to leave the farm and remove westward to Ploughland, in the parish of Dundonald,

and become a day labourer on that farm. Having a large family, Matthew had to begin early to labour with his hands, and was engaged first at farm work, and latterly as a moulder at a tilework. During these toilsome years, however, he not only found time for self-instruction, but for a large amount of reading, while the poetic faculty within him must have been nursed and fired by the rich beauty of the scenery and the stirring associations connected with numerous places which lay within his view. Daily within sight was the grey old ruins of Dundonald Castle, once the residence of the Kings Robert II. and III. A little way to the west were the Claven Hills where the Norwegians encamped after landing at Ayr, and before they were so signally defeated at Largs; and there, on these hills, the vestiges of their two camps are still to be seen. Here the steps of the youthful poet must often have wandered

> "At summer eve, when, labour done,
> He strayed to view the parting sun;"

and nowhere in the West of Scotland could a more delightful prospect meet the eye of the young aspiring poet. Beneath him, to the west, were stretched out, bright and broad, the burnished waters of the Frith of Clyde, with the lofty, rugged and thunder-splintered peaks of Arran rising from out the ocean wave exactly opposite; and the giant rock of Ailsa, grim and bald, braving the beating of the great sea waves at the southern entrance of the Frith; while far along the coast on either hand, towns, villages, farmsteads, and peaceful white-washed cottages rose clustering into view; or, if turning his back upon the burnished sea and setting sun, he could take in at a single glance a wide sweep of the dark and savage-looking hills where, of old, the Covenanters unfurled their blue banner, till success rewarded their struggles, and peace and liberty again blessed

the land with their smiles. The contemplation of such scenes fired his soul, and fanned into a flame the poetic element within him, and set him early to the writing of poetry. After many struggles, by teaching, and latterly engaging as a city missionary, he not only succeeded in maintaining himself at college, but he also found time to pen a large amount of poetry.

In the summer of 1847 he was licensed by the Relief Presbytery of Glasgow to preach the gospel, just when that Church was about to be united to the Secession. From the first he was an eloquent and a most acceptable preacher, and soon had several calls given to him, but early in 1848 he accepted the one to Cumnock. He was a forcible and persuasive advocate of total abstinence; and he was all the more successful that he enforced his arguments with prudence, and with a large and a wise measure of Christian charity.

After labouring at Cumnock with great acceptance for nine years, he accepted a call to Bristol. The additional strain upon him which the care of this congregation entailed brought him to his grave in 1870. Two years after his death his "Life and Remains" were given to the world by the Rev. Dr Taylor. Among these are several miscellaneous poems, though none of the larger poetical works which he had written, one of which was a lengthy poem of great merit in blank verse, with the rather prosaic and uninviting title of "Instinct." These, we think, his friends might make selections from and publish, for they could well bear the light even of this highly critical age.

WEARY.

I'm weary and tired of the endless strife
Of conflicting things below,
As this surging and ever restless life
Keeps heaving to and fro.

All seems everywhere opposed to all ;
It's a struggle from hand to hand,
In which evil, in some of its thousand forms,
Gets ever the upper hand.

How few ever gain the glittering prize
Whose glory so dazzles their eye,
And e'en when gained, how often, alas !
Is it only to wither and die !
Oft those to whom life is a thing of delight,
Fade away ere their course is half run ;
While others to whom it's a burden and curse
Feel as if their's would never be done.

The fairest are ever the feeblest forms,
The sweetest the first to fade,
And sorrow aye comes to dwell in the bower
Which love and joy hath made.
And all along the highway of life
Ten times ten thousand mourn
For the loves and joys of happier days
Which now never more return.

How wearisome, tiresome, truly is all,
If this were the total sum,
And if after this weary and sorrowful life
There were nothing better to come.
But no, oh no ! there is light on the waste ;
Far over the dark swelling flood
I see the silver lining which now,
E'en now, illumines the cloud.

Oh, there endued with a holier life,
Are the lost still so highly prized ;
There the good we sought but never obtained
Is abundantly realized.
There the withered joys and loves of earth
All again bloom bright and fair,
And my poor widowed heart is wearying now,
Wearying much to be there.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

'Tis strange to see their mystic play,
To see them rise and fall :
How they come and go, and flit and fly—
Those shadows on the wall.

Where'er you go you meet with them,
In cot and princely hall ;
They here and there and everywhere
Keep flitting on the wall.

They never answer, though you speak,
Nor come, although you call:
But ever and forever they
Keep dancing on the wall.

Thousands have striven to solve it, but
The thing defies them all;
And still unsolved, a mystery shrouds
Those shadows on the wall.

"It's all a trick," a sceptic sneered,
"I understand it all:"
He started, for that moment gloom'd
A shadow on the wall.

"We'll laugh it down," some madman cried,
"Why let such dreams appal?"
Wild rose the mirth, but wilder flew
The shadows on the wall.

"Let in the light," a novice said,
"It's darkness does it all;"
The more the light, the darker grew
The shadows on the wall.

Thus every method has been tried—
Tried both by great and small;
But all have failed, there they are still—
Those shadows on the wall.

GOWRIE.

I've wandered far by wood and wild,
Where nature frowned and beauty smiled,
Till, toss'd about as Fortune's child,
I've landed here in Gowrie.

But I'm here alane, I'm here alane,
What wonder then that I complain?
And when I walk abroad I've nane
To tak' my arm in Gowrie.

'Tis true the smile that Gowrie wears
May well dispel my anxious cares,
For Paradise itself appears
As if transferred to Gowrie.

The fields have here a richer green,
Mair sweetly sets the sun at e'en;
But what are these when a' is seen
By me alane in gowrie?

Though beauty's gems I daily see,
And hearts as leal as hearts can be,
Their sympathies are no wi' me,
For their hames are a' in Gowrie.

This though I feel I canna blame,
For I mysel' am just the same—
My sympathies are no wi' them,
No,—they are far frae Gowrie.

Oh, there lives a lass in yon far West,
Abune them a' I like her best,
And when compared 'twill be confessed
There's nane like her in Gowrie.

ANDREW B. TAYLOR,

THE author of the following poems, is a native of Arbroath, and a youthful poet of much promise. Working as a compositor in the office of the *Arbroath Guide*, his leisure hours have been productive of various efforts, both by pencil and by pen. Possessed of good artistic tastes, Mr Taylor has reproduced, through the medium of water-colours, not a few little bits of coast scenery lying around "Fairport," which have been much appreciated and favourably criticised by artistic connoisseurs. Born within hearing of the moaning music of the German Ocean, a vein of sadness frequently permeates his poetry, and exhibits a deep sympathy with human sorrows. Occasionally, however, his manner of treatment is happy, the lines following one another with a rippling movement full of gladness and light, such as the ocean assumes in its brighter moods. Mr Taylor has not yet written much, but what he has contributed to the local press under the *nom-de-plume* of "Quill," gives good promise for the future.

The first poem we give, with its ebb and flow, its little grief and catching gladness, is a fair specimen of the fruit of his musings.

A WAVELET.

Only a wave,
By an ocean cave,
With mournful melody,
Sweeping the reach
Of the peebled beach
In tuneful monody.

It filled my ears,
And brought the tears
From heart's responsive strain:
I needs must sing
Of that lone thing,
A wavelet of the main,

It coursed along,
A murmuring song
So full of plaintive woe;
And told a tale,
A soulful wail,
In whispers soft and low;

The wind no more
Went sweeping o'er
Its throbbing breast of blue;
The wanton breeze
Now wooed the trees,
And told his love anew.

The wayward wight
Had taken flight,
And left it there to die:
No sparkling crest
Bejewelled its breast,
And hence this sob and sigh.

When o'er the bay,
From new-mown hay,
The laggard tripped along:
He'd left the lea
To woo the sea,—
And changed the wavelet's song.

It sang a strain,
A bold refrain,
Across old ocean's bed;
Ho! cresting white
Great flecks of light,
The snow-foam crowns its head.

And seabirds wing
In aerial ring,
Or flights of dazzling motion ;
They love the wind
That leaves behind
The land and woos the ocean.

Euphonious,
Harmonious,
All Nature seems to rhyme,
The dancing ray,
The lap and spray,
The wind—all keeping time.

While soft and clear
Falls on the ear
A liquid roundelay,
From dropping well
In caverned cell
Where hermit wont to pray.

And, fled each thought
With sorrow fraught,
My heart's lute joyous bounds,
Like th' twinkling rill
Whose waters fill
The cave with silver sounds.

THE PASSION IN ART.

Gae wa, ye senseless coofs wha sneer
At landscape ere sae fine,
Should its impasto break the rules
O' Academic line.

Ye crack aboot your symphonies
In cauldrif peacock blues,
And dazzlin' daubs o' harmonies
In a' the warmer hues.

Gi'e me ae touch o' Nature's hand,
Frae noble Passion's shrine,—
Ae bit o' lowly village scene,—
And a' the rest be thine.

For weel I ken the thochts that flew
Frae oot the painter's brain,
And bore him frae the beatin' track
To walk in Passion's train.

That grey kirk-spire and ivied manse
Reminded him o' hame,—
That hame he'd left for lang, lang years
To mak' ane honoured name.

And smilin', minds the tree-taps seemed,—
His then the unskilled e'e,—
To scart big holes i' th' clouds abune,
And touch the sky fu' hie.

The spire o' th' kirk wi' its gowden tap,
Bestraikit the stars o' nicht;
A stiff, stale brae up which the saints
Gaed straucht to heaven bricht.

The smiddy fire was th' open yett
To the fearfu' fiery place,—
That brimstane hame, the pastor said,
Prepared for th' wicked race.

E'en thus the artist paints and dreams,
And langer the fir-tree grows
That ower the red-tiled smiddy roof
Its hiddlin' shadow throws.

And aye the ruddier mak's the licht
From oot the "open door,"
As strikes his ear the hammer's sound
And the fiery forge's roar.

And half-hid forms 'mang ripplin' grain
Are touched wi' genius' hand:
Th' kindly deeds o' their hamely hearts
He noo can understand:

A nobler aim has entered the soul
O' Bohemia's wanderin' son;
And Passion has gained a masterly power,
And Art a convert won!

HARK.

"Hark! I hear," she said, "little footsteps
Crossing the carpeted floor,
Yet my fading eyes see naught of brightness
Between me and the door."

"It is only the noise of the pattering rain,
As it falls on the greenwood leaves,
Or drops with a hard metallic ring
From the overhanging eaves."

"Nay! I hear them together singing,—
Soft as the Christmas chimes;
Low and sweet are my darlings' voices,
Trolling their nursery rhymes."

"It is only the low sad moaning
Of the wind thro' the old lime trees;
The plaintive notes of the knarled elms
Swayed by the passing breeze."

"And, see! where the daylight lingers,
By the stream's low flowering edge,
My husband, eagerly watching,
Waiteth for me by the bridge."

"It is only the grim, gaunt shadow,
Where the gleams from the window fall,
Of the apple-tree in the garden,
Thrown on the moss-grown wall."

Ah, little they knew 'twas a vision
In heaven fulfilled to be!
With the rosy dawn, her gentle spirit
Passed over Eternity's sea.—

And the rain fell not, and the zephyr
Had sighed itself asleep;
But, alone with their dead, sad mourners,
Comfortless, stand and weep!

MY BAIRNIES TWA.

Whaur shall we gae, my bairnies, this day,
When the sun sheens bricht wi' cheerin' ray?
To the woods, whaur burdies sing their sang
'Mang leafy trees or the broom sae lang;
Whaur burnies rin and loup in their glee,
Reflectin' the clouds i' the sky fu' hie?
Oh, whaur shall we gae, my bairnies twa,
To spend the day till the e'enin's fa'?

Shall we chase the bee wi' its laden wing,
And comb oor hair in the woodland spring,
Each sweet smiling face th' mirror o' joy
That comes frae hope withoot ae alloy;
Or lie and watch the lambs at their play,
And weave bricht garlands o' flowers sae gay
Oh, whaur shall we gae, my bairnies twa,
To pass the oors till the licht's but sma'?

Say, shall we wade in the burn sae clear,
That sings sae sweet this time o' the year;
And laugh at the eddying, foaming bells
Like throes o' sang frae the inner cells,
Startling the birds wi' oor merry shout
O' ringin' glee at the siller trout?
Oh, whaur shall we gae, my bairnies twa,
Till clouds the closer and closer draw?

Or, shall we cleek oor hands in a ring,
And dance and shout for the pleasures they bring,
While the timid bird, wi' sidelong e'e,
Looks frae his perch on the blossomed tree,
And bursts into chorusing wells o' sang,
While startled echoes the strains prolang?
Oh, whaur shall we gae, my bairnies twa,
Till fled the licht frae yon gowden ba'?

Whaure'er we gae we will happy be,
And laugh and sing in oor wanton glee;
We'll feast oor hearts wi' a rich repast
O' woodland flowers on the greenwood cast;
From bank and brae we'll gather them a',
Till the daylicht wanes and shadows fa';
And the God o' flowers, and birds, and streams
Will smile on my bairnies' midnicht dreams.

Saft as the step o' the nichtlin's fa',
Comes glidin' doon frae their Father's ha'
The far-awa soond o' angelic notes,
While ower their heids a guardian floats
Wi' a radiance bricht frae heaven abune,
Like the siller licht o' the smilin' mune!
Oh, it's there, it's there, my bairnies twa,
That the God o' love's enthroned 'bune a'.

ANGUS FAIRBAIRN,

SCOTTISH vocalist, lecturer, &c., was born near Edinburgh about the year 1829. We regret only being able to give a mere "inklin'" of the poet. After receiving a fair education, he became an office-boy in one of the large warehouses in Glasgow. He early gave evidence of a talent and taste for vocal music, and in course of time became a gifted exponent of Scottish song and literature, giving lectures and illustrations of the Doric Muse in the principal cities of the United Kingdom, more especially in London and adjacent towns. Whilst in Greenwich, where

he resided for some time, he published, in 1868, a volume entitled "Poems by Angus Fairbairn, the Scottish Singer." Becoming popular as a lecturer and vocalist, he followed in the wake of Wilson, Kennedy, and Templeton, as an illustrator of the songs of Scotland, occasionally giving "A nicht wi' Burns and Tannahill," to appreciative audiences.

At this period of his popularity, he was induced to go to Canada, where, it is said, he died. We give the following from the preface to the volume already referred to:—"That the following poems have been gathered together from various corners of newspapers and other periodicals, and now offered to the public in a form good enough for the very best sort of literature, is owing entirely to the kindness of friends. Whether these friends have done wisely or not, my old patron the public must determine. In pursuance of my avocation as lecturer, and singer of Scottish songs, I have never found the public slow to appreciate a clear expression of poetical thought and feeling: I am, therefore, confident if this little volume do not succeed, it simply does not deserve success."

He enjoyed the admiration of those whose friendship was even more valued by him than literary fame, and the examples we give of his poetry attest the truly poetic nature of the man, suggesting much of genuine thought, quick and passionate feeling, and of regulated sensibility. His poems and songs have that particular quality by which genuine poetry may always be distinguished—they almost become imprinted on the memory as they are read.

Here is a choice bit of Scotch criticism from the pen of the editor of an English newspaper:—"A wee bit o' laddie frae the lan' o' cakes has drap'd doon amang us, an' tuned the pipes o' oor dool unko weel. We dinna misdoot the notes frae the wee bit o' laddie will soon braly o'er oor heathery hills."

GREE, BAIRNIES, GREE.

The wee bit whistlin' birdie
Has gorblins in the nest;
She haps them wi' her spreckled wings,
And whistles them to rest;
Her bonnie voice, at morn and e'en,
Comes sweetly frae the tree,
And Willie winkie kens her sang
As weel as ye or me;
For the wee bit whistlin' birdie sings
Gree, bairnies, gree.

The wee bit cheepin' moosie,
It lives among the grass;
Its wee bit heart goes pit-a-pat
To hear the callants pass,
For it has wee bit helpless things,
As helpless as can be;
And Andrew kens, the paukie loon,
Her cheep, as weel as me;
For the wee bit cheepin' moosie cheeps
Gree, bairnies, gree.

The wee bit brattlin' burnie,
When summer days are high,
A lookin'-glass for laverocks
When they come frae the sky;
It laughs to see a curly pow
Come toddling o'er the lee,
And my wee gentle Jessie kens
Her sang as weel as me;
For the wee bit brattin' burnie sings
Gree, bairnies, gree.

WINTER IS RETREATING.

The winter is retreating,
And the little birds are meeting,
With a merry loving greeting,
In the branches of the lime;
Early flowers begin to show,
Bright as gold and white as snow;
But my heart is not aglow
With the sweet reviving time.

For spring can ne'er awaken
Those for whom our hearts are breaking,
Who from loving homes were taken
Since the summer leaves were green;
And the brightening of the year
Makes remembrance more severe,
While we fondly wish them here
As in days that we have seen.

Oh, why should mortal sorrow
Be so fain and fond to borrow
Signs of hope's restoring morrow
From the flowers that quickly pass?
Drawing comfort as we may
From such ministers as they,
While ourselves we fade away
Like the shadows from the grass?

THE SIGNALMAN.

Out through the darkness nearing, nearing,
He hails the signs of the train appearing.
Hark! how the sound of its fiery flight
Startles the echoes at quiet midnight.

Mountain to mountain, astonished, doth call;
The deer in the bracken, the steed in the stall,
Tremble, affrighted, as, down through the strath,
It comes, it comes on the iron path.

All right, by his saving light; 'tis passed,
And the flame of its breath on the night outcast;
Under the brae, that yawns like hell,
It is gone, it is gone, with a smothered yell.

And thus, while the hours in silence glide,
And sleep's dull sea flows in full tide,
He marks the meteors that come and go,
In the heaven above and the earth below.

And into the future nearing, nearing,
He hails the sign of the time appearing,
When war shall be crush'd, in his crimson'd team,
By the spirit that rules the power of steam.

POLLY'S LULLABY.

The pussy's gone to rest
In the little doggie's nest,
And doggie must watch till day,
While the lambs on the hill
With their dams lie still,
And their little noses nestled in the hay.
Oh, Polly, dear Polly, wee Polly mine!
There's a kind, kind eye
Keeping watch in the sky,
Though the sun hath ceased to shine.

There's a cannie bird that sings
On his downie grey wings,
'Tween the earth and heaven so high;
He'll be up singing clear;
But his voice you winna hear
If you dinna go to sleep by and by.

Sweet Polly, dear Polly, wee Polly mine !
There's a kind, kind eye
Keeping watch in the sky,
Though the sun hath ceased to shine.

Then close thy sleepy e'e
Like the gowan on the lee,
For shades of the evening fall,
And hush thee to rest
On thy own mother's breast,
For the Father he loveth us all.
Dear Polly, wee Polly, sweet Polly mine !
There's a kind, kind eye
Keeping watch in the sky,
Though the sun hath ceased to shine.

LINES TO A POETIC FRIEND IN SORROW ON CHRISTMAS MORN.

This morn, to love and friendship dear,
So sad to thee this closing year,
This morn to thee I dedicate,
To thee and to thy faithful mate,
Who, on this day of Jesus Christ,
With sorrow keepeth mournful tryst,
Beside the moaning ocean wave,
By dear wee Milly's early grave.
The boundless sea is like thy pain,
It ebbs and flows, and comes again,
As fond rememb'rance restless strays
O'er all her winsome childish ways,—
The words, the looks, the nameless grace,—
That lately filled thy dwelling-place ;
But He who holds the waves in thrawl,
The Mighty One, the All in All,
Can still the tempest of thy grief
And bring thy tortured soul relief.
Ah, dear ! my friends, who e'er can know
The mystery of thy mortal woe ?
With anguished minds we pray, we strive
To save the lovéd ones alive ;
And hard it is to kiss the hand
That leads them to the better land,
And sore for flesh and blood to thole
The rending of the heart and soul ;
But this I must and this thou must,
And give our dearest to the dust.
Who knows what pale-faced sorrow means,
Cold gliding through life's various scenes ?
This moment withering hopes elate,
That blossomed in the highest state ;
The next, in Poet's humble shed,
Bent tearful o'er his youthful dead !

No voice in nature e'er betrays
The secret of the Father's ways;
No whisper yet was ever heard,
Not even by inspiréd bard,
To tell why fairest things should die,
And tears bedim affection's eye,
Or give poor hope one slender path
Across the mirksome stream of death.
But through the ages, dim and far,
Shines forth one peerless, radiant star,
That now, with still-increasing light,
Illumes the darkness of our night:
This morn beheld that star ascend,
To set no more till time shall end,—
A symbol bright of love divine,
Immortal life for thine and mine.
Dear friend, these thoughts thy heart imbue,
These thoughts thy faith and hope renew;
So may this grief a blessing prove,
Through God the Father's boundless love.

DOWAGER LADY LISTON FOWLIS,

WIDOW of the late Sir William Liston Fowlis, Bart., of Colinton, contributes both in prose and verse to several of our magazines. The Messrs Parlane, Paisley, have issued numerous "leaflets" and little books by Lady Fowlis, and these have enjoyed a wide popularity—"Pilgrim Songs from Bunyan," (arranged in the order of the beautiful story), in particular having been very extensively circulated. In a note to this little book, the author says—"Most of these Pilgrim songs were written at odd times, while studying "The Pilgrim's Progress" with a Bible Class of young women. They do not lay claim to poetic merit, far less exhaustive treatment, but were written in order to impress upon the minds of my young friends some of the spiritual lessons taught from the wonderful allegory."

Lady Fowlis is a pure, graceful, and pleasant writer. She has devoted the muse to a high purpose —teaching us to live "soberly, righteously, and godly." Her hymns show delicate and sweet fancy, a sensitive ear for the melody of words, a cultured imagination, and considerable power of expression.

THE LARK'S MISSION.

As morn by morn the sun arose,
  Far o'er the deep blue tide,
Shedding a golden pathway there,
  Where angel feet might glide;
There rose a lark on joyous wing,
  Singing, as still he flies,
His morning song of praise to Him
  Who made the earth and skies.

Meanwhile, down by yon fisher's cot,
  You'd see his busy hand
Mending the nets, while yet the tide
  Steals slowly up the strand:
Each morning finds him at the task
  He knows and plies so well;
And as he works, he hears the lark
  Whose notes with rapture swell.
It is an echo in his heart—
  An arrow winged with love?
He stops his work, and gazes up—
  Up to the sky above.

. . . . .

"My bonnie birdie, ilka morn
  Ye sing yer blythesome lay,
While ne'er a sang o' praise I gie
  To Him wha guides my way.
Aye! I hae clean forgotten Him
  To whom ye gie the praise;
Though he's sae mindfu' aye o' me
  For a' my wilfu' ways.

'Twas but yest're'en I saw the tempest lour,
And thocht o' Nelly, and the bairnies four—
Thocht how they'd greet, if never, never mair
They'd see the faither in his ain bit chair!
Aye, what a sicht was Nelly's watery e'e,
Wi' Robbie in her arms sae fu' o' glee;
When as the wind cam' swoopin' owre the wol',
The boat was anchored safe in Lucky's hole.

Aye, but yon lav'rock there has smote my heart—
I ne'er in sang o' praise ha'e ta'en a part—
I ne'er ha'e thankit Him nor praised His name,
Wha gar'd the awsome waves to guide me hame;
I e'en maun try, like yon blithe birdie there,
To raise a mornin' sang and evenin' prayer.
Sae ilka day I'll praise and bless His name,
Wha sent the birdie wi' this message hame.

Aye! yonder's Nelly wi' the bairn,
As blithe as blithe can be,
Singin' like ony lav'rock
Abune the grassy lea.

. . . . .

'Atweel, gudewife, yon lav'rock's sang
Has brocht my sin to mind,
We ne'er ha'e praised nor blessed the Lord
Wha's been sae gude and kind—
We ne'er hae thocht o' Him ava',
Nor seen His lovin' hand in a'.

Sae, let us read His Word, gudewife,
Wha bade the storm be still,
And teach our bairnies, as they grow,
To do His holy will;
Let's teach them in the morn to sing,
Like to the lav'rock there,
A lilt o' praise unto the King,
Wha made them a' sae fair.

I mind my mither tellin' me
He gi'ed His Son to dee,
That in death's gloamin' we micht sing
A sang o' victory.
Let's gi'e our hearts to Him, Nelly,
Wha lo'd us a' sae weel;
Then like the lav'rock we will sing,
While yet we mind the creel."

"Gudeman, your words mak' glad my heart,
For 'twas but yesternicht
I cried in my puir way to Him,
Wha hauds a' power and micht,
That He wad bring ye safe, Willie—
Safe through the storm to me,
That ance mair I micht see ye
Wi' the bairnies on your knee.
We'll thank Him baith thegither, Will,
We'll learn the bairns to sing;
And ilka morn and e'en we'll pray
To Him, our Lord and King."

THE SUNBEAM.

I would I were a sunbeam
In one connected ray,
Shining with sunny brightness
All through the livelong day—
A ray from Thee, dear Lord,
Direct and bright,
A child of Light.

I would I were a sunbeam,
So pure and clear, and bright,
No earthly mote e'er clinging,
Though floating in my sight—
A ray from Thee dear Lord,
So pure and bright,
A child of Light.

I would I were a sunbeam,
So busy night and day,
As round the world it shineth,
Working for good alway—
A ray from Thee, dear Lord,
Busy and bright,
A child of Light.

I would I were a sunbeam,
Unselfish, helpful, kind,
Bringing some brightness ever
Where want and need I find—
A ray from Thee, dear Lord,
Unselfish, bright,
A child of Light.

I would I were a sunbeam,
So happy and so free,
Tripping with footstep lightly,
With merry heart and glee—
A ray from Thee, dear Lord,
Happy and bright,
A child of Light.

A VOICE FROM SHETLAND.

(1867.)

A voice has reached us from the Skerries,
Across the dark and stormy ferries,
Telling of famine of the Word,
Of Sacrament, and service heard.

. . . . . .

Just look into this cot awhile,
In Whalsay's or in Skerry's Isle,
There, on a Sabbath evening, rests
The Fisher, from the storms he breasts;
No Pastor has been there that day,
No boat has crossed the stormy way;
And many a Sabbath-day has fled,
Since last to Worship they were led.

"I say," quo Eric to his Wife,
"I wish in a' the ills o' life,
We had a Minister to cheer us,
Ane wha kens the airt to steer us;
Tell us how to mak' for Heaven,
How our sins may be forgiven."

"It's truth ye say," was answer spoken,
"But sure, my man, ye hae forgotten,
That 'tween the Main, this Isle, and Skerry,
There lies that wae and awsome ferry,
How could the Minister come owre,
When no a boat could live an hour?"

"Ay," quoth the Fisher, "weel I wot
The dangers o' an open boat;
But wife—suppose they in the south
Whom we but ken by word o' mouth—
Were to be stirred up by the Lord,
Their help and substance to afford,
We micht hae Pastor o' our ain,
And no aye lippen to the Main!"

"Ay, but my man, that wad be fine,
I wish I saw the siller shine
That wad this blessin' to us bring,
Gar mony a heart wi' gladness ring.
There's our wee Sandy rinnin' there;
And Norna too, sae blythe and fair,
That ne'er in Baptism hae been given,
In covenant to the Lord o' Heaven;
And there's the Lord's command He gave
The nicht afore He died to save.
Wae's me! I canna bear to think,
How lang it is sin' I did drink
In memory o' that wondrous love,
That cam' to save us frae above!"

"Nay Wife, cheer up, it's no sae lang
Sin' I heard tell that we belang
To th' Kirk, and hae a claim to urge,
Ay, a' the mair o' that wild surge
That cuts us off frae Kirk at Nesting,
And we may help a bit wi' fishing;

Micht gie a "weigh" o' fish each man,
And sae wad lend a helpin' han'."

Say, shall we leave them thus to pine
For ministry of love Divine?
Shall we not join with heart and hand,
And send what help we can command?

THOMAS COWAN,

A GENIAL and clever writer, both in prose and verse, was born at Danskine, near the foot of the Lammermoor Hills, in the parish of Garwald, East Lothian, in the year 1834. For the long period of forty years, his father was "the village blacksmith," and although not destined to convert his "honest sweat" into a fortune—being too heavily weighted with a large family, of which the subject of our sketch was the tenth of twelve—both parents were held in high estimation among their neighbours. The nearest school being over three miles distant, seven years of age was the appointed time for the members of the family entering on school life. Accordingly, at that age, Thomas was sent to a worthy dame's school at the village of Gifford. A year afterwards he was transferred to the Parish School, and, when he was eleven years old, the family, on account of the failing health of the father, removed to Haddington. After attending school for two years, he commenced his apprenticeship in a Haddington printing office. His education having been confined to the three "R's," he now felt an ambition to acquire Latin and French, and accordingly gave his spare time to master the rudiments of these languages.

After completing his apprenticeship, Mr Cowan worked at his trade for some time in Edinburgh, but

the business of a bookseller and stationer being advertised for sale in Haddington, he accepted it as a good chance for a rise in life, and acquired the same —adding shortly after a printing plant. Mr Cowan has had a busy life; the complex nature of his business—for he is a glass and china merchant, as well as a news agent and dealer in periodicals—requiring close and strict attention. He says—"Leisure has been a thing utterly unknown to me for the last twenty years. Many a day I have not been able to open a newspaper as they passed through my hands. I am thus a good example of the proverb which says—'Immediately under the lamp there is darkness.' It is not without considerable disquietude that I have yielded to your request. Hitherto, I have been content, and rather pleased, that I have been able to sing out of the darkness, and feel that I am as much afraid of the light as any cockroach. Like a certain feathered songster, my habit is to sing concealed, and dragging me out of my ambush may have the effect of striking me dumb; but while trembling for the future of my harp, I embrace with thankfulness what may be my one sole chance of entering the ranks of the immortals. I can well remember my first glimpse into the world of song. When about nine years of age, a schoolmate and I were wading through a burn, when he dropped out of his pocket a small edition of Burns' Poems, which on lifting out of the water he threw away. I picked it up, soaked like a sponge, and mutilated, tattered, and torn. After getting it dried, by mere chance I opened it at "Tam o' Shanter," which held me spell-bound till I had devoured it all." "Although conscious," he continues, "that my besetting sin is an ungovernable tendency to enjoy or depict the ludicrous, yet serious and thoughtful poetry has a great charm for me. I can scarcely recall my first effort at lyrical composition, yet I am conscious that

Cupid had his hand in the pie. I feel now just the faintest pang of regret that I have not taken a greater paternal care of some of these little vagabond chips, as they might possibly have been of service as links in a chain, however worthless. My workshop is in the great field of Nature—happiest when hid in the woodlands, or sauntering along secluded grassy lanes, or the banks of the singing burn."

In no case has Mr Cowan as yet attached his name, or even initials to any prose sketch or poem to the local papers. It was only after he commenced to contribute to the Edinburgh newspapers that he appended his initials, "judging," as he says, "that in a wider and more distant field I should be more effectually hid."

From the specimens we give, our readers will agree with us in saying that Mr Cowan should not be allowed to "muffle up his throat," and keep his notes for some imaginary and far-off spring. He has not the excuse of the mavis, and should give us more of his "clear luting." While he hits off with much vigour, wit, and humour anything requiring a touch of sarcasm, he finds in his walks full exercise for that fine sense of the beauty and wondrousness of all visible things—"the earth, and every common sight," the expression of which he has so worthily embodied in his poems.

LITTLE MABEL.

"Little Mabel Gray,
Ken ye whaur ye're sittin'?
Mind ye're in the kirk,
An' playin' like a kitten."
Sae happy, too, she looks,
'Twere cruel to restrict her;
If she'd rest a blink,
I wad draw her picter.

Rest! She has o' rest
No the faintest notion:
The problem she has solved
O' "everlasting motion."

I doot thae Gospel truths
  Are each to her a fable;
She's crunchin' at a bake:
  That's a truth for Mabel.

There she wipes the crumbs
  Aff her spleet new frocket;
Hoots! the wee bit troot
  Canna fin' her pocket.
Noo she spells the books
  Lyin' on the table—
Reads them upside down;
  What's the odds to Mabel?

Pookin' Katie's sleeve,
  Coaxin' her for sweeties;
If she no gets nane,
  Bick'rin wi' her feeties.
What's she after next?
  There, off goes her mitten!
Turnin't ootside in,
  The thoom awa she's bitten.

There she birls her muff,
  Spoilin' a' the sable;
Daddie's lookin' gruff
  At his little Mabel.
What! was that a yawn?
  Weary o' the sermon?
A sigh! poor little maid!
  What's wrong I can't determine.

Troops o' infant thochts
  Scamper through her noddle;
Hoo the sermon's gaun
  Caresna she a bodle.
Glad she hears "Amen,"
  Then, as fast's she's able,
Toddles awa' hame—
  Ta-ta, bonnie Mabel!

THE FIRST SPRIG OF FURZE BLOSSOM.

This blooming gem from its parent stem
  I cull'd, sweet maid, for thee;
Now listen, dear, while I let you hear
  The song it sang to me.
As I chanced to roam by its distant home
  On the moorland, bleak and wild,
I listen'd fain to the gladsome strain
  Of this hardy mountain-child.

It sang "I'm first from the grasp to burst
Of Winter's icy hand,
While yet his breath, like the chill of death,
Is felt o'er all the land.
Though his tempests broke on my native rock,
And toss'd me to and fro,
I laugh'd with scorn, as his fierce blasts, shorn
Of their rage, at my feet lay low.

"Now, tipp'd with flame, all my stalks proclaim
The doom of the frost-king nigh;
But no tender sprout must venture out
'Neath the yet ungenial sky:
For many a storm shall scourge my form
Ere the zephyr's breath shall bring
The leaf to the bower, and each sleeping flower
Shall wake at the voice of Spring.

"Then the bee shall come with its merry hum,
To sip from my nectar-bowl;
And wild wood-notes, from their thousand throats,
Shall the revelling warblers roll;
And the lamb shall bound to the wanton round,
And the linnet shall spread her wing
O'er a snug wee nest in my sheltering breast,
In the gay and blithesome Spring."

Like a siren-spell so softly fell
The sweet enchanting lay,
And gently stole through my raptured soul
As I bore the sprig away.
Now, love, behold, in its blooms of gold,
The joyous pledge is ours,
That Summer waits while the vernal gates
Unfold to her smiling flowers.

MY DEARIE O!

Blaw saft and kind, ye westlan' wind,
And bring me back my dearie, O!
For sair's my heart when we maun part,
Nane else can mak' me cheery, O!
O hey! my dearie, O!
Ohon, my dearie, O!
I fret a' day and dream a' night
For want o' my sweet dearie, O!

I wander but, I wander ben,
Sae lanesome, dull, and eerie, O!
But miss the smile that can beguile
My cares, though e'er sae weary, O!
O hey! etc.

The sordid elf wha lives for self,
He tines earth's rarest pleasure, O!
A blithesome wife's the balm o' life,
And aye man's dearest treasure, O!
O hey! etc.

Gin Fortune smile my heart to wile
Frae her I lo'e sae dearly, O!
I'll ne'er be bought, for every thought
'S on her, baith late and early, O!
O hey! etc.

And every day I hope and pray
She may be hale and canty, O!
For rosy health's the best o' wealth,
Though gowd and braws be scanty, O!
O hey! etc.

TO A THRUSH.

O lonely thrush! loud piping
All day from that tree-top,
The night-shades deepen round thee,
And yet thou dost not stop.

Thy joyous fellow-warblers
Long since have ceased to sing,
And, in the wood's deep silence,
Folded the weary wing.

Say, is thy heart with gladness
Too full to let thee rest?
Or is't some frenzied madness
That tears thy throbbing breast?

Or doth thy rage brim over
Because the day is done?—
Thy song a malediction
Thrown at the vanished sun?

That wail is fraught with anguish,
So wildly it doth fall;
Ah! can thy loved mate languish,
Nor hear thy piteous call?

Lost in the wood's recesses,
Far from thee, and alone,
Her life may now be ebbing,
Her fate be never known.

Say, have I guessed the secret
Of thy distress, poor bird?
You little know the passion
That in my breast you've stirred.

Far from me, too, and stricken,
My loved mate now doth pine ;
And oh ! my heart is aching
With a keener pang than thine.

Sing on, poor fellow-mortal,
Thou brother in distress !
Could I but pour my heart like thee,
My sorrow might be less.

But for me the day is breaking,
And the shadows vanish fast,
And soon I'll clasp my darling,
And our griefs will all be past.

Farewe!l, now, humble brother !
May no evil thee betide ;
Soon may thy mate console thee,
Safe and happy by thy side.

TO MY OLD BOOTS,

Accidentally Discovered in a Closet.

My dear old friends, I trow 'tis many a year
Since first we met in good St Crispin's shrine ;
I own at one pound five I thought you dear,
And grumbled ; but I paid, and you were mine.

And well I mind, next morn, when we set out
In company, how you did *cheep* with pride ;
I went, scarce knowing what I was about,
With you to claim my bonnie, blushing bride.

And when the first returning Sabbath bell
Called me to church with my sweet turtle dove,
Each step your brisk responses rose and fell—
A bridal march, a symphony of love.

And while, my humble friends, through dub and mire
You bore me oft to many a distant goal,
From bruises, and from bramble, thorn, and briar,
Your *sole* ambition was to save my *sole*.

Perhaps in sore temptation's fiercest hour,
When fired by insult rude and insolent,
I may have used your swift convincing power
In a *posteriori* argument.

Together, in some gorgeous hall, perchance,
To witching music's soul enchanting flow,
We've joined the whirling mazes of the dance,
And gaily "tripp'd the light fantastic toe."

But life is a mosaic, long or brief,
The chequered drama on this mundane stage;
We've been together in the house of grief,
And followed to the grave both youth and age.

I own it is a most unworthy part,
In this dark closet to have had you hidden;
And well I know 'twould wring my very heart
To see you decomposing in a midden.

Yet such is life; we see, the sport of Fate,
Some wretch, who social usefulness survives;
For men do sometimes reach the *bauchle* state,
And in the poorhouse end their hapless lives.

Your history, with mingled memories rife,
Prompts me to have you tastefully enshrined
'Neath a glass shade, where, in the eve of life,
I'd fondly muse, and soothing solace find.

Thou who dost read this unpretending lay,
Oh! deem not all things useless that are old;
Of withered age be thou the staff and stay,
And peace shall fill thy heart, more to be prized than gold.

TO A SNOWDROP

SEEN GROWING ALONE BY THE WAYSIDE.

Beautiful floweret! enraptured I greet thee,
In solitude rearing thy delicate form;
Delightfuller far all unfriended to meet thee,
Dear winterling! nursed on the lap of the storm.

Bursting thy prison gates, ice-barred and hoary,
Like some captive spirit escaped from the tomb,
Brave herald thou art of the year's vernal glory,
And summer's full flush of song, leafage, and bloom.

Paragon rare of immaculate beauty!
Hope's cheering emblem, unsullied and pure!
To-day hast thou taught me sound lessons of duty,
And lent me fresh courage to toil and endure.

When Borean blasts toss thy chaste drooping chalice,
And dark low'ring clouds spread a pall o'er the sky,
All meekly thou bendest, ne'er dreaming of malice,
But smiling again when the tempest is by.

Adversity's gales, rudely raving all round me,
May smite me without intermission or ruth;
Like thee I'll endeavour still firmer to ground me—
Deep-rooted in stable foundations of TRUTH.

Though scanty the light-gleams her lamp yet is shedding
Athwart the dark face of a winter-bound world,
Bold heralds the gospel of science are spreading,
With ensigns of Truth and of Progress unfurled.

Bloom on, thou sweet gem! and though soon thou must wither,
May no Vandal hand rudely snatch thee away;
Perchance some sad mortal, lone wandering hither,
May see thee and smile, as I've seen thee to-day.

JOB'S COMPLAINT.

Dear wife, you've been a month from home,—it looks about a year,—
And I haven't felt in Paradise while vegetating here.
At first I got on pretty well—you'd left me lots to chew;
But now, I guess, I'm nearly fixed: come home, dear Betsy, do.

I take such absent-minded fits, dear Bess, as well you know—
My thoughts go chasing squirrels where they shouldn't ought to go;
And I do all sorts of stupid things, that land me in a stew;
I doubt my head is muddled quite: come home, dear Betsy, do.

Last night, when making tea, I seized the kettle, steaming hot,
And poured it in the canister instead of in the pot.
A pound of Pekoe perished: wasn't that a jolly "brew"?
But if you say it didn't pay, come home, dear Betsy, do.

My next exploit was cheaper: I had drained one cheering cup,
And I thought I'd have another, and began to fill it up.
When the sugar in the sugar-box *instanter* changed its hue:
I had poured the tea right into it: come home, dear Betsy, do.

In Nature's scheme of bachelors she ne'er included me:
My pants are *minus* buttons, and a hole betrays each knee;
My very socks are mongrels—one is grey, the other blue—
And everything is out of tune: come home, dear Betsy, do.

The eight-day clock, of course, ran down, and stood at half-past six.
"Is this to-morrow or to-day," I muttered, in a fix;
But how to solve the mystery I could'nt find a clue;
So Time is also out of joint: come home, dear Betsy, do.

The home you left so beautiful is beautiful no more;
Your household gods lie scattered over tables, chairs, and floor.
My little game at "bachelor" I shall for ever rue.
You mustn't leave poor Job again: come home, dear Betsy, do.

WILLIAM C. STUROC.

THE subject of this notice is a remarkable instance of the way in which a "Scot abroad" comes to the front. From labouring with his father in a wheelwright's shop in Arbroath, he became, in his adopted country, a lawyer of much ability and influence and of great personal popularity, as well as an eloquent and much esteemed member of the New Hampshire Legislature — his political opponents always giving him the credit for "some power and a good deal of sincerity"—in short, for being Scotch. It is a fact that should be here noted that a large proportion of the men who have attained distinction in public life in the State of New Hampshire, or who have gone out from the State and won success in other localities, have been the sons of working men and farmers' sons. They were reared in the workshop, or in the field and forest, where they developed that bodily strength and vigour, and that independence of spirit, without which no degree of ambition or readiness of mental power can carry a man forward to success in any department of life. Its influential legislators, governors, congressmen, prominent lawyers, leading politicians, and successful business men are almost invariably of this class.

William C. Sturoc is the twelfth of a family of thirteen children, and was born in a small straw-thatched house at the foot of Millgate, Abroath, in 1822. The humble dwelling in which he first saw the light has long since disappeared, and was among the last of its kind within the limits of the burgh. His father, Francis Sturrock, was a native of the neighbouring parish of Panbride, and started in life as a small manufacturer, but about 1815 became an employee at the Brothock Mill. William's chances for what is called an education were perhaps but

little better than ordinarily fell to the lot of a labouring man's son, but his rapid progress made him a favourite with his teacher. We are told that he was a persistent, dogged, unconquerable boy, with a sharp inquisitive turn of mind, bold, and self-reliant, and a leader among his schoolmates.

One of his youthful freaks was to change the spelling of his name from the then paternal form to *Sturoc*, a mode to which he has strictly adhered ever since. We may here remark that proper names have always been uncertain and variable, and that Mr Sturoc is not the first literary man who has indulged his taste in that direction. Robert *Burness*, the bard of Ayrshire, took the liberty of changing Burness into *Burns*; and David *Malloch*, the author of "William and Margaret," changed his name into *Mallet*.

When William was yet a mere child, the family had removed to a house at the north-east corner of Lordburn, a spot before his day made classical by being the scene of the first book-printing of any magnitude up to that time attempted in Arbroath. It was about the close of the eighteenth century that John Findlay, a native of Fettercairn, perhaps aided by Peter Cochrane, published "Hollinshead's Scottish Chronicle," in two volumes quarto; an edition of Stewart of Pardovan's "Collections and Observations;" an edition of "Ossian," and also of Burns' poems. Our poet here laboured with his father in the wheelwright's shop. This shop was the resort of most of the political and literary lights of that day, almost all of whom, except the poet, have gone to their reward. Joseph Middleton, the father of A. B. Middleton, the boy painter; Thomas Watson, the poet; and William Stevenson, D.D., afterwards Professor of Divinity and Church History in the University of Edinburgh, were frequent visitors. The last mentioned, in addition to his great learning and many noble qualities, was a natural mechanic, and

amused himself by fancy turning. Drs Robert Bruce, Wannan, and Palmer, the famous medical men of that day, often found their way into the old shop, which was frequently the scene of wonderful intellectual tournaments. These were the surroundings in which the boy rhymer revelled for ten or twelve years, and by the time he had reached his majority he had read with rapture almost the whole range of the English classics.

In 1842 he first appeared in print in the *Arbroath Guide*, the piece being entitled the "Old Dark Cove." Mr Kennedy, the editor, in a note in the *Guide*, praised the verses; and it may readily be conceived that Mr Sturoc, like other fond literary parents, realised the feeling that—

> "'Tis pleasing sure to see one's *rhyme* in print."

During the four succeeding years, or until 1846, he kept poetizing with unabated industry, when, being unsuccessful in a small attempt at business on his own account, he determined to emigrate to Canada, and landed in the city of Montreal in May of the last-named year.

Although pursuing a mechanical employment in a strange city, he did not omit to avail himself of every means of improvement, nor forget to continue his court to the Muses; and he was, while he remained in Canada, a frequent contributor to the newspapers, and to a literary magazine edited and published in Montreal by Messrs Lowell & Gibson, called "The Literary Garland." In 1850 he went to the United States, selecting New Hampshire as his home, where he has since remained. Here he fortunately made the acquaintance of one of the great lights of American politics, the late Hon. Edmund Burke, of Newport, N.H., who had been a Member of Congress, and was Commissioner of Patents under President Polk. Mr Sturoc was induced to commence the study of law in

the office of Mr Burke, and, having completed his studies, was in 1855 admitted to practice as an attorney in the Courts of New Hampshire.

He has passed through honours and distinctions in the land of his adoption, having been for a succession of years one of the acknowledged leaders of the New Hampshire Democracy, in the Legislature of that State. By his fair and manly course he has, as already hinted, elicited the approval of even his political opponents, and stands to-day, in reputation, the peer of any man in the eyes of the people of New Hampshire.

His residence is said to be one of the most beautiful spots in New England, and just the place for a poet to revel amid the grandeur of nature. His longer poems bear evidence that he is a warm admirer, and a close observer of nature. In the words of one of his beautiful poems, the length of which compels us to omit it in our selection—

> "Where heavenly light makes quick the eye
> To scenes of beauty; or, where glows
> With that impassioned love which throws
> A halo and a majesty
> O'er nature's forms, a heart—there grows
> A poet; and tho' round his path may spring
> Rank weeds, he loves and blesses everything."

His material surroundings are thus described in the *Granite Monthly*, a New Hampshire Magazine devoted to literature, history, and State progress, by a writer in an article on "Lake Sunapee and its Environs:—"Along the banks of Sugar river, on the shore of the lake, and crowning surrounding hillsides, cluster fifty or sixty dwelling-houses, interspersed among which rise the spires of three church edifices, the roofs of a hotel, post office, five stores, schoolhouse, and the town hall. Some of the residences are elegant and commodious and compare favourably with the same class of structures in larger villages. The oldest and one of the best-looking

dwelling-houses is the one occupied by Hon. Wm. C. Sturoc, in the heart of the village. We found that gentleman at home in his library, a man fifty-seven years of age, looking what he is, the educated, hospitable, ardent Scotchman. The blood of Bruce and Wallace is in his veins, the fire of Burns and Scott in his brain. Next to his adopted country, Mr Sturoc loves Scotland, and he has often breathed that affection in exquisite verse. It is a pleasure to hear him read Burns and the other Scotch poets. As a lawyer and politician Mr Sturoc has no little distinction. He was the Democratic candidate for State Senator in district number ten in 1876. His proudest title, however, is that of the 'Bard of Sunapee.'"

Mr Sturoc has distinguished himself as an able debater and eloquent speaker. We have read several of his State speeches, and felt that he must be a genuine orator, compact and analytic in his reasoning, clear in statement, and concise in style—in fact that his tongue was equally facile as his pen. We give a few extracts from various American newspapers: The *State Press*, in its sketches of the prominent members of a recent Constitutional Convention held at Concord, says:—"Hon. William C. Sturoc is known throughout the State as an able man and staunch Democrat. When a mere lad, he arrived in Montreal, Canada, and remained there till July, 1850, when he came to Newport, N.H., and almost immediately commenced the study of law in the office of Hon. Edmund Burke. In 1855 he was admitted to the bar, and in 1856 he was married to Mrs Sarah Remington, of Sunapee, in which place he settled, and has ever since remained; making his legal practice only a matter of secondary consideration. His legal reading is, however, close and extensive, although his *penchant* is towards the 'Belles-Letters,' a taste for which he

can fully gratify in the romantic retirement of his pleasant home at the outlet of Sunapee Lake. In 1865, '66, '67, and '68 he represented his town in the General Court, and at once took and maintained his place as one of the leaders of the Democracy in that body. He was each year of his continued membership placed upon the Judiciary Committee, and took an active share in the business of the House." The Manchester *Daily Mirror and American*, of June, 1866, thus describes him:—"Mr Sturoc has many of the elements of the genuine orator. He is earnest and fervid in his manner, and marshals his words with the deliberation of a school-man. Mr Sturoc is one of the best debaters in the Legislature—better than a majority in Congress whose names appear daily in the papers during the sessions of that body. He is deliberate in utterance, makes himself heard by all in the House, and speaks with earnestness and to the point. In July, 1867, he received from Dartmouth College the honorary degree of Master of Arts. Mr Sturoc's Democracy is of the Jeffersonian type, and his faith in constitutional liberty as firm as the granite hills. He is decidedly the ablest, though not the most noisy Democratic member of the State Legislature."

Mr Sturoc's public lectures are spoken of as fine scholarly productions, and proving the possession of a strong and vigorous intellect. Himself a poet of no mean order, he has always cultivated a taste for poetry, and is particularly familiar with the whole range of British poetical literature. While he was in public life regarded as one of the ablest men on the political arena, he occasionally proved his capacity for earning laurels in the lecture field, a domain to which he ever regarded party politics as utterly foreign. For some years, however, he has confined himself to home—his books, his garden, and his farm being sufficient to keep him active and

command his daily attention. Those who know him well tell us that he has always taken a deeper interest in the fortune and fame of others than in any "Will-o'-the-Wisp" reputation to which he might lay claim. "The little fugitive crumbs," he says, "which I have cast carelessly upon the waters have been received, on both sides of the Atlantic, with more favour than they really deserve, yet, though 'owre the seas an' far awa',' I always take a warm and hearty interest in all that concerns Scotland." Thus, during all those years of active participation in public business on a foreign soil, he has never forgotten his native land, nor remitted his literary industry. He has been a constant contributor to the press on both sides of the Atlantic. He takes a great pleasure in scientific research; but his sweetest delight is poets and poetry, and not the least entertaining are the warblings of the bards of his native land.

So early as 1845 his first contribution appeared in the *Glasgow Citizen*—the inspiration of which was a young lady in the neighbourhood of Brechin. His first stanza is:

> My Katie is a winsome flower,
> As ever bloomed in cot or ha',
> An' heaven forbid its dewy leaves
> Should ere untimely fade or fa'.

For "puir auld Scotland's sake," Mr Sturroc has kept up correspondence with several of our newspapers and magazines. His Doric is pure. The sight of the "hotch-potch" stuff, worse than the maddest freaks of Josh Billings, which sometimes meets the eye under Scotch, he says "is calculated to cause otherwise polite people to indulge in strong expletives." We give several pleasing specimens of the ballad-song composition. These seem natural to him, as they come natural to a Scotchman impregnated with the poetic love of his country. Mr Sturoc's most re-

markable song of this description is perhaps "Mary." "It stamps," says an American paper, "its author not only as a ripe scholar, but as possessing rare poetic genius." With a modesty peculiar to true merit, he disowned any claim to high poetical genius, but said his aim in the little piece was to enforce the hopeful and consoling doctrine—"that fruition always follows abiding faith." It is almost monosyllabic, and carries in its bosom at least two distinct morals: that the true love of women is worth living for, and that, as compared with exalted human affection, worldly dross is the vanity of vanities.

In his longer poems scenery is graphically depicted, and the rhyme is easy and flowing, while the language is so felicitous that their perusal yields unalloyed pleasure. All his songs have the true ring of Scottish feeling, dressed in simple, hearty language. They are delicate and beautiful, and are marked by deep and true feeling. Amid the picturesque and happy surroundings of his home he still occasionally sings a song in the language of Auld Scotia, and cultivates contentment as the greatest earthly blessing, believing, with "honest Allan," that

> "He wha has enough may soundly sleep,—
> The owercome only fashes folk to keep."

MARY.

I saw a vision in my boyish days,
  So bright, so pure, that in my raptur'd dreaming,
Its tints of em'rald, and its golden rays
  Had more of heavenly than of earthly seeming;
The roseate valley and the sunlit mountain,
  Alike, enchanted as by wand of fairy,
Breathed out, as from a high and holy fountain,
  On flower and breeze, the lovely name of *Mary*.

That youthful vision, time hath not effaced,
  But year by year the cherish'd dream grew deeper,
And memory's hand, at midnight hour oft traced,
  Once more, the faithful vision of the sleeper;

No chance or change could ever chase away
  This idol-thought, that o'er my life, would tarry,
And lead me, in the darkest hours, to say—
  "My better angel is my hoped-for *Mary*."

The name was fix'd—a fact of Fate's recording—
  And swayed by magic all this single heart;
The strange decree disdained a novel wording,
  And would not from my happy future part;
As bright 'twas writ, as is the milky-way—
  The bow of promise in a sky unstarry—
That shed its light and shone with purest ray
  Through cloud and tempest round the name of *Mary*.

Burns hymn'd his "Mary," when her soul had pass'd
  Away from earth, and all its sin and sorrow;
But mine has been the spirit that hath cast
  A gleam of sunshine on each blessed morrow;
And crown'd at last, this trusting heart hath been,
  With fruits of faith, that nought on earth could vary,
For I have lived until my eyes have seen
  The vision real, in the form of *Mary*.

BONNIE MARY BRUCE.

Oh, my bonnie Mary Bruce,
  I've lo'ed thee weel an' lang;
Thy witchin' face has been to me
  A sweet an' cheery sang;
How oft that sang my heart has sung,
  On land, an' on the main;
Nor warld's power could twin me o't—
  The sang was a' my ain!

E'en your father micht be sulky,
  An' mither micht be proud,
My love ne'er cared a flee for them—
  Nae reason why it should;
I lo'ed you for your bonnie sel',
  An' no your daddy's gear;
An' sae my love has lived an' lowed,
  Thro' mony a passin' year.

When youthfu' bluid was flowin' warm,
  An' youthfu' fancy free,
My heart was gi'en, nae halflin's gift,
  My Mary dear, to thee;
Gin ither faces aft I saw,
  That lookit fair an' douce,
There ne'er was ane wad match wi' thine,
  My bonnie Mary Bruce.

When trudgin' thro' life's darkest ways,
I never lost the star
That blinkit on me bonnily
'Mid fortune's fiercest war;
For, precious, keepit near my heart,
An amulet o' truce;
I held 'tween me an' a' life's ills,
The love o' Mary Bruce.

I cross'd the briny deep to win
A fortune an' a name,
An' bring the gowden burden back
To deck our lovin' hame;
But tho' I wan baith name an' gear,
They're a' but little use;
The cauld, cauld clay now wraps the form
O' bonnie Mary Bruce.

THE POET'S MITE.

An ancient epitaph thus quaintly reads,
Engraved on marble o'er the worthy dead:
"Whate'er we *had*, to meet our human needs,
We freely *gave* to feed the poor with bread;
And all we *gave* with free and kindly will
We *have* once more—the darksome river cross'd;
But what we *left*, that went no void to fill,
We ne'er shall find,—'twas profitless, 'tis lost."

So what we have of gifts and graces given
Are only lent us for life's little day:
Nor shall we do the high behest of Heaven
If gifts are hidden, or be cast away;
And whom the hand of destiny hath sealed
As seer and singer for his fellows all,
'Tis his to scatter o'er earth's fertile field
The seeds that drop at Inspiration's call.

And what he sows amid the mist of tears,
Or in the sunshine of the fairest May,
Perchance shall blossom thro' the future years,
And charm the nations near and far away.
On wings of light his raptured dreams may soar,
Thro' every clime on earth's remotest bound,
And break in beauty on the glittering shore,
Where ebb and flow the waves of Thought profound!

Then let me sing! O worldling, let me sing!
Mayhap my warblings with their notes of cheer
Will heal some heart that cherishes a sting,
Or wake the hopeless from their sleep of fear!

And thus I give what first to me is given ;
My heart still grasping at the good and true,
And trust the rest to high and holy Heaven,
Which measures doing by the power to do.

JEANIE GELLATLY.

I vow she was a sonsie quean,
My blythesome rosy-cheekit Jean,
Wi' cherry lips an' witchin' een ;
For gowden wealth I wadna gie,
My bonnie Jeanie Gellatly.

The warld ne'er kenn'd the love we bore,
But aye we sealed it o'er an' o'er,
An' ilka day dang a' before ;
An' filled our lovin' hearts wi' glee,
Mysel' an' Jeanie Gellatly.

Her slae-black hair, her snawy breast,
Her fautless arm and genty waist,
Her lo'esome form a king micht prest ;
For totterin' thrones I wadna gie
My bonnie Jeanie Gellatly.

I lo'ed her first, I lo'e her still,
She taught my youthfu' heart to thrill,
An' kiss'd me aft, wi' richt guid will,
An' charm'd me wi' her glancin' e'e,
My couthie Jeanie Gellatly.

MADRIGAL.

I see no form like thine, Maud,
I see no form like thine ;
Thy face so fair, the angels spare
To make my lot divine, Maud,
To make my lot divine.

I hear no voice like thine, Maud,
I hear no voice like thine,
Its silvery flow, with cadence low
Enchants this heart of mine, Maud,
Enchants this heart of mine.

I clasp no hand like thine, Maud,
I clasp no hand like thine,
Its witching charm, so soft and warm
Doth round my being twine, Maud,
Doth round my being twine.

I kiss no lips like thine, Maud,
I kiss no lips like thine,
And all life's day, my heart I'll lay
With rapture at thy shrine, Maud,
With rapture at thy shrine.

MYSIE DEAN.

Saw you e'er the miller's dochter
Up aboon Kinblethmont Craft?
Ken you how the callants socht her,
Fidgin' fain, an' maistly daft?

Half the country-side, wha kent her,
Lo'esome lads, fu' trig an' clean—
E'en St Vigean's spruce precentor—
Ettled love to Mysie Dean.

Ance again, the auldrif story,
Mysie's mither she maun dree;
"True Love" cam', in a' its glory,
Down on Mysie's heart an' e'e.

Nane, to her, was half sae lo'esome,
Nane, to her, looked half sae braw—
A' the lave seem'd cauld and gruesome,
'Side o' Will o' Glaisterlaw.

Will had wit, o' nature's breedin':—
A' his gear was in his mill—
Halesome fare an' hamely cleedin',
An' a couthie heart had Will.

Now the cradle's rockin' cheery,
Doon ayont the mill a wee,
Will an' Mysie ne'er can weary,
For their "cauf-love" disna dee.

DREAMS.

Things we love and cherish, all we deem our own,
Pass away and perish, as a sunbeam flown;
Yet come in dreams.

Faces far away, shine in visions oft—
Voice, hush'd for aye, fall in cadence soft,
In placid dreams.

Soothing hands are near, kindly deeds are done—
Not a cloud of fear shadoweth the sun
That shines in dreams.

Laughter's merry peal, thro' the welkin leaps,
Childhood's prattling zeal, smiling as it creeps—
We hear in dreams.

Every fairest form—every brightest hue—
Clouds and darkest storm—all of false or true,
We meet in dreams.

In a moment brief, half an age is past—
Weight of joy or grief, on the soul is cast,
While wrapt in dreams.

Figure this of life! all its cherish'd store—
Shall we, when the strife of earthly care is o'er
Wake up from dreams?

SONG.

I ken'na gin the lanesome birds,
When winter's snaws fa' dreary, O,
Forget their canty summer hames
In woods and glens sae cheery, O.

But weel I ken this heart o' mine,
Tho' fortune gars me wander, O,
Beats leal to ilka youthfu' scene,
An' distance maks me fonder, O.

For in my dreams, by day or nicht,
Tho' wealth an' beauty bind me, O,
I'm wafted far, ower sea an' land,
To friends I left behind me, O.

An' there I see ilk weel-kent face,
An' hear sweet voices many, O;
But dearest still the smile and word
O' charmin' winsome Jenny, O.

MY NATIVE SCOTTISH HILLS.

Though cold and bleak my native land,
Though wint'ry are its looks,
The mountains towering, dim and grand,
Though "ice-bound" are its brooks;
Yet still my heart with fondest pride,
And deepest passion thrills,
As, gazing round me, far and wide,
I miss my native hills!

Tho' spreading prairies of the West
May yield their richest store;
And other tongues may call them blest,
And chant their praises o'er;

But I shall sing, in humble song,
Of mountains, lochs, and rills,—
The scenes, my childhood dwell among,—
My native Scottish hills.

Oh native land ! oh cherish'd home,
I've sailed across the sea,
And, though my wandering steps may roam,
My heart still turns to thee !
My thoughts and dreams are sweet and bright
With dew which Love distills ;
While every gleam of golden light
Falls on the Scottish hills.

And, when my mortal race is run,
And earth's vain dreams are o'er,
And, far beyond the setting sun,
I see the other shore—
Oh, may my resting place be found
Secure from all life's ills,
Some cheerful spot of hallow'd ground
Among the Scottish hills.

SARAH JANE HYSLOP.

FEW of our literary men have married literary wives. The amiable William and Mary Howet; Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Godwin, the gifted authoress of "Frankenstein;" and the Brownings are notable examples of literary matrimonial unions. In the present work we have given two or three interesting instances of poetical families as well as examples of similarity of tastes leading to the formation of the connubial tie. The subject of the present sketch is one of the latter, her husband being the poet postman of Kilmarnock, particulars of whom our readers will find at page 281 of the present volume. Although Mrs Hyslop is not so well known as her gifted husband, having not as yet issued a

separate volume, the high excellence of the poems which Mr Hyslop has printed at the end of his own volume of happy hamely lilts, with those which, under a *nom de plume*, she has from time to time written for journals, has created no small interest in her history.

Mrs Hyslop is of Highland descent, and a native of Loch Earn, one of the fairest spots in Perthshire. Her father, John Stewart, had become a soldier in his youth, and in that capacity served his country for twenty-four years. The greater part of that time was spent abroad, and he was in St Helena during the whole time of Napoleon Bonaparte's captivity. He had married before leaving the army, although his poetical daughter was not born till after he had been discharged, and had returned to his Loch Earn, and there she first saw the light about the autumn of 1845. When, however, she was only a few months old her parents removed to Lochearnhead, at the head of Loch Earn. Here our young poetess resided, and received her education until she had reached the age of twelve, when she was sent to the Normal School. Her mother dying suddenly, however, and her father in little more than a year after, her prospects in life were changed, and she had to go out to service. After being engaged in this capacity for some time, she became acquainted with "the postman," was married, and settled down in Kilmarnock.

Mrs Hyslop has been devoted to the muses from a very early age, and there can hardly be a doubt that, all unconsciously to herself, the glorious scenery of her early days fostered and nursed the poetic element within her soul. The wild mountains, the rocky glens, the blue glancing lakes, the rushing streams, and the lonely wilds, together with the weird traditions of the district, must have proved to her a "meet nurse for the poetic child." As years have passed she has acquired not only a greater facility

in writing, but a more matured taste, and although the cares of a family devolve upon her, we may by-and-bye expect a volume of fresh and pleasing poetry from her pen.

The following poem, for which alone we have space, shows that Mrs Hyslop has not only a fine ear for the harmony of verse, but also descriptive powers of no mean order, as well as a pleasing and graceful poetic fancy.

MARION NEVILLE.

A TALE OF WINDSOR IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND.

'Tis summer, and green is each old oak tree,
And verdure clothes the glade,
While the deer bounds graceful o'er vale and lea,
Or idly lying, as one can see
'Neath the cool and leafy shade.

The day's work's o'er, and the toilers rest,
And they gaze with looks serene
On nature tipp'd with a golden crest,
While the sun sinks smiling in the west
Adds beauty to the scene.

But England's queen heeds naught so bright,
And no joy can it impart ;
In her eye is the glare of an angry light,
And she welcomes the shade of the coming night
With a darker shaded heart.

For jealousy there doth sit as queen,
And rules with an iron rod,
For the days have fled that she hath seen,
And King Philip's love is no more green
Which she set in her heart as God.

"Revenge," she muttered, "to me is sweet,"
Then a golden whistle blew,
But ere she the falcon's cry could repeat,
A pale priest entered with noiseless feet,
And the arras backward threw.

"What would'st thou, daughter," at length he said
In his dull and heartless tone,
With voice and look as cold as lead,
And each kind feeling lay wither'd or dead
And vice held sway alone.

"Father," the Queen then fiercely cried,
"Dost bear in mind that day
When I by the holy altar's side
Confess'd and my sinful heart did chide
Which to evil thoughts gave way,

"For out from amongst my ladies fair,
My consort to gratify,
I picked out one with graces rare,
Nor deem'd her beauty might him ensnare
And my queenly power defy.

"Then near my person the maid I placed
And conferr'd my favours too,
But now the wretch must go forth disgraced
And her memory from my heart effaced,
And punishment ensue."

"Daughter, these things in my heart I'll store,
I fear me 'tis all too true,
E'en now, as I passed King Philip's door,
A maiden I met in the corridor
With soft eyes of azure blue.

"A creature so fair that the eyes beguil'd,
With lips of the ruby die,
With so modest a mien and look so mild,
One would think she had been a heaven-born child
Or an angel standing by."

"What!" shrieked the Queen, "has it gone so far
That I'll thus insulted be,
That a worthless minion my peace can mar
And me from my husband's love debar,
Good Father, counsel me."

"What counsel doth England's Queen now seek,
Is her power not still supreme?
She hath but to command and show how weak
Are her foes, and on them her vengeance wreak,
Or a subject's life redeem."

"Ay," saith the Queen, "but it makes me feel
That it best becometh thee
To deal with her for the Church's weal,
And on her actions to set a seal,
And thou'll rewarded be.

"For remember then," cried the Queen, "I trow,
My power is small at Rome.
If a Cardinal's hat do not grace thy brow,
And the living at Hatfield as earnest now
Of favours yet to come."

"Rest, daughter, now must thou be content,
This night I shall sift the same;"
And his serpent eyes glowed with ill intent
As he glided through the arras rent
As noiseless as he came.

Alone again with her thoughts was the Queen,
And her heart was ill at ease;
But turn from her to another scene,
Where the injured maiden may be seen
'Neath the spreading forest trees.

And there she stands as a trembling dove
Is safe in the rocky cleft;
So she shelter takes in the Powers above,
And closely clings with a heart of love
To the friends who still are left.

See, the father hears his daughter's tale,
While the youth his passions hide,
And with lips compressed and cheek more pale,
He inwardly vows he will not fail
To avenge his insulted bride.

In accents mild the father spake,
As he kissed his daughter's brow,
"Be patient, my child, and courage take,
The Lord will the rod of the tyrant break,
To Him now in reverence bow."

The torch is lit, and the Holy Book
He takes from its hiding place
'Neath the forest leaves, in a sheltered nook,
Then casting around an anxious look,
They its sacred pages trace.

The Word of Life to their hearts is balm,
And they cast away all fear;
And their voices join in the evening psalm,
Their souls are soothed with a heavenly calm;
Nor think foes may be near.

But, ah! too near are the soldiers rude,
As their prayers to heaven ascend
To the bounteous Father of all good,
In the name of Him whom their surety stood
The sinner's greatest Friend.

They are taken and bound and led away.
As their Master was before,
While the wily priest gloats o'er his prey,
As he sees success hath closed the day
With rewards for him in store.

So before a mock tribunal now
The intended victims stand;
No word in defence will their judge allow,
Their doom is seal'd and they're forced to bow
To Queen Mary's dread command.

The maiden fair, and the man of years,
And the youth in manhood's prime,
Meet their fate with faith that subdued their fears,
And darkest doubt, too, disappears
As they near the bounds of time.

They are soon led forth, to the stakes they're bound,
The fatal brand's aflame,
But why start the crowd and turn around?
Why causeth the horse-hoof and trumpet sound?
'Tis freedom they proclaim.

The captives are free, for the Queen is dead,
Another is on the throne;
And their foes shrink back with looks of dread,
As the crowds disperse and wider spread,
And the trio stands alone.

Alone! not so, for friends are near,
The host may now be seen,
The cry, Elizabeth, meets the ear:
And long and loud rings the British cheer,
"Long life to England's Queen."

They are saved! but seem not yet aware
That around is many a friend;
Like birds escaped from the fowler's snare,
And that life's pleasures they yet can share,
They scarce can comprehend.

Their trial's o'er, and like true gold
From the fire they come more pure,
And their grateful hearts beat with joy untold,
As they cling to their faith with a firmer hold
That hath taught them to endure.

Foil'd queen and priest! foil'd sword and fire,
They have borne the tyrant's frown;
But God in his anger quenched their ire,
While he bids his servants come up higher,
And win a conqueror's crown.

WALTER C. HOWDEN,

A THOUGHTFUL and pleasing prose-writer, and a poet whose productions possess compressed beauty of sentiment and a rich flow of pleasing imagery, was born at Penicuik, Midlothian, in 1851. His father, who carried on business there as a watchmaker and jeweller, was a man of superior mental gifts. Besides being a scientific enthusiast, he possessed considerable literary ability. After receiving a good education, Walter was bred to his father's business, and in 1872 accepted a situation in Dundee, where for the last ten years he has resided.

Mr Howden has not been what might be called a prolific writer of verse, but what he has given to the world shows evidence of his being possessed of the true spirit of poetry, that quality peculiar to most popular songs—concentration—being a marked characteristic, while the thoughts are charmingly simple, and expressed in the fewest possible words, the meaning being at the same time clear and obvious. Latterly his Muse has been very fitful, and his leisure hours have been more given up to prose than poetry. His poems, which have appeared in *Chambers' Journal*, the *Quiver*, *People's Friend*, and other magazines, are of a miscellaneous description. They have never been gathered together, and the author, we learn, is averse, on account of, we think, over-fastidiousness of taste, to their being issued in book form. This is to be regretted, for we feel certain that these finished and thoughtful verses would meet with a wide and lasting popularity. Many of his poems, and especially the descriptive ones, take their colouring from the beautiful lowland district where he spent his early days, and which is surrounded with places of historic and poetic interest, including Roslin, Rullion Green,

Habbie's Howe—the scene of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," and "classic Hawthornden." It should be added that several of Mr Howden's poems secured prizes in the *People's Journal* Christmas competitions, where he was also twice successful in gaining the first prize for short tales. The latter success gave his pen a stronger bias towards prose writing, especially fiction, of which, in the form of sketches and serial stories, he is a frequent contributor to newspapers and periodicals.

Mr Howden's poetry is thoroughly reflective, combining solid substance of thought with warm fervour, glowing delicacy, and a high moral purpose. In his descriptive poems we find the breath and spirit of Nature distilled into melody. To use the words of Lord Jeffrey, as applied to Shakespeare, he seems to have, in large measure, that "indestructible love of flowers, and odours, and dews, and clear waters, and soft airs, and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight, which are the material elements of poetry; and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion which is its essence and its vivifying power."

UNFORGOT.

There are some things we never forget,
  There are moments remembered for aye,
There are partings that haunt us with lifelong regret,
There are words that are silently lingering yet,
  Though the speakers have long passed away.

There are footsteps still heard on the stair,
  Though the little feet now are at rest:
There are fingers still playfully twining our hair
That long since were folded, with tenderest care,
  Across the cold, motionless breast.

There are voices now silent for ever,
  Though their echoes seem still to remain,
And whispers come floating across the swift river
From loved ones whose fond lips, alas! now will never
  Brighten earth with their sunshine again.

There are sunsets of crimson and gold,
  There are twilights of shadowy grey—
They have gone from our sight as a tale that is told—
But the love that was born in these summers of old
  Has outlived the dead summer's decay.

There are flowers that were culled in the spring—
  Forget-me-nots plucked in their prime—
They are withered, but round them fond memories cling—
Sweet heart-flowers, whose fragrance will never take wing,
  But blossom and bloom their own time.

There are snatches of songs that were heard
  When somebody sang soft and low;
But the notes died away like the trill of a bird,
Yet the listeners' hearts still in fancy are stirred,
  With that music they heard long ago.

There are letters that tears have made wet,
  There are bells with no music to-day—
A ring, an orange blossom, a faded roseate—
These are the things that we may not forget,
  But remember for ever and aye.

AGAIN.

O tired of the din and tumult that mingles with city life,
And eager to get, for a season, release from the weary strife—
Eager to quench the longings, that now and again arise,
To see the hills and the heather bells of my boyhood's paradise—
I have sought again the valley where my feet were wont to roam—
Where still in their sweetness cluster the dear old ties of home.

Again my footsteps wander down the quaint old village street,
And I hear at each open doorway the patter of little feet,
For the children see a stranger, but dream not as they stare,
The happiest days the stranger knew was with his playmates there.
Even now these children's voices, as they shout in their gleesome play,
Stir chords in my heart that have slumbered for many a weary day.

Again I stand on the threshold that I crossed, oh years ago,
When my pulse had a madder throb than now, my cheek a ruddier glow;
For the wheels of Mammon's chariot, in its rush o'er the city street,
Grind out the vigour and freshness, and the dreams that make life sweet;
But a look at the old place once again brings back the joy to me,

And awakens once more the echoes that sleep round the old roof tree

Again I see the school-house and the church far up the hill,
And the haunted castle's ruins, where the ravens croak at will:
The wood where we gathered the hazel nuts, far down the deep ravine,
And the crag with the stagnant pool beneath where the ghosts at night were seen;
And dearest of all, the churchyard, where the willows like mourners weep,
And dearer now that a loved one there is sleeping her lonely sleep.

Again by the little footpath that skirts the wimpling burn,
And up through the shady fir-wood with a blythesome step I turn,
Then over the breezy moorland where the screaming plover dwells
To the dear old hills all clad again with the purple heather bells;
Where the breeze that plays on my pallid cheek and fans my fevered brow
Is laden with sunny memories that gladden my spirit now.

And away in the seething city, with its smoke, and dust, and din,
And its million souls that grimey walls like prisons are hemming in,
These bright and sunny memories will beguile the weary hours,
And shed a fragrance o'er my heart like the odour of summer flowers,
And deep in my breast, like a treasured love, their freshness will remain,
As I visit each scene of my childhood again and yet again.

HAUNTED.

Like unto ghosts that come when darkness broods
O'er tower and turret of some castle hoary,
And people once again its solitudes
With shades of vanished glory;

From out the haunted chambers of our hearts,
Where all the lost things of the Past lie hidden,
Some subtle incense will, as day departs,
Steal softly forth unbidden.

Incense from off the altar of dead dreams,
Whereon new hopes to higher heights have risen,
And calmly shining, shed down milder beams,
To gild this earthly prison.

But still a mournful sweetness hovers round
These mystic phantoms from the heart's recesses ;
The tender touch of lips that yield no sound—
The sheen of silken tresses ;

The nameless tokens of the dear dead days,
The twilight trystes by moonlit waters smiling,
The golden sunsets wrapt in dreamy haze,
The spell of Love's beguiling ;

The rapture of a summer long ago,
The song that came and went in broken numbers,
The holy hush of Death, the brow of snow,
The churchyard where she slumbers ;

The tender pressure of a vanished hand,
The broken chain that time must further sever,
The merry laughter of the childish band,
The voices hushed for ever.

Strains of sad music from a far-off shore—
Mute memories these that woo with soft caresses,
And tinge with sacred radiance evermore,
Life's lonely wildernesses.

YEARS AND YEARS AGO.

'Twas in the dewy spring time,
Years and years ago,
Two children romped the woodlands,
With rosy health a-glow ;
They plucked the early cowslips,
And gaily danced along
With hearts as full of sunshine
As the grove was full of song.
The music of their laughter
Fell with a rippling flow—
So happy were these children
Years and years ago.

'Twas in the rosy summer,
Years and years ago,
Two hearts were fondly beating—
Two lovers whispered low ;
Their sky was clear and cloudless,
Naught dimmed the blue above,
No shadow veiled the brightness
Of their young dream of love.
Their hearts were true and trusting,
And they loved each other so—
The hours sped all too swiftly
Years and years ago.

'Twas in the mellow autumn,
Years and years ago,
There were laughter in the cornfields,
And reapers in a row ;
And wedding bells were ringing,
And music filled the sky,
When there came with sharpened sickle
That other reaper nigh ;
And the mirth was changed to mourning,
The bridegroom's bliss to woe,
And alone he went life's journey,
Years and years ago.

'Twas in the dreary winter,
Years and years ago,
The trees were lone and leafless,
The churchyard clad in snow ;
But on its fleecy bosom
One grave looked brown and bare,
And in yon golden city
Two hearts foregathered there.
And again as happy children—
How happy none can know—
They walk as in that spring time,
Years and years ago.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

When a burning sun beats down
On dusty street and square,
When sultry vapours fill the town,
And heavy hangs the air,
It's oh ! to be away
From the swelter and the sweat,
To where winds wanton stray,
By flowery bank and brae,
To sylvan haunts where summer's tender freshness tarries yet.

I know of such a place—
A cool and quiet stream,
The blue sky mirrored in its face
Like a picture in a dream—
A still, sequestered dell
Beneath the drooping firs,
Where ringdoves coo and dwell,
And the foxglove's purple bell
And lady-fern nod lightly to every breeze that stirs.

As bird doth fondly come
Back to its last year's nest,
So from the city's noisy hum
Seek we this place of rest,

Where the glamour and the glare
Of the bustling, busy street,
Give place to caller air,
To wildflowers blooming fair,
And a thousand things that gladden and make life's summer sweet.

And there with folded wing,
To find from strife release,
And taste the hidden joys that spring
From solitude and peace,
Till Nature's calm content,
Its silence and its and song,
In softest cadence blent,
Will to our hearts have lent
A sweet and radiant memory that will linger, linger long.

JOHN BOWER,

A POET of much originality and no small degree of power, was born in Edinburgh in 1843—the memorable year of the great Disruption in the Scotch Church. Shortly afterwards his parents removed to the beautiful border town of Kelso, and his father died when John was only five years of age. Mr Bower was educated at the Maxwell-Heugh Village School, and he entered the office of the *Kelso Chronicle* as clerk. Having spare time on his hand, he also picked up some knowledge of the printing business. Leaving Kelso, he became a clerk at an Ironwork in Lanarkshire, and afterwards head clerk to the Bank Coal Company, New Cumnock, Ayrshire. At present he is in charge of a large and flourishing Scotch business in London.

The poetical element must have been stirred within his youthful soul by spending his school-time, and his early manhood, in such a land of beauty and of song as that which lies around Kelso; and often must his

eyes have drunk in with delight the loveliness of the landscape which lay spread out before him. He doubtless felt as thrillingly its charms as did the previous poet of the district, Dr Leyden, when he impassionedly exclaimed—

> "Bosom'd in woods where mighty rivers run,
> Kelso's fair vale expands before the sun;
> Its rising downs in vernal beauty swell,
> And fringed with hazel, winds each flowery dell.

Who can wonder that such romantic and delectable scenery has so long been the nursery of song and romance. It was not until he had been some years in Ayrshire, however, that Mr Bower appeared before the world as a poet; and, doubtless, the change of scenery and the poetic associations of the district must have inspired him anew to give his soul to song, for near to him was Glen Afton, with the limpid stream which Burns has for ever made classic, meandering past its winding, birchen banks.

In this district, so congenial to Mr Bower's retiring modest nature, and to his meditative mind, he resided for a few years, drawing inspiration from all he saw, and weaving his lays till the spring of 1876, when he published his first volume—"Out of the Silence, and Other Verses." In 1877, he brought out "Dives and Lazarus; a Sermon Metrical to Men Heretical;" while a third volume is in the hands of the printer. Mr Bower has written on all manner of subjects—religious, secular, and political. Several of his religious poems contain vigorous passages, but they occasionally touch on debatable topics, and traverse those realms where many naturally amiable and good men have gone astray. His earnest and benevolent nature is shown to most advantage in his reflective pieces. They are full of deep thought and rich delicacy of expression, with a beauty of language, and wealth of imagery, which marks the writer as one full of poetic sensibility.

BUT.

But a little sighing
Over Hope's delay;
But a little crying
Through a weary day!

But a few caresses
At Love's regal fane;
But a few distresses,
And a fretful pain.

But a draught of gladness,
With alternate fears;
But a thoughtful sadness,
Growing with the years.

Then, like a weary swimmer
In a broken sea,
Strength shall fail, and dimmer
Grow the things that be.

Then the feeble calling
To a weeping band;
And the final falling
Of a helpless hand.

A FAREWELL.

Farewell! farewell! no more for aye
We meet beside the river:
To-day divides us, and to-day,
We know, returneth never!

We met—by accident or fate—
Or through the twain combining;
And learned to love, and vowed to wait,
Through seasons unrepining.

Till Fortune, with her beaming eyes,
Looked kind on our aspiring;
And ministered, to our surprise,
Beyond our fond desiring!

O men who trusted! men who trust!
O youth whose fate will follow!
What killeth love? A sudden gust
Of wind within the hollow!

Gold—brighter hopes—ambitious dreams,
Some careless word or gestures;
And love is off too other streams,
And feeds from other pastures!

While life resumes from day to day
The burden of its fancies;
Erecting altars by the way
To Edwards, or to Nancys.

Grows worldly wise, and lives to cut
A pathway through the meshes;
Laughs o'er its dreams, and makes a butt
Of sundry silken tresses!

Grows wiser in its going on
To age with inward shiver;
For youth, like an affection gone,
Returneth never, never!

Farewell! Farewell! Adieu, my sweet!
Through Time's delights and dangers;
If we meet afterwards, we'll meet
A second time as strangers.

OUT OF THE SILENCE.

"Out of the Silence!" The night has fled:
The sun has risen—the east is gay;
And fair, like a maiden garmented
For loving espousal, comes the day!
Song is before her, and sound behind—
Ripple of river, and swell of sea;
Songsters, adoring, pour on the wind
Chorus of infinite melody!

"Out of the Silence!" The hours are fleet,
And time is a torrent none can stay;
Manhood and youth with feverish heat
Laugh for a little and pass away!
So for a summer I seek to soar,
Sing through the season the roses reign—
Ah! I will listen to doubt no more,
One must adventure if one must gain!

"Out of Silence!" for weal or woe,
Robed in the raiment of modest trust;
Nobler to strive with a stronger foe
Than rest in a slothful ease and rust!
So for the day! and I kneel and pray
The fates would favour my early flight;
Sweeten the way for a first essay
Out of the silence to sound and light.

MARY COUSIN

IS a blind girl, well-known and much esteemed in Stirling, of which town she is a native. She was born in 1862, and lost her sight through an attack of measles when she had only attained her sixteenth month. Miss Cousin is a girl of considerable natural talent. She has received a good education, and is presently in London finishing her studies in view of coming out as a teacher. To many her name will be recognised as the author of thoughtful and tender pieces in the columns of newspapers and periodicals. She has written as many poems as would make a considerable volume, and these are of sufficient merit to be almost a guarantee of securing a wide popularity, but she, needlessly we think, fears that, published under mention of their being the production of one enduring the blighting calamity of blindness, they would be judged subject to prejudice, and not on their own merits. This idea, at least, haunts her, and she feels surprised that people should speak of the blind as if their intellectual powers were deficient. Her head and her heart have made up for the enforced idleness of her hands. Apart altogether from the touching fact of her blindness, she merits our attention. She also is a bright example, amid the gloom that surrounds her, of fortitude and resignation. In the words of another blind poet, whose career we will yet sketch—"Although my hands are rendered incapable of earning a livelihood, I am not to fold them in despair, grow up mentally like a calf in the stall, and eat the bread of idleness," she has answered "certainly not." So, like the feathered warbler, with its eyes cruelly destroyed to improve its song, she has "turned her eyes inward," and sings in tender strains amid the

gloom that surrounds her. Her poetry breathes a Christian spirit, and most of her pieces have been inspired by personal affliction or national calamity, when she seems amidst the sorrow to stand out and minister words of comfort and hope to all around her.

THE SHETLAND FISHERMEN.

(Written on hearing an account read of the fishing disaster which occurred at Shetland, July 27th, 1881.)

How little does the world know
Of all the agonizing woe
Which rends the heart and blights the life
Of her who is a fisher's wife.

There is this day in our loved land
A sad, forlorn, and helpless band,
Whose homes, of late so full of cheer,
Have been bereft of those most dear.

The widow weeps and sighs in vain
For him she ne'er shall see again,
And baby wonders in his play
Why father stays so long away.

But elder children weeping, say,
"Father shall not return to-day;
No more he'll lift you on his knee,
For he was drowned last night at sea.

No more when daily toils are o'er,
We'll run to meet him at the door;
Nor share the loving kiss he gave—
For he has found a watery grave."

Yes, it is true, the storm was wild,
And many a tender wife and child,
Who could not, dared not try to weep,
Prayed for their loved ones on the deep.

The gloomy morning dawned at last,
That dreary dismal night was past;
But with the morn came no relief—
The day was fraught with pain and grief.

But leave them now their grief to bear—
Grief in which none save One can share,
That One is Jesus; He's the Friend
On whom we ever can depend.

MOTHER.

How dark appear the ways of God
When He doth lift His chastening rod,
But this we know, oh precious thought,
That nought but good by Him is wrought.

At His own time, in His own way,
Our mother has been called away;
Our hearts are sad and full of grief,
From which none can afford relief.

For, oh, what heart can love us so,
Who can so well our troubles know,
Or who can dry the falling tear
As could our mother, kind and dear,

And with what patience did she share
Our every joy, our every care!
But that kind mother, loving wife,
Has passed to everlasting life.

Yet she has only gone before,
And though we'll see her here no more,
In Heaven we hope one day to meet—
There all is rest, and bliss complete.

COMFORT IN ADVERSITY.

Fortunes may adverse appear,
They may frown and make us sad;
Yet there's One that's ever near,
Trusting Him we're ever glad—
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Let us imitate His meekness.

God is gracious, and His love
Knows no bounds—it is so great;
Earth below nor Heaven above
Equal not its depth nor height—
Jesus loves us though we be
Workers of iniquity.

God the Father, we implore,
Give from Thy unfailing store;
God the Son, we ask of Thee
Love and peace eternally;
God the spirit do Thou stay
Close beside us every day.

Then, whate'er our fortunes be,
In Jehovah trust shall we

Till the shadows flee away,
And shall break that glorious day
When our God shall surely come
Gathering His rich harvest home.

A FRIEND.

O ! how is it so hard to find
In all this world so wide
One who will still remain our friend
Whatever can betide.

While fortune favours all our plans,
And smiles on all we do ;
When things go smoothly with the stream
Our friends are then so true.

But let misfortune turn our barque
Against the running tide,
We look around and find not one
To pity near our side.

Why should the melancholy fact
So often come to view !
Why don't our friends, despite our fate,
Be ever firm and true.

For when cares and trials come,
And most we want their aid,
'Tis then we need to hear the words,
"Courage, be not afraid !"

And yet 'tis then that we are left
Forlorn and alone ;
In times like these we often wish
That friends we ne'er had known.

But is there no one who will help
To lift our heavy load !
Will no one bear us company
Along life's thorny road.

O ! there is One who still remains
Through endless years the same ;
Who never leaves the pilgrim's side,
And Jesus is His name.

Whoe'er hath friends must show himself
Friendly to every man ;
And there is One who clings more close
Than any brother can.

ROBERT HETRICK.

IN more cases than that of Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith of America, intellectual "sparks" have been showered from the anvil, and that, too, at a time when intellectual culture was not so common among the working classes as it is now. We have an instance of this in the case of Robert Hetrick, the poetical blacksmith of Dalmellington, whose school learning, though of the slenderest kind, did not prevent him from acquiring much general information, and from taking no mean place among the minor poets of his native land. He was born at Dalmellington in the early part of the year 1769, only ten years after Robert Burns, whom, however, he survived for the long period of fifty-three years—dying in 1849, in the eighty-first year of his age. His father was a working blacksmith; and from the books in his small library he would seem also to have been a man of some literary taste and intelligence, for in it were to be found such works as Addison's *Spectator*, Robertson's "History of Scotland," with a life of "Sir William Wallace." These and similar works early engendered in his son a literary taste; and there cannot be a doubt but that the beauty and sublimity of the surrounding scenery tended much to nurse and to inspire his latent poetic sympathies. Only a little way to the south lies Loch Doon, craddled amid hills of lonely and stern grandeur; while at its northern end the river of the same name breaks away from it, and, for almost a mile, thunders and foams through a narrow gorge of black riven rocks which frown overhead. This romantic river, which Robert Burns has made classic, is as remarkable for the rugged sublimity of the

scenery at its source, as it is for the soft sylvan beauty of its lower course and at its embouchure.

After his scanty education he was put to the blacksmith trade, and though welding the red-hot iron when very young, he at the same time began to weave poetic lays. He had long been known as a poet, though he was in no hurry to give a volume to the world. During the stirring period of the French War, his patriotic songs frequently appeared, and were much admired in the columns of the newspapers of the day. It was not until he had reached the mature age of 57, however, that, in 1826, he published his "Poems and Songs," which were not only popular then, but are much prized still in his native county. The principal poem, "The Craigs of Ness," is descriptive of the romantic mountain gorge through which the Doon breaks away from the lake, and shows descriptive powers and the power also of poetic numbers in a high degree, and what is very rare with the uneducated poets, an ability to write correctly and musically in the grand and rolling heroic couplet. As he grew old, and had to give over work, he took great delight in listening to the musical youths of the village singing his own songs. It is pleasing to know that, though he had never been possessed of riches, he had sufficient to maintain him in comfort until the close of his long career. He was laid to rest in the quiet little churchyard of his native village, the inhabitants of which still lovingly cherish his memory.

AULD LANGSYNE.

How pleasant were our infant years,
  How guileless were our joys,
When mix'd with less intruding cares
  That a' our peace destroys;
Nae crimes within our youthful breasts
  To sorrow or repine,
For then we were completely blest
  In Auld Langsyne.

The youthful heart unknown to guile,
Nae fraud nor cunning knew,
To garnish hatred with a smile,
Or falsehood with a view:
We loved our friend, we loved our lass,
Without a dark design,
And knew not what resentment was
In Auld Langsyne.

We blythely hail'd the purple morn
Upon yon mountain's brow,
Or rallied round the milk-white thorn
Our pastimes to renew:
In a' our sports, in a' our plays,
Wherein we strove to shine,
We never felt remorse in days
Of Auld Langsyne.

But soon the days of youthful mirth
Evanish and decay,
And age and care are ushered forth
To claim the gloomy sway:
And e'en though age its joys bestow,
The rarest of their kin,
They never make the bosom glow
Like Auld Langsyne.

Thy silver streams, O bonnie Doon,
How dear they were to me,
And still it is my chiefest boon
To roam thy valleys free:
Yet a' your fields so richly dressed,
Wi' flowers so gay and fine,
They never touch the anxious breast
Like Auld Langsyne.

But why has youth a fund of joy
That is to age denied,
Or why can age the bless destroy,
And set the charm aside?
Our infant cares we soon forget,
Its joys we keep in min',
And then in age we weep and fret
For Auld Langsyne.

But let us bear wi' warl's care,
As well as wi' its joy,
And let nae care or crosses here
Our happiness destroy:
But aye let friendship, love, and truth,
Around our hearts entwine,
And aye we'll sing the days o' youth
And Auld Langsyne.

ARTLESS JEAN.

Though softly smiles the morning fair
  Upon the grassy lea,
And sweetly sings the warbling pair
  Upon the leafy tree;
Yet sweeter far my artless Jean,
  Thy plaintive sang to me,
Thy face sae fair, and modest mien
  Ha'e tied my heart to thee.

O early did my bosom feel
  The tender melting glow,
Before my youthful heart could tell
  If it were love or no:
And with my age the passion grew,
  Sae guileless an' sae free,
No change my artless bosom knew—
  I aye was fond o' thee.

. . . . .

The rose its fragrant sweets may tyne,
  And a' its charms decay,
The bloom that decks that cheek o' thine
  May also fade away;
Yet still the charm that ye possess'd,
  Which warmed my heart to thee,
Will aye endear thee to my breast,
  And aye will bloom to me.

SONG.

Where Doon pours forth her liquid stores,
And through the glens and caverns roars,
Dashing on the hazley shores,
  And rocks sae steep and eerie O;
There, on the shelving river side,
Fair Catherine dwells in virgin pride,
Whose beauty charms the country side,
  As roses deck the briery O.

The blossoms spreading on the tree,
Sae fair an' pure could scarcely be,
Her heart frae guile and malice free,
  Was ever blythe and cheerie O:
Oh! were she o' a low degree,
To tend the sheep, and herd wi' me,
The cares o' life wad lichter be,
  My heart wad never weary O.

The wintry winds micht rave and blaw
Their drifted flakes o' sleet an' snaw,

Fair July would pervade them a'
In the presence o' my dearie O :
O ! sweet as roses newly blawn,
An' blythe as warblers at the dawn,
May Catherine range the spreading lawn,
Where Doon rows on sae clearly O.

JOHN SHAW,

AUTHOR of the following poems, was born at Paisley, in 1828. When eleven years of age, he removed to Kirkintilloch, where he resided till 1852. He then returned to Paisley, and was for some years employed in the Burgh Parochial Board Office. In 1861 he was appointed Inspector of Poor and Collector of Rates in the parish of Kilbarchan, and he has ever since resided there.

Having been but a short time at school when a boy, Mr Shaw endeavoured as he grew up to improve his education by extensive reading, and by attending evening classes. He was also much indebted to his connection with a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, and to an arrangement which he made with a fellow member to correspond weekly on general subjects—each letter to be, in fact, a sort of essay. This correspondence continued for a considerable time, and was a source of mutual benefit.

Mr Shaw published his first poem in 1849, and ever since occasional writings of his in prose and verse have appeared in different newspapers and periodicals. He was a contributor to the Burns' Centenary volume, and also to the memorial volume published on the occasion of the centenary of Robert Allan, the Kilbarchan poet.

He has all along taken a deep interest in educa-

tional, temperance, and sanitary questions, and both as a speaker and writer has done much to promote reform in these and other directions. He has not published any collection of his writings, but may do so at some future time. His songs are generally very melodious to the ear, and well adapted for music. They prove him to be a ripe student of Nature, as his poems give evidence of his being a close observer of life, and a keen and firm discriminator of character. The latter contain many powerful and suggestive verses, and a glowing and abundant fancy.

CAMPSIE GLEN.

Let us go to Campsie Glen,
Bonnie lassie, O,
Far awa' frae haunts o' men,
Bonnie lassie, O;
In this flowery month of May,
When all nature seems so gay,
Let us spend one happy day,
Bonnie lassie, O.

We will wander 'mang the trees,
Bonnie lassie, O,
Where we'll feel the mountain breeze,
Bonnie lassie, O;
Far along the rocky wall,
By the sounding waterfall,
We will gather flow'rets small,
Bonnie lassie, O.

Then we'll go to Campsie Glen,
Bonnie lassie, O,
To the cosy spot ye ken,
Bonnie lassie, O;
To yon mossy-covered seat
Where the twining branches meet
And the primrose blossoms sweet,
Bonnie lassie, O.

There a thousand songs ye'll hear,
Bonnie lassie, O,
From the feathered songsters near,
Bonnie lassie, O;
But a sweeter song we'll sing
Than the wild birds on the wing,

Than the melodies o' spring,
Bonnie lassie, O.

For we'll sing, before we part,
Bonnie lassie, O,
Of the love that swells each heart,
Bonnie lassie, O;
All the rapture and the joy,
And the bliss without alloy,
That no time can e'er destroy,
Bonnie lassie, O.

Let us go and wander, then,
Bonnie lassie, O,
Through the shades o' Campsie Glen,
Bonnie lassie, O;
There, in some secluded spot,
We will rear our lowly cot,
Where you'll bless and crown my lot,
Bonnie lassie, O.

THE BANKS O' GLAZERT.

Where Campsie nestles 'neath her Fells,
By fair Woodhead where beauty dwells,
Through Milton's haughs and flowery dells
Winds the gentle Glazert.

And lovely maidens come and go
Upon its banks, where wild flowers blow
O, sweet are all the scenes I know
On the banks o' Glazert.

My feet hae wandered far and wide;
I've seen our rivers in their pride—
The Forth and Tay, the Doon and Clyde,
Since I saw the Glazert.

But Scotland's streams, baith great and sma',
Frae John o' Groat's to Berwick Law,
Had ne'er to me the charm I saw
In the bonnie Glazert.

On Kelvinside I've happy been;
I've strayed on Luggie's margin green;
But sweeter joys were mine, I ween,
On the banks o' Glazert.

For there, in youthful days I ran;
There wooed the pride o' a' the lan',
I won her heart—I won her han',
On the banks o' Glazert.

And tho' the years are fleein' fast,
An' 'mong new scenes my lot is cast,
I still recall the happy past
On the banks o' Glazert.

And evermore my blessing dwells,
On a' the woods, and streams, and dells,
Frae Kelvinside to Campsie Fells—
Blessings on the Glazert!

THE LINTHILLS WELL.

Far up on the brae where the hillside is green,
And the flowers o' the mountain in beauty are seen,
And the curlew is screaming its pleasure to tell,
Stands the gem of the moorland, the Linthills Well.

And the young and the gay who on pleasure are bent,
The weary and worn whom misfortune hath sent,
The rich and the poor, all who pass through the dell,
Remember wi' blessings the Linthills Well.

Refreshing and sweet were its waters to me,
When I roamed through the heather rejoicing and free,
Ere the years brought their changes, and love's mighty spell
Hae ta'en me frae hame and the Linthills Well.

My Jamie is kind, and his love is my pride,
For he's dearer to me than the world beside;
But the tears often come, and my bosom will swell,
When I think on the days by the Linthills Well.

For I'm far frae the hame and the friends that I loved,
And far frae the scenes where in childhood I roved,
And I yearn with a longing nae language can tell
To drink ance mair frae the Linthills Well.

Whate'er be my lot, be it sickness or health,
Be it pleasure or sadness, misfortune or wealth,
I'll return to the hame where my kindred still dwell,
And spend my last days near the Linthills Well.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

Why tremble at rumours of war?
Why fear for the land of our birth?
We are strong enough still,
If we have but the will,
To defy all the tyrants of earth;
We have soldiers and sailors as true
As the heroes who conquered of yore;

And if danger appears,
We've the brave volunteers
That have sworn the defence of our shore.

The despots of Europe have seen,
With growing impatience and dread,
Our magnificent dower
Of glory and power,
Of freedom, of wealth, and of trade.
And some of them fain would believe
We're unable these treasures to guard ;
But their mightiest host
Would soon learn to its cost
How our young volunteers are prepared.

Let our enemies come—if they dare ;
Let them come from the north or the south,
Let them come with their best
From the east or the west,
They'll be matched by our volunteer youth :—
They will meet with the men of a race
That was ever invincible found,
That hath won in the past,
And will hold to the last,
The first place among nations renowned.

And the flag that so often hath waved
'Mid the terrors and dangers of war,
A beacon of wrath
On the tyrant's dark path,
And of hope to the nations afar—
Shall yet, in despite of all foes,
Be triumphant where'er it appears,
Supported at length
By the nation's whole strength,
In the ranks of its armed volunteers.

Then let each of us strive to advance
The movement so grandly begun ;
Let the lofty and great,
And the low of estate,
Let the rich and the poor be as one,
Let each hamlet and village and town,
Each corner and nook of the land,
Send its bravest and best
To enrol with the rest
In this glorious volunteer band.

For God and our country and Queen,
For the freedom we so much revere,
For the honour and lives
Of our sisters and wives,

Of our parents and children so dear.
For all that can animate man,
Or nerve him when danger appears,
Let us join heart and hand,
In one patriot band,
Round the flag of our brave volunteers.

MARY ANNE SHAW.

DAUGHTER of the foregoing, was born in Kilbarchan in 1862, and educated in the John Neilson Institution, Paisley. At a very early age she gave indications of literary taste and talent—the bent of her mind being, however, towards poetry. Miss Shaw has published a number of poems chiefly in the *Paisley and Renfrewshire Gazette*.

We think she deserves to be more widely known. She has not struck the harp in vain, and gives promise of yet occupying an honourable position among the poets of her time. In her productions we have found many passages of real beauty and true pathos, such as only a poet could have written. Several of her poems embody certain touching pictures, reminescences, and reflections, and they are instinct with a fine enthusiasm, and a considerable power and wealth of language.

NO MORE A CHILD.

No more a child!
A long farewell to the fancies wild
That made thy childhood one glorious vision,
That kept thee trading in fields Elysian!
Ah! into the past
Must thy cherished fairy dreams be cast!

No more a child!
The flowerets and blossoms that once beguiled
Thine upward life-path, seem worthless now;

For the shadow of thought has crossed thy brow,
And on the green slope
Thou seek'st the rare pearls of truth and hope.

No more a child!
How often in bygone years hast thou smiled,
As fantastic shapes of thy life's career
Rose up in thy mental vision clear!
By rougher winds fanned,
Now thou hast crossed o'er the border-land!

No more a child!
O'er thy life's horizon dark clouds are piled,
Shadows prophetic of destined pain,
Which the long, long years may bring in their train.
But why should'st thou quail?
For the unseen Hand shall temper the gale.

No more a child!
Storm-tossed on life's restless ocean wild!
O'er the billowy waste from the portals bright
Come celestial rays of unwavering light,
That o'er the rude foam
Shall guide thee at last to a Father's home!

THE SUMMER BREEZE.

Blow! freshly blow! o'er heathery hill,
And bend the haughty pine,
And toss the spray from brook and rill
Where silvery peebles shine.

Sweep! proudly sweep! through forest dim,
In wild melodious glee,
And wake a leafy choral hymn
From every waving tree.

Rove! careless rove! through flower-gemmed vale,
Through broom and ferny tangle,
And lift the slender blossoms pale
That droop 'neath dewy spangle.

Fly! swiftly fly! on random wing,
Far up the rushing river,
To dancing sunbeams gaily sing,
As o'er the waves they quiver.

Breathe! purely breathe! through city lane,
Through crowded court and alley,
And waft the fragrance thou dost gain
From scented dale and valley.

Kiss ! softly kiss ! the pale, pale cheek,
Until the rose-blush bright
Shall mantle where the lilies speak
Of pain and sorrow's blight.

Steal ! gently steal ! around the brow—
The weary brow and aching ;
A breath from Eden seemest thou,
Fresh springs of hope awaking.

O ! mournful thought that thou must go
To thy fair southern home,
While fiercely o'er our winter snow
The northern blast shall roam.

Yet, go ! as toil-worn spirit flies
To calmer scenes than these ;
Our blessings mingle with our sighs—
Thou God-sent summer breeze.

MY THEME.

What theme would'st thou choose,
If lyric harp to thee were given
And poet's dower of song?
Would'st thou by varying moods be driven,
Or use the immortal gift of Heaven
To strike in measure strong
The full-toned chords of inspiration—
The music of the soul's vibration?

What theme would'st thou choose?
Oh ! freer than a song-bird's trill
In sparkling melody—
Like music of the mountain rill,
Like summer breezes o'er the hill,
Like murmur of the sea !—
I'd sing the gladsome beauties rare
Of mother Earth, so passing fair.

What theme would'st thou choose?
In stirring notes and high I'd sing
Of glorious victory—
Of kingly deed by uncrowned king,
Of feats renowned, that boldly ring
Through world's history—
Imbued with wild heroic fire,
The strain should leap from living lyre.

What theme would'st thou choose?
With accents deep of scornful ire
I'd pierce the base, the false,

The narrow thought, the low desire
That, grovelling 'mid the earthy mire,
  Ne'er feels the throbbing pulse
Of onward, upward, high endeavour
From duty's path that swerveth never.

  What theme would'st thou choose?
In minor cadence, softly low,
  I'd sing the care, the sin;
The drama old of human woe
In sympathetic tones should flow,
  And back might gently win
Some wandering soul from error's blight
To the serener, purer light.

  What theme would'st thou choose?
On harp of starry thoughts I'd raise
  Rich harmonies and grand;
An anthem pure of holy praise
Should echo through this trackless maze,
  Like song from angel-land.
Where souls sublime before have trod,
I'd sing Redemption, Truth, and God.

TRAGIC.

Out in the smiling meadows,
  Beside the limpid pool,
A youth and maid were straying
  On a summer evening cool;
For her hand he was entreating
  In impassioned undertones,
With a speech prepared most carefully,
  Backed by *impromptu* groans.

"Ah, Jeannie! if you only knew
  The strength of my emotion!
Oh! give me something great to do
  To show my heart's devotion.
For thee, I'd scale the Alpine heights,
  Regardless of shoe leather;
And hunt the chamois from its crag,
  If it only had a tether.

"Down through the surging ocean deep
  I'd dive for pearls rare,—
A quenching task,—but for thy sake
  I'd greater *perils* dare;
Or, on the glorious battlefield,
  Fired by heroic glow,
I'd fiercely lisp thy blessèd name,
  While flying from the foe.

"For thee"—but here the swain stopped short
His glowing love oration.
No wonder that his ardent mind
Was filled with perturbation;
For, rushing at the tearing speed
Which prudent folks beware,
An angry bull was coming
With intensely *bullying* air.

Our hero thought the choice between
His evils, very cruel,—
On the horns of a dilemma,
Or the horns of Monsieur Bull.
The latter thought was rather much
For even his high valour;
So, with a quickly beating heart,
And face of sickly pallor,

He turned in most ungraceful haste,
And fled in anguished fear:
In nimble style, he leapt a *stile*
Conveniently near.
On came the bull at charging pace
To where the maiden stood,
Then, struck perhaps with brute surprise
At her calm attitude,
He paused, and slow regarded her
With critical survey,
Then turned, with untold chivalry,
And went his grassy way.

The sequel that remains to tell
Is passing sad, I ween:
No more together, straying fond,
That youth and maid are seen.
But a grim, sarcastic spinster,
Agitates for Woman's Rights,
And sneers at masculine courage
Upon dizzy platform heights;
And a gloomy visaged bachelor
Still haunts the limpid pool,
And ever mutters something
With the soft refrain of—"bull."

REV. ROBERT SANDERS, B.D.,

IS a native of Dumfriesshire, and studied in the University of Edinburgh, of which he is an M.A., with honours in Philosophy, and a B.D. He was ordained at Livingstone, Linlithgowshire, in 1875, and has been Free Church minister of Melrose since October, 1878. Since his student days he has now and then written verses, and these have appeared in the newspapers, in the *Christian Treasury*, and various other religious magazines. Mr Sanders has contributed several very thoughtful prose articles in the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, the *Christian Treasury*, and other magazines. He is, however, too much occupied with ministerial labours to allow him to devote any special attention to poetry, except as an occasional vehicle of thought and feeling.

In his poetry, his thoughts appear to revolve in an atmosphere of piety, and his heart ever beats warmly to its sacred intonations. In the poems we have perused we find a peculiar gentleness of heart, and, breathing all through them, such Christian-mindedness as we prize in Cowper—they are penetrated and quickened by deep godliness, and by what has been called "spiritual Christianity."

'NEATH THE SNOW.

One by one from out the household they are gathering home above,
The true of heart we trust in, the dear ones whom we love;
Only lost to sight a little while, as those who haste before
To give a pleasant greeting when the others reach the door.
Shall we mourn that they outstrip us in the race we all must run.
Or grieve that while we struggle on their prize is earlier won—
O, we miss them, sadly miss them from our little group below:
But their graves are close together, where they rest beneath the snow.

Passed the first from earth in boyhood, when the life was strong
and bright,
And hope flung o'er years of promise radiant hues of silvery
light—
Eager eyes that opened widely lit with fancy's sudden gleams,
Dawning thoughts that bore above them the rich glow of childish
dreams,
Like the sweet springtide of nature, 'waked too soon by balmy
breath
Into bud and song, then shrivelled by the icy grasp of death.
To me it seems but yesterday, though twenty years are fled,
Since the smiling tears of April wept a brother 'mong the dead.

Then a second sadder parting—looked for long, yet quick at
last—
When autumn shed its withered leaves in grief o'er summer
past;
A weary life and fragile, to affection doubly dear,
As it faded like the tender flowers in the waning of the year.
How I mind me of her gentle ways, and patience under pain,
Of that gladsome look when spring had come, and earth was
bright again,
The trembling footprint on the grass! Yet 'twas a greater joy
To rest where fell the wind-toss'd leaves—a mother with her
boy.

Yet once more, when years full many had strewed joys and woes
abroad,
And death's tearful vale was lighted with the calm sunshine of
God,
When old memories sweet and fragrant had lost every touch of
pain,
Came the message from the Master to the dear homestead
again.
It was spring time wooing summer with a coronet of bloom,
And draping with its wilding flowers the entrance of the tomb,
When she slept in simple faith and love of Him who came to
save,
And the green grass and the daisies wrapt a sister in her grave.

Still one other to the number of the vanished ones from sight,
Not hidden by the shadows here, but by that upper light;
Missed and mourned as those are ever who, with humble, artless
zeal,
Seek the Saviour's highest honour, and the world's truest weal.
With the hoar of years grown silvery, while the heart was
childlike still,
Life, like Nature, lay in fetters, and the drift was on the hill—
He had known earth's calm and quiet, but a sweeter filled his
breast
Ere we laid him 'neath the crisp white snow—a father gone to
X rest.

Sacred ministry of sorrow ! tears that soothe the aching eyes
As they gaze into the grave's deep gloom or glory of the skies ;
Solemn thoughts that grieve, yet gladden, as we count those near and dear
Who are gathering there to meet us as we grow more lonely here !
Less to live for—more to die for ! So earth's home-life fades away,
And the other home in heaven seems more real from day to day.
O, we miss them, but we mourn not, for the blessed dead we know
Have passed upward to the glory, though their graves are 'neath the snow !

UNNEEDED SERVICE.

O tender love that comes too late
With perfumes sweet !
Ere dawn the grave hath oped its gate,
The winding sheet
Is thrown aside, and angel-voices tell
The risen Christ hath vanquished death and hell.

What need of spices for the tomb
That lacks its prey ?
Or human eyes to light the gloom
That pass'd away
In blaze of glory !—vain the ministry
In death for One who lives no more to die.

Cares he not for the nard and myrrh
Though needed not,
A useless gift each visitor
In love has brought ?
Is it a waste of fragrance kindly meant,
Like hers the twelve so strangely thought mis-spent ?

Ah no ! the heart was in the deed
And gave it worth,
For love recks not of wealth or need
In heaven or earth,
But pours in lavish fulness all its hoard
A grateful offering to its gracious Lord.

The risen One mark'd those who came
To weep His loss,
And sweetly swathe the mangled frame
Rent by the Cross ;
And bless'd each heart that did whate'er it could
To prove its love, and show its gratitude.

He needs no work of ours, no toils
Or small or great ;

Enthroned He wears life's richest spoils
In kingly state,
Engirt with Angel-ministry, yet still
Delights in homage of man's heart and will.

There is no useless gift to Him,
No effort vain,
Though faith be weak and hope burn dim
Mid grief and pain—
The fruitless task, the earnest yearning cry
To live and labour, and the will to die!

He knows the loving hearts that bring
Their humble best,
The Autumn-sheaf, the bud of Spring,
The work, the rest,
The offer'd life of service at His call,
The broken words and acts—He prizes all.

No wasted spices scent his tomb,
Or place of birth,
Alike the lowly women come
And wise of earth;
But each receives the loving eulogy
To crown the gift, "Ye did it unto Me."

MRS MARGARET MOIR

WAS the daughter of James Glover, painter, Edinburgh, and was born in 1840. It should be mentioned that both her father and grandfather were, as the subject of this short sketch styles it, "poets in a quiet sort of a way like myself." She began to write poetry when about sixteen years of age. It is curious to note that her earliest productions were in the humorous vein, and she was more especially inspired about St Valentine's season—no one suspecting the douce girl to be the author of many clever, mirth-provoking verses. The first production she had in print was rejected by a provincial weekly, but on being sent to the *Pall Mall*

Gazette it was immediately inserted. This was the poem entitled "Coila," and shortly afterwards she forwarded "The Trappit Mouse," which was characterised by the editor as "a sleek bit beastie." Mrs Moir has been a frequent contributor to the columns of the *People's Journal*, and about two years ago she gained the second prize for a very thoughtful essay on "The Training and Management of Children."

Our poetess was married to Mr Moir in 1863, and went back to Earlsferry, Fifeshire, where she had spent five happy years as a pupil teacher. They removed to Keir School, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, in 1864, where Mr Moir is parish schoolmaster. She prefers giving close attention to the duties of home-life to seeking literary or poetic fame—her bairns, in her opinion, having prior claims. "Occasionally," she tells us, "my muse would speak, but in most cases, it is to hit off some amusing circumstance amongst personal friends. You will thus not be surprised to learn that most of my pieces are fugitive."

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in reviewing "Poems of the People," said:—"Out of 420 pieces of verse sent in to compete for prizes offered by the publisher of the *People's Journal*, 50 were submitted to the ripe critical judgment of the Rev. George Gilfillan. In the present volume 130 out of the whole number are printed, headed by the fifteen which Mr Gilfillan thought specially good. Under these circumstances, we cannot say whether he had some of those which seem to us the best poems in the volume to choose from; if so, we cannot agree in his decision. There is in Scotland a native wild growth of poetry, and while the farm servants, granite polishers, and the rest of the humble singers in this collection keep to simple subjects and rhythm, they produce verses unexceptionally able in their kind, and sometimes

really excellent. 'Coila' (giving an example) is a brook which Mrs J. W. Moir associates with early memories."

Mrs Moir's lyrics are felicitous and sweet, and she possesses a fluent gift of rhyme. Some of her poems, like her graceful prose writings, show a highly cultured mind, a glowing power of description, and an impassioned love of country.

THE JINGLIN' HEATHER.

TUNE – "Green Grows the Rashes, O."

Hi the jinglin' heather, o'
An' ho the jinglin' heather, o'
Ilk bonny bell a tale could tell,
O' courtin' mang the heather, o'!

When up the hill we stole at e'en,
To spend an' hour thegither o',
I made a cushion for my queen
Amang the purple heather, o'.

Sae sweet a winsome thing she looked,
My tongue I couldna tether, o';
An' o' sic smiles lit up her face,
Like sunny blinks o' heather, o'.

An' like the bee that hither flees,
My honied sweets I gather, o',
While twinin' in her yellow hair
Some bonny bit o' heather o'.

An' when my heather belle I wed,
My heart as licht's a feather, o',
Upon my breast I'll proudly wear
A sprig o' jinglin' heather, o.'

COILA.

For a' that has been said an' sung
In Coila's praise,
Can ony tell what things we learned
In life's young days,
As we gaed liltin' to the flow'rs that decked
Her bonny braes?

The auld farm-toon—my mither's face
Sae kind an' true;

My faither wi' his buirdly build
An' lofty broo;
The bairns an' beas' about the place,
I see them noo!

The bower-fringed pool where Coila strayed
Her hastenin' feet—
As deep her heart grew, when the bird
Sang sad an' sweet;
Ah! Death can never close the een
That there I meet!

Her bonny braes—my heart's first love
Was whispered there.
While Coila's anxious murmur seemed
To breathe a prayer,
On hearts owre fu' for future hour,
To hae a care!

And noo her water spring to cleanse
The dust o' years;
And the soul's hardness is dissolved
In childish tears,
When the soft foot of Memory
Her margin nears!

THE TRAPPIT MOUSE.

Puir little pokin', hung'red thing,
Ye've nibbled through the treach'rous string,
An' noo cauld justice' iron ring,
Fu' ticht doth grip ye—
Ye needna wriggle, pu' an' fling,
For Death will nip ye.

In summer days ye fended weel,
Afore the crap was aff the fiel',
Noo, ye maun either starve, or steal
Your bite o' meat—
An' hung'r is a desperate chiel'
When life is sweet.

An' ye hae stole sin' ere ye mind,
Born as ye were o' thievin' kind,
Your morals early undermined
By bad example:
A parent's precepts 'neath your feet
Ye ne'er did trample.

But gin ye'd haen a cosy hame,
Presided owre by thrifty dame,
An' borne an honest, decent nane,
I muckle doot,

If this nicht, on sic pilferin' trade
Ye'd ventured oot.

An' dark the social mystery froons,
When ane thinks on the hameless loons,
Wha forage through oor muckle toons,
Nicht after nicht:
Scarce daurin' e'en to show their face
In God's day licht.

Lord help them! they have nocht to lead them,
But what twa sinfu' craturs gied them,
An' Hung'r's cruel goad to speed them,
Doon Ruin's road:
An' Misery's fing'r, fain to weed them,
O' ocht o' God.

Then shalna we whom Fortune's blest,
Wi' bread to spare, an' cosy nest,
Put to our hand an' do oor best
To aid the plan,
Wad see oor thievin' loonie drest,
An honest man.

We're muckle what oor fortunes mak' us;
An' gin the reck'nin day owretak' us,
Wi' maybe gifts abused to rack us:
Wi' shame we'll see,
The hunted, hung'red, *human moose*,
Win aff maist free!

EMPTY CHAIRS.

What is it mak's my spirit sad,
An' lonesome, vexed an' sair?
Ah! round the table o' my heart,
There's mony an empty chair!

How bricht some days that I can min'
Ere I had supped wi' care,
Or learned what cruel, bitter pangs
Come wi' an empty chair.

I hear in dreams the youthful tones,
And see the loved ones fair;
When I awake it breaks my heart
To see each empty chair.

Yet I would not have my youth again,
With all its golden hours—
Who would exchange his autumn fruits
For spring-time's passing flowers.

But these are times my heart cries out,
An' might it only dare,
'Twould fill for one enraptured hour
Each silent empty chair.

ERRATA.

We have endeavoured, by extensive correspondence and research, to enhance the interest and usefulness of this work by aiming to secure accuracy both in the biographical notes and specimen verses. Several errors have, however, crept in. The "indulgent reader" will kindly lay the blame on us, and not on the poet. Amongst the inaccuracies we note the following:—Page 142, second verse, for forward read froward; page 155, 15th line, for professor's read tutor's; page 157 8th line, for phrases read phases; page 160, "The Harvest Lassie," first line, for fu' read round; 161, for hamlit, haimlit; for trilled, thrilled; page 162, in second, fourth, seventh, tenth, and twelfth lines for "ed," read "it,"; page 190, second stanza, for that wonn'd, read that ance wonn'd, and for ae nicht, read at nicht; page 271, for and myraids, read and the myriads, and in fourth stanza, for stork, read daw; page 268, second line, for his, read the; page 319, for rain, read train; page 330, in "my Dearie O'," fourth line, for we, read me; and in the last verse, for weath, read wealth; page 337, "No More a Child," first verse, for trading read treading.

Since the work was in progress we regret to hear of the death, in July last, of the Rev. A. T. M'Lean, page 72.

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Modern Scottish poets

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We learn that Mr D. H. Edwards' "Modern Scottish Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices,"—the fourth volume of which we recently noticed with high commendation, and which was expected to be completed with one more volume—will extend to two, in order to do greater justice to this truly national work. The fifth volume, as purposed, will be ready in May or June; the sixth and concluding volume before Christmas; and, judging from portions of sheets we have seen now passing through the press, we believe these latter volumes will be even more interesting and valuable than their predecessors. To meet the frequent and earnestly expressed wishes of subscribers and others who take an interest in the modern poetry of Scotland, the last volume will contain a portrait of the painstaking and accomplished editor, who is steadily executing his laborious, self-imposed task with refined taste and enlightened judgment. There will also be an index of the whole work, together with a general preface. Thus, the series will form not only a succinct and valuable Biographical Dictionary of Modern Scottish Poets, but also a delightful readable selection of their best and most characteristic productions—constituting the work an Encyclopedia of Scottish Song. Subscribers' names for the fifth and sixth volumes of this invaluable work, which will be prized by Scotchmen all the world over, are now being received by Mr D. H. Edwards, *Advertiser* Office, Brechin. Price, 3s, cloth; 4s, extra gilt; postage, 4d; but subscribers in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen will have their copies delivered free of postage. A few copies of some of the earlier volumes are still to be had, but the first is out of print, and commands a fanciful price whenever, at a rare time, it shows face in the market.

"Arbroath & Kirriemuir Herald" Mar 30 1883

The *Saltcoats Herald* says :—We have much pleasure in expressing our unqualified admiration and appreciation of the enormous labour involved in such an undertaking, and of the fine discriminating taste displayed by Mr Edwards. We specially welcome Mr Edwards' interesting and valuable work, introducing many names that may now be new to readers, but some of which may possibly yet become familiar and be of considerable interest to future generations. Mr Edwards has made a niche for himself in the literary history of his country, by thus gathering together particulars as to the lives of many poets of his native land, while such information can be had, and also by giving specimens which call attention to works that are deemed worthy of preservation. His volumes, critical, concise, appreciative, and well-balanced, we cordially recommend to all who are interested in Scottish literature, whether at home or abroad. Their preparation has evidently been painstakingly gone about as a labour of love, and has been carried on with enlightened judgment and refined taste.